January 1933 Complete

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The American Mercury

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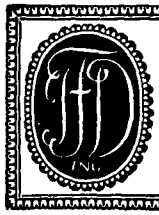

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VOLUME XXVIII January 1933 NUMBER 109

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

FRANK NORRIS.
By Franklin Walker. Doubleday, Doran & Company
$3 5⅜ x 7⅞; 317 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

This biography of the author of "McTeague" and "The Octopus" should have been written by his brother, Charles G. Norris. But Mr. Walker, though he shines neither as psychologist nor as stylist, makes a fairly satisfactory substitute. He has unearthed a great deal of unfamiliar and interesting matter about Norris's early life, and accounts plausibly for the enormous disparity in manner and merit between some of his books. "McTeague" remains the best of them, though its sales to date, which run to 70,000 copies, fall far below those of "The Pit", which run to 190,000. "Vandover", another excellent piece of work, has sold but 9200. Norris died at thirty-two, too soon to see the great popular success of "The Pit", but he was already in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and seemed to be headed for riches. Most of his papers were destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, but Mr. Walker has made the most of those which survived. His book has a good index.

NAPOLEON.
By Hilaire Belloc. The J. B. Lippincott Company
$4 6½ x 9⅝; 379 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Belloc contributes no new facts to the knowledge of Napoleon's life, nor any fresh ideas about his influence. Using all the available data he has here attempted what is politely known as "an animated biography." It is a little different from "fictional biography," but at bottom it is the same: it is neither fiction nor biography, but a shotgun marriage of the two. On their wedding night, says Mr. Belloc, Napoleon and Josephine "went up the little spiral staircase into her room, . . . and there on the nuptial couch was sleeping the poodle Fortuné. The poodle bit Napoleon in the leg." The Emperor and his Queen were alone when he told her about the divorce. "Through the door could be heard loud sobbing, despairing cries, and then the fall of a body to the floor." Napoleon called for help, and Bausset aided him in carrying out Josephine. She "murmured to Bausset, 'Don't squeeze. You hurt me.'" There are sixteen illustrations, twenty-two maps, and an index.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW: 1849-1897.
Little, Brown & Company
$5 6 x 9¼; 710 pp. *Boston*

This final volume, chronologically the first but the last to appear, is, like the volumes that have preceded it, mainly an attack on William II, who dismissed his infallible Chancellor, and on the incompetents who later served in his place. Von Bülow, it is apparent, cared little for the facts of history; gossip, however ill-founded and malicious, was grist sufficient for his mill, if it served his particular point. However, despite his vainglory, he wrote exceedingly well, and because of his singularly interesting life, he had a good deal to say. His account of his early years at Frankfort, Hamburg, and Klein-Flottbek, for instance, is full of interesting stuff. The volume contains sixteen full-page illustrations, and an index. Geoffrey Dunlop and F. A. Voigt have made a very able translation.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

A PRACTICAL PROGRAMME FOR AMERICA.
Edited by Henry Hazlitt.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$1 5 x 7⅝; 133 pp. *New York*

The ten essays in this book, which were originally published in the *Nation*, are the following: "World Action for World Recovery," by the editor; "Toward a New Tax Programme," by Edwin R. A. Seligman; "Unemployment Insurance," by Leo Wolman; "Housing and Common Sense," by Clarence S. Stein; "Can the American Farm Be Saved?" by E. G. Nourse; "Big Business and the Anti-Trust Laws," by Walter H. Hamilton; "What Shall We Do With Our Banks?," by H. Parker Willis; "Planning For Power," by Morris Llewellyn Cooke; "The Future of the Railroads," by Winthrop M. Daniels; and "The Problem of the Business Cycle," by Ray Vance. None of the articles is really brilliant, and two or three of them betray careless research, but the rest, especially Professor Willis's discussion of current American banking, are well informed and ably written.

INTERPRETATIONS. 1931-1932.
By Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Company
$2.50 5½ x 8⅛; 361 pp. *New York*

Herein are collected the more permanent writings of Mr. Lippmann in the New York *Herald Tribune*,

Continued on page vi

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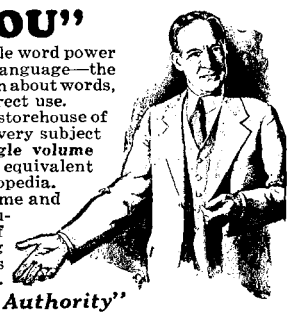

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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from the meeting of Congress in 1931 to the beginning of the Presidential campaign in 1932. The selecting and editing were done by Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia. Dr. Nevins says that Mr. Lippmann's discussion of political and economic questions "has a special quality of penetration," and that in the present book "the significant ideas of the day are better extricated than they would be elsewhere." There is an index.

HISTORY

THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY. *The Rise of the Union.*

By James Truslow Adams. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3.50 6⅛ x 9; 428 pp. *New York*

This volume, which ends roughly with the year 1860, is the first of a prospective two-volume history of the United States. Coming from Mr. Adams, it leaves much to be desired. It is hardly better than a superior text-book. It is carelessly written, not very skillfully organized, and betrays hasty thinking. Mr. Adams devotes himself almost wholly to politics, and says far too little about the extensive literary and artistic culture which grew up in America during the period he discusses. The little he does say seems to be dragged in by the tail. He has also softened a great deal toward the Puritans since his excellent history of New England. He now has many nice things to relate about the learning and manners of the early New Englanders. But he grows violent about the Abolitionists, those "madmen bent on burning down the whole national structure." There are several interesting illustrations, and an excellent index.

THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1865.

By Louis M. Hacker & Benjamin B. Kendrick.
F. S. Crofts & Company
$5 5⅞ x 9; 775 pp. *New York*

There is not much literary charm in this narrative. It is a sober, careful, somewhat plodding piece of work. But it shows a great deal of industry in the accumulation of its materials, and it will be useful to everyone needing to look up a name, a date or a document during the period it covers. The authors are critical of American capitalism, and describe its errors and failures at length, but on the whole they maintain a reasonable impartiality, and are not propagandists. They deal with the American share in the World War in an admirably fair and frank manner, and their judgments of public characters seem to be generally sound. The book has some good maps, and a few illustrations. There is a bibliography, followed by a sufficient index.

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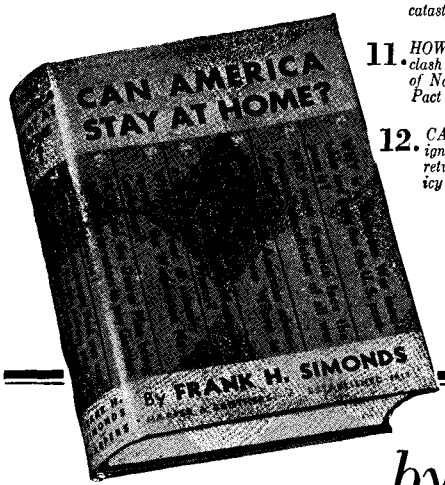

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The American
MERCURY

VOLUME XXVIII NUMBER 109

JANUARY 1933

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE Hoover débâcle, now passing quietly into history, was of such colossal proportions that it has driven the right hon. gentleman quite out of politics—a good thing for him, for his party, and for his country. He was, for all his virtues, a bird of evil from the start, and he must take the chief blame for the present forlorn and malarious condition of the G. O. P. Most of its leaders, back in 1919, were in hopes that he would decide that he was a Democrat, and when he flopped into their arms instead they gave him a very cool welcome. At the Republican National Convention of 1920 his candidacy blew up in a few hours, though he had plenty of money and a staff of very ardent whoopers, most of them professionals of the public relations guild. I well recall dropping into his headquarters in the Congress Hotel on the third day of the convention, and finding the gaudy reception-room given over to the bat and the owl. There were still huge stacks of Hoover placards on the tables, and barrels of Hoover buttons along the wall, but the whoopers had all fled, leaving a mortuary smell behind them. It was a melancholy scene, but there were others like it in the same hotel. Always, after a national convention, the garbage men do a heavy business in buttons.

The experience taught Dr. Hoover a lot, and of all the things he learned the principal one was that buttons and whoops are not enough to fetch a nomination. What is needed for that business is delegates. These delegates must be gathered in long in advance of the convention; it is usually too late to round them up when the band begins to play. The Hoover plans for 1928 were laid there and then. It was obvious that it would be useless to aim for 1924, for Harding, if God spared him, would be renominated without a doubt. But 1928 would be open, and to it the Great Engineer addressed his preparations and his

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hopes. The money that he had accumulated in the mine business came in handy, and was not spared. He employed competent agents, and turned them loose in the hinterland. They began to nail delegates in 1926, some white but most black, and by the end of 1927 they had scores milling in their pen, each with the Hoover brand upon his ham. When the convention met at Kansas City in June, 1928, they had enough to make a majority, and their employer was duly nominated.

This consummation was gall and wormwood to most of the Republican dignitaries. They did not like Dr. Hoover, and they believed to the last that they would be able to stop him. With my own ears I heard old Charlie Curtis, the patriotic Indian, denounce him violently, and not two days before the convention met. Andy Mellon was against him almost as hotly, and so was Jim Watson of Indiana. Back in Washington the Hon. Mr. Coolidge, who detested him, was rooting against him, and had tried to bust him by refusing publicly, and with a palpable sneer, to make him Secretary of State. But the Hoover bashi-bazooks had the delegates, including an unbroken rank of dark ones from the South, and when the roll was called the Engineer had the nomination. It was a dreadful dose for most of the professionals. Old Charlie was consoled with the Vice-Presidency, and old Andy leaped in time to save himself, but such fellows as Watson went home feeling sore all over.

Dr. Hoover thus proved that he had learned some politics, but when he got to the White House it quickly appeared that he had not learned enough. The science, like the art of the leech, has two distinct halves. One half consists in rounding up delegates, and at that half the Engineer was by now an adept. He knew what agents to hire, and what instructions to give them. He knew how to forestall the professionals, and turn them inside out. But the other half remained beyond him. It consists in bemusing and enchanting the plain people—in giving them a circus according to their homely taste. Here Hoover fell down, and not all the king's horses and all the king's men could ever hoist him up again. He was simply impossible as a showman. He had barely got into the White House before he began to make blunders, and before long he was making them every day.

His greatest was his manhandling of Prohibition. What he thinks, in his secret heart, about the dry evangel I don't know, and neither does anyone else, but certainly he can't be a really conscientious Prohibitionist. The Wickersham Report thus offered him a grand opportunity. He should have gone along with it, and so seized the leadership of the wet uprising, which was plainly gathering force in 1930. If he had done so he would have been reëlected last November, Depression or no Depression, and probably by a substantial majority. Instead, he stuck to the dry wizards who had been so valuable to him in 1927 and 1928, helping him to round up delegates in the Bible country, and in November, 1928, helping him to round up Christian votes. In other words, he stuck to the only kind of politics that he had mastered and could understand: the other kind remained beyond him. The result was disaster, complete and ignominious. It was not until last November that he was formally butchered, but his ruin really goes back to some indefinite date between the report of the Wickersham Commis-

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sion and the Republican straddle on Prohibition in Chicago last June.

That he was already ruined in June was not apparent at the time. Not many professional politicians believed it, whether Republicans or Democrats, and not many of the political reporters for the newspapers. I confess that I thought myself that he would beat Roosevelt II; more, I embalmed the error in print, and it will now shame me forever. The betting odds were 2 to 1 on him the day the Democratic convention adjourned, and during the following week they rose to 5 to 1. What all the wiseacres overlooked was the extraordinary political skill of Roosevelt II. He not only matched Hoover as a manipulator of delegates, as his triumph over Al Smith and the other professionals so abundantly showed; he was also, as a true Roosevelt, a master showman, and in that department left Hoover far behind him. The campaign was not a month old before it began to be plain that the plain people delighted in him, and were flocking to him. Thus he took the lead, and thereafter he increased it almost daily.

Hoover had hoped to sit in the White House in solemn state, saying nothing. But Roosevelt forced him to take to the stump, and he was presently gallivanting about the country in the manner of a travelling corn-doctor, and losing votes every time he opened his mouth. What he had to say sometimes read smoothly enough in the New York *Times* the next morning, but to the great masses of Americans, whether they called themselves Democrats or Republicans, it was as flat, stale and unprofitable as "Pilgrim's Progress". When they heard it face to face they sighed, groaned and shuffled their feet; when it reached them by radio they twirled the dial. More than one audience booed him, and in Detroit (or was it Cleveland?) he confronted long files of lieges with their thumbs to their noses. Roosevelt, meanwhile, sang them a siren song. No orator, no philosopher, and not much of anything else, he yet revealed a gaudy talent for wooing and enchanting mobs, well worthy of his name. Above all, he knew when and how to loose the magic word BEER, the *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* of our day and nation. Not once did it cross Hoover's lips. Instead, he talked of grass growing in the streets.

His passing revives the old question as to what we should do with our ex-Presidents. They are, taking one with another, somewhat forlorn figures. One recalls Roosevelt I, eating his heart out at Oyster Bay; Taft, waiting in lugubrious patience for Mr. Chief Justice White to die; Wilson, a pathological case; Cleveland, condemned to innocuous desuetude at Princeton; and Coolidge, serving as a stalking-horse for life insurance solicitors, and trying (and failing) to concoct worse platitudes than Arthur Brisbane. The luckiest have been those who died in office. Harding, had he lived until 1928, would have had nothing ahead of him save the post of Supreme Worthy Archon of the Elks, but dead, he is a romantic and even somewhat satanic figure—the intimate of buccaneers, and the father of a natural daughter. There is little about him in the school-books, but he is a hero in the garages and shower-rooms.

Years ago I proposed that unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency should be taken to the top of the Washington monument in Washington and hurled into space. That scheme, if adopted, would have cost us Al Smith, who has come back of late and is giving something resembling his old show. But even Al could have been spared, for he bungled things very badly

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at Chicago, and it took a great deal of pulling and tugging to bring him back to normalcy. The others, since they were beaten, have wandered about the country like ghosts, annoying the judicious and scaring children. So long as they live they go to all the national conventions of their party, hoping to be nominated again. Who will ever forget how Al, bent on that quest, made a spectacle of himself at Chicago? Even James M. Cox, I believe, showed up there, looking for a miracle. It was almost as if William Jennings Bryan had returned from the dead.

As I write, it is reported that Dr. Hoover will reënter business life, and try to recoup his fortunes, which were probably sadly depleted by his two campaigns. I hope it is not true. The only sort of business he really knows is the mine-stock business, and it would be an indecorum, it seems to me, for a former President to engage in it in these cynical times. I haven't the slightest doubt that the hon. gentleman would adorn and uplift it, but there is grave doubt that even he would be able to uplift it enough to make it seem safe and sane. The plain people have associated themselves with a very unfavorable view of all kinds of stock promotion, and it will be many years before they respect investment bankers again. Certainly it would be most unpleasant to see a committee of the Senate, maybe made up of Bolshevik Senators from the cow country, investigating the business of a former First Chief of the Republic.

Mr. Secretary Doak, if he were a man of original mind, might get rid of the problem by deporting Dr. Hoover as an undesirable alien. To be sure, he is not an alien, but what is that to the Department of Labor? Again, he is scarcely undesirable, at least within the letter of the law, but that is also a detail. That better men have been deported I do not venture to say, but among the hordes who have been heaved out there must have been some who were almost as good. On the Prohibition issue, at all events, many of them were sounder, not to say far more candid. England, I believe, could use Dr. Hoover again. It is fast running out of statesmen. He has failed in his native land, but he might do better amid the scenes of his old triumphs.

The new Senate, when it meets in special session on March 4, will show some gifted clowns, but there will still be a large vacuum in it where the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama used to sit, howl and have his being. It is, indeed, a sad commentary upon our boasted Christian civilization that a public man of such ardent pieties should ever lose his job. For the hon. gentleman's specialty was defending the True Faith against the levantine devilries of the Pope, and to that enterprise he brought a bold and even bellicose patriotism, a nimble juggling of the parts of speech, and not a little talent for theology, at all events as that science is understood in the South. The newspapers, in terror of the Catholic hierarchy, used to treat him with contempt, but it is an historical fact that he frequently had something on the Vatican, and did not moan and beat his breast altogether in vain.

I see no reason whatever why the Senate, at all times, should not have room for at least one such Pope-baiter. His Holiness, so far as I am informed about him, is a gentleman of the highest virtue and learning, and has only the friendliest feelings for the Republic; nevertheless, it must be manifest that his interests and the Republic's interests are not always or necessarily identical, and that his doings ought to be

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subject to public examination when the two appear to conflict. As a crowned monarch he must inevitably have some doubts about the American scheme of things, and as a good Italian he must have even more. But his authority over millions of Americans remains very large, and if it be argued that that authority is confined to spiritual matters, then it may be answered that he often expresses forcible views about purely secular matters. Thus what he has to say ought to be reviewed from time to time, and the person to review it is obviously one who entertains serious doubts of his infallibility. Such a doubter was the Hon. Mr. Heflin. He could swallow the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals with hearty gulps and loud hosannas, but not the Pope.

The Senate would be a more useful and instructive body if it embraced a whole herd of Heflinean heretics, some consecrated to scrutinizing the Pope and others giving their attention to certain of his rivals. The American government, in theory, recognizes no religious authority whatsoever, and as a matter of history it was chiefly shaped and founded by men—*e.g.* Jefferson—who were open enemies of revelation, whether human or divine. But in the course of time the prophets of such revelation have come back into more or less good odor, and whenever the chance offers they try to do their stuff. Everyone will recall what went on in Washington during the high days of Prohibition. Both Houses of Congress were terrorized and controlled by a camorra of evangelical divines, and three successive Presidents knuckled to them abjectly. They came in with the amiable old boozer, Dr. Harding; they continued prosperously under Heinz's fifty-eighth variety, Dr. Coolidge; and they reached the apogee of their puissance under the late Dr. Hoover.

Certainly Jefferson would have coughed sadly if he had been furloughed from Hell to see these brethren in action. In the face of the First Amendment they organized themselves into a State Church, and for ten years their power was immensely greater than that of the lords spiritual of England. They showed it very dramatically at the time the Wickersham Report was issued. It had been tacitly promised and almost universally assumed that Dr. Hoover would acquiesce in the findings of his commission, but when they were received he repudiated them instantly and in visible alarm, and his office jackals went to the length of misrepresenting them in a public statement. Soon afterward the high mightiness of the State Church was proved again when its ranking metropolitan refused to answer the questions of a committee of the Senate, and in fact invited the whole Senate to be damned. And on top of this the same learned dignitary spit into the eye of the courts, and they laid offen him, as the saying goes, with great celerity. Here was an ecclesiastical hierarchy flouting and making a mock of all three branches of the national government, with all three branches taking it lying down! Certainly Jefferson would have loosed a yell at that.

My hope is that the Hon. Mr. Heflin, on some near tomorrow, comes back. He was, in his general conduct, quite as good a Senator as the average that Washington has to take from the South, and he was in addition, as the Upper House's sole practitioner of a valuable speciality, a public servant of quite unusual usefulness. God knows what the Pope has been up to since

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he retired. One never hears anything on that subject from the Washington correspondents, and both the executive and the judiciary have found it too hot in the past to go into it now. His Holiness, if he would, could get away with murder, and not be detected. He could turn a gang of Paulists loose upon the Army, and not raise a whisper of protest. He could burn his pagan incense in the very chamber of the Senate, and bring forth no more than a salvo of coughs.

Heflin, in brief, is greatly missed. He ought to be back, and there ought to be more like him. The whole question of ecclesiastical interference in American affairs deserves to be investigated at length, and in a bilious spirit. I'd sleep a good deal more peacefully at night if I knew there was a Senator on watch against Archbishop Cannon, and another with his eye on Bishop Manning, and a third told off to observe Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. Dr. Wise lately achieved the impressive feat of tying a can to Jimmie Walker. It was, no doubt, good riddance, but there is something dangerous about holy men with so much power. They should be gone over regularly with a fine-tooth comb. But who is to do it? The regular politicians are all afraid of them, and so are the orthodox newspapers. The Liberals never challenge them save when they try to put down birth control. Even the Communists are polite to them.

Our two parties are not enough. We should have more mavericks in Congress. Long ago I prayed publicly for two or three Communists of the highest blood pressure, to smell up the House chamber and scare old Jack Garner. A whiff of garlic there would be salubrious, not only physically but also spiritually. But Communism is a show that quickly wears out: it is clowning by undernourished clowns. I'd like to see a Single Taxer in the Senate, to perform at length every Thursday afternoon. I'd rejoice to hear of a Senator specializing in reading "Also sprach Zarathustra" aloud: it would help the *Congressional Record* in its circulation fight with the *Saturday Evening Post*. But most of all I'd like to see delegations of professional atheists in both Houses—not mere unbelievers, but militant and implacable believers in unbelief. The Holy Ghost came within an ace of getting another spokesman in the Rev. Bob Schuler. What we need is an enterprising deputation from the chancery of Beelzebub. H. L. M.

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THE BABY IN THE ICEBOX

BY JAMES M. CAIN

OF COURSE there was plenty pieces in the paper about what happened out at the place last Summer, but they got it all mixed up, so I will now put down how it really was, and specially the beginning of it, so you will see it is not no lies in it.

Because when a guy and his wife begin to play leapfrog with a tiger, like you might say, and the papers put in about that part and not none of the stuff that started it off, and then one day say X marks the spot and next day say it wasn't really no murder but don't tell you what it was, why I don't blame people if they figure there was something funny about it or maybe that somebody ought to be locked up in the booby-hatch. But there wasn't no booby-hatch to this, nothing but plain onriness and a dirty rat getting it in the neck where he had it coming to him, as you will see when I get the first part explained right.

Things first begun to go sour between Duke and Lura when they put the cats in. They didn't need no cats. They had a combination auto-camp, filling-station, and lunch-room out in the country a ways, and they got along all right. Duke run the filling-station, and got me in to help him, and Lura took care of the lunch-room and shacks. But Duke wasn't satisfied. Before he got this place he had raised rabbits, and one time he had bees, and another time canary birds, and nothing would suit him now but to put in some cats to draw trade. Maybe you think that's funny, but out here in California they got every kind of a farm there is, from kangaroos to alligators, and it was just about the idea that a guy like Duke would think up. So he begun building a cage, and one day he showed up with a truckload of wildcats.

I wasn't there when they unloaded them. It was two or three cars waiting and I had to gas them up. But soon as I got a chance I went back there to look things over. And believe me, they wasn't pretty. The guy that sold Duke the cats had went away about five minutes before, and Duke was standing outside the cage and he had a stick of wood in his hand with blood on it. Inside was a dead cat. The rest of them was on a shelf, that had been built for them to jump on, and every one of them was snarling at Duke.

I don't know if you ever saw a wildcat, but they are about twice as big as a house cat, brindle gray, with tufted ears and a bobbed tail. When they set and look at you they look like a owl, but they wasn't setting and looking now. They was marching around, coughing and spitting, their eyes shooting red and green fire, and it was a ugly sight, specially with that bloody dead one down on the ground. Duke was pale, and the breath was whistling through his nose, and it didn't take no doctor to see he was scared to death.

"You better bury that cat," he says to me. "I'll take care of the cars."

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I looked through the wire and he grabbed me. "Look out!" he says. "They'd kill you in a minute."

"In that case," I says, "how do I get the cat out?"

"You'll have to get a stick," he says, and shoves off.

I was pretty sore, but I begun looking around for a stick. I found one, but when I got back to the cage Lura was there. "How did that happen?" she says.

"I don't know," I says, "but I can tell you this much: If there's any more of them to be buried around here, you can get somebody else to do it. My job is to fix flats, and I'm not going to be no cat undertaker."

She didn't have nothing to say to that. She just stood there while I was trying the stick, and I could hear her toe snapping up and down in the sand, and from that I knowed she was choking it back, what she really thought, and didn't think no more of this here cat idea than I did.

The stick was too short. "My," she says, pretty disagreeable, "that looks terrible. You can't bring people out here with a thing like that in there."

"All right," I snapped back. "Find me a stick."

She didn't make no move to find no stick. She put her hand on the gate. "Hold on," I says. "Them things are nothing to monkey with."

"Huh," she says. "All they look like to me is a bunch of cats."

There was a kennel back of the cage, with a drop door on it, where they was supposed to go at night. How you got them back there was bait them with food, but I didn't know that then. I yelled at them, to drive them back in there, but nothing happened. All they done was yell back. Lura listened to me a while, and then she give a kind of gasp like she couldn't stand it no longer, opened the gate, and went in.

Now believe me, that next was a bad five minutes, because she wasn't hard to look at, and I hated to think of her getting mauled up by them babies. But a guy would of had to of been blind if it didn't show him that she had a way with cats. First thing she done, when she got in, she stood still, didn't make no sudden motions or nothing, and begun to talk to them. Not no special talk. Just "Pretty pussy, what's the matter, what they been doing to you?" —like that. Then she went over to them.

They slid off, on their bellies, to another part of the shelf. But she kept after them, and got her hand on one, and stroked him on the back. Then she got a-hold of another one, and pretty soon she had give them all a pat. Then she turned around, picked up the dead cat by one leg, and come out with him. I put him on the wheelbarrow and buried him.

Now, why was it that Lura kept it from Duke how easy she had got the cat out and even about being in the cage at all? I think it was just because she didn't have the heart to show him up to hisself how silly he looked. Anyway, at supper that night, she never said a word. Duke, he was nervous and excited and told all about how the cats had jumped at him and how he had to bean one to save his life, and then he give a long spiel about cats and how fear is the only thing they understand, so you would of thought he was Martin Johnson just back from the jungle or something.

But it seemed to me the dishes was making quite a noise that night, clattering around on the table, and that was funny, because one thing you could say for Lura was: she was quiet and easy to be around. So when Duke, just like it was nothing at all, asks me by the way how did I get the

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cat out, I heared my mouth saying, "With a stick," and not nothing more. A little bird flies around and tells you, at a time like that. Lura let it pass. Never said a word. And if you ask me, Duke never did find out how easy she could handle the cats, and that ain't only guesswork, but on account of something that happened a little while afterwards, when we got the mountain-lion.

A mountain-lion is a cougar, only out here they call them a mountain-lion. Well, one afternoon about five o'clock this one of ours squat down on her hunkers and set up the worst squalling you ever listen to. She kept it up all night, so you wanted to go out and shoot her, and next morning at breakfast Duke come running in and says come on out and look what happened. So we went out there, and there in the cage with her was the prettiest he mountain-lion you ever seen in your life. He was big, probably weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, and his coat was a pearl gray so glossy it looked like a pair of new gloves, and he had a spot of white on his throat. Sometimes they have white.

"He come down from the hills when he heard her call last night," says Duke, "and he got in there somehow. Ain't it funny? When they hear that note nothing can stop them."

"Yeah," I says. "It's love."

"That's it," says Duke. "Well, we'll be having some little ones soon. Cheaper'n buying them."

After he had went off to town to buy the stuff for the day, Lura sat down to the table with me. "Nice of you," I says, "to let Romeo in last night."

"Romeo?" she says.

"Yes, Romeo. That's going to be papa of twins soon, out in the lion cage."

"Oh," she says, "didn't he get in there himself?"

"He did not. If she couldn't get out, how could he get in?"

All she give me at that time was a dead pan. Didn't know nothing about it at all. Fact of the matter, she made me a little sore. But after she brung me my second cup of coffee she kind of smiled. "Well?" she says. "You wouldn't keep two loving hearts apart, would you?"

II

So things was, like you might say, a little gritty, but they got a whole lot worse when Duke come home with Rajah, the tiger. Because by that time, he had told so many lies that he begun to believe them hisself, and put on all the airs of a big animal-trainer. When people come out on Sundays, he would take a black snake whip and go in with the mountain-lions and wildcats, and snap it at them, and they would snarl and yowl, and Duke acted like he was doing something. Before he went in, he would let the people see him strapping on a big six-shooter, and Lura got sorer by the week.

For one thing, he looked so silly. She couldn't see nothing to going in with the cats, and specially she couldn't see no sense in going in with a whip, a six-shooter, and a ten-gallon hat like them cow people wears. And for another thing, it was bad for business. In the beginning, when Lura would take the customers' kids out and make out the cat had their finger, they loved it, and they loved it still more when the little mountain-lions come and they had spots and would push up their ears to be scratched. But when Duke started that stuff with the whip it scared them to death, and even the fathers and mothers was nervous, because there was the gun and they didn't know what would happen next. So business begun to fall off.

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And then one afternoon he put down a couple of drinks and figured it was time for him to go in there with Rajah. Now it had took Lura one minute to tame Rajah. She was in there sweeping out his cage one morning when Duke was away, and when he started sliding around on his belly he got a bucket of water in the face, and that was that. From then on he was her cat. But what happened when Duke tried to tame him was awful. The first I knew what he was up to was when he made a speech to the people from the mountain-lion cage telling them not to go away yet, there was more to come. And when he come out he headed over to the tiger.

"What's the big idea?" I says. "What you up to now?"

"I'm going in with that tiger," he says. "It's got to be done, and I might as well do it now."

"Why has it got to be done?" I says.

He looked at me like as though he pitied me.

"I guess there's a few things about cats you don't know yet," he says. "You got a tiger on your hands, you got to let him know who's boss, that's all."

"Yeah?" I says. "And who *is* boss?"

"You see that?" he says, and cocks his finger at his face.

"See what?" I says.

"The human eye," he says. "The human eye, that's all. A cat's afraid of it. And if you know your business, you'll keep him afraid of it. That's all I'll use, the human eye. But of course, just for protection, I've got these too."

"Listen, sweetheart," I says to him. "If you give me a choice between the human eye and a Bengal tiger, which one *I* got the most fear of, you're going to see a guy getting a shiner every time. If I was you, I'd lay off that cat."

He didn't say nothing: hitched up his holster, and went in. He didn't even get a chance to unlimber his whip. That tiger, soon as he saw him, begun to move around in a way that made your blood run cold. He didn't make for Duke first, you understand. He slid over, and in a second he was between Duke and the gate. That's one thing about a tiger you better not forget if you ever meet one. He can't work examples in arithmetic, but when it comes to the kind of brains that mean meat, he's the brightest boy in the class and then some. He's born knowing more about cutting off a retreat than you'll ever know, and his legs do it for him, just automatic, so his jaws will be free for the main business of the meeting.

Duke backed away, and his face was awful to see. He was straining every muscle to keep his mouth from sliding down in his collar. His left hand fingered the whip a little, and his right pawed around, like he had some idea of drawing the gun. But the tiger didn't give him time to make up his mind what his idea was, if any.

He would slide a few feet on his belly, then get up and trot a step or two, then slide on his belly again. He didn't make no noise, you understand. He wasn't telling Duke, Please go away: he meant to kill him, and a killer don't generally make no more fuss than he has to. So for a few seconds you could even hear Duke's feet sliding over the floor. But all of a sudden a kid begun to whimper, and I come to my senses. I run around to the back of the cage, because that was where the tiger was crowding him, and I yelled at him.

"Duke!" I says. "In his kennel! Quick!"

He didn't seem to hear me. He was still backing, and the tiger was still coming. A woman screamed. The tiger's head went down, he crouched on the ground, and

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tightened every muscle. I knew what that meant. Everybody knew what it meant, and specially Duke knew what it meant. He made a funny sound in his throat, turned, and ran.

That was when the tiger sprung. Duke had no idea where he was going, but when he turned he fell through the trap door and I snapped it down. The tiger hit it so hard I thought it would split. One of Duke's legs was out, and the tiger was on it in a flash, but all he got on that grab was the sole of Duke's shoe. Duke got his leg in somehow and I jammed the door down tight.

It was a sweet time at supper that night. Lura didn't see this here, because she was busy in the lunch-room when it happened, but them people had talked on their way out, and she knowed all about it. What she said was plenty. And Duke, what do you think he done? He passed it off like it wasn't nothing at all. "Just one of them things you got to expect," he says. And then he let on he knowed what he was doing all the time, and the only lucky part of it was that he didn't have to shoot a valuable animal like Rajah was. "Keep cool, that's the main thing," he says. "A thing like that can happen now and then, but never let a animal see you excited."

I heard him, and I couldn't believe my ears, but when I looked at Lura I jumped. I think I told you she wasn't hard to look at. She was a kind of medium size, with a shape that would make a guy leave his happy home, sunburned all over, and high cheekbones that give her eyes a funny slant. But her eyes was narrowed down to slits, looking at Duke, and they shot green where the light hit them, and it come over me all of a sudden that she looked so much like Rajah, when he was closing in on Duke in the afternoon, that she could of been his twin sister.

III

Next off, Duke got it in his head he was such a big cat man now that he had to go up in the hills and do some trapping. Bring in his own stuff, he called it.

I didn't pay much attention to it at the time. Of course, he never brought in no stuff, except a couple of raccoons that he probably bought down the road for $2, but Duke was the kind of a guy that every once in a while has to sit on a rock and fish, so when he loaded up the flivver and blew, it wasn't nothing you would get excited about. Maybe I didn't really care what he was up to, because it was pretty nice, running the place with Lura with him out of the way, and I didn't ask no questions. But it was more to it than cats or 'coons or fish, and Lura knowed it, even if I didn't.

Anyhow, it was while he was away on one of them trips of his that Wild Bill Smith the Texas Tornado showed up. Bill was a snake-doctor. He had a truck, with his picture painted on it, and two or three boxes of old rattlesnakes with their teeth pulled out, and he sold snake-oil that would cure what ailed you, and a Indian herb medicine that would do the same. He was a fake, but he was big and brown and had white teeth, and I guess he really wasn't no bad guy. The first I seen of him was when he drove up in his truck, and told me to gas him up and look at his tires. He had a bum differential that made a funny rattle, but he said never mind that and went over to the lunch-room.

He was there a long time, and I thought I better let him know his car was ready. When I went over there, he was setting on a stool with a sheepish look on his face, rubbing his hand. He had a snake ring on one finger, with two red eyes,

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and on the back of his hand was red streaks. I knew what that meant. He had started something and Lura had fixed him. She had a pretty arm, but a grip like iron, that she said come from milking cows when she was a kid. What she done when a guy got fresh was take hold of his hand and squeeze it so the bones cracked, and he generally changed his mind.

She handed him his check without a word, and I told him what he owed on the car, and he paid up and left.

"So you settled his hash, hey?" I says to her.

"If there's one thing gets on my nerves," she says, it's a man that starts something the minute he gets in the door."

"Why didn't you yell for me?"

"Oh, I really didn't need no help."

But the next day he was back, and after I filled up his car I went over to see how he was behaving. He was setting at one of the tables this time, and Lura was standing beside him. I saw her jerk her hand away quick, and he give me the bright grin a man has when he's got something he wants to cover up. He was all teeth. "Nice day," he says. "Great weather you have in this country."

"So I hear," I says. "Your car's ready."

"What I owe you?" he says.

"Dollar twenty."

He counted it out and left.

"Listen," says Lura: "we weren't doing anything when you come in. He was just reading my hand. He's a snake doctor, and knows about the zodiac."

"Oh, wasn't we?" I says. "Well, wasn't we nice!"

"What's it to you?" she says.

"Nothing," I snapped at her. I was pretty sore.

"He says I was born under the sign of Yin," she says. You would of thought it was a piece of news fit to put in the paper.

"And who is Yin?" I says.

"It's Chinese for tiger," she says.

"Then bite yourself off a piece of raw meat," I says, and slammed out of there. We didn't have no nice time running the joint *that* day.

Next morning he was back. I kept away from the lunch-room, but I took a stroll, and seen them back there with the tiger. We had hauled a tree in there by that time, for Rajah to sharpen his claws on, and she was setting on that. The tiger had his head in her lap, and Wild Bill was looking through the wire. He couldn't even draw his breath. I didn't go near enough to hear what they was saying. I went back to the car and begin blowing the horn.

He was back quite a few times after that, in between while Duke was away. Then one night I heard a truck drive up. I knowed that truck by its rattle. And it was daylight before I heard it go away.

Couple weeks after that, Duke come running over to me at the filling-station. "Shake hands with me," he says. "I'm going to be a father."

"Gee," I says, "that's great!"

But I took good care he wasn't around when I mentioned it to Lura.

"Congratulations," I says. "Letting Romeos into the place seems to be about the best thing you do."

"What do you mean?" she says.

"Nothing," I says. "Only I heard him drive up that night. Look like to me the moon was under the sign of Cupid. Well, it's nice if you can get away with it."

"Oh," she says.

"Yeah," I says. "A fine double cross you thought up. I didn't know they tried that any more."

She set and looked at me, and then her mouth begin to twitch and her eyes filled with tears. She tried to snuffle them up but it didn't work. "It's not any double

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cross," she says. "That night, I never went out there. And I never let anybody in. I was supposed to go away with him that night, but——"

She broke off and begin to cry. I took her in my arms. "But then you found this out?" I says. "Is that it?" She nodded her head. It's awful to have a pretty woman in your arms that's crying over somebody else.

From then on, it was terrible. Lura would go along two or three days pretty nice, trying to like Duke again on account of the baby coming, but then would come a day when she looked like some kind of a hex, with her eyes all sunk in so you could hardly see them at all, and not a word out of her.

Them bad days, anyhow when Duke wasn't around, she would spend with the tiger. She would set and watch him sleep, or maybe play with him, and he seemed to like it as much as she did. He was young when we got him, and mangy and thin, so you could see his slats. But now he was about six year old, and had been fed good, so he had got his growth and his coat was nice, and I think he was the biggest tiger I ever seen. A tiger, when he is really big, is a lot bigger than a lion, and sometimes when Rajah would be rubbing around Lura, he looked more like a mule than a cat.

His shoulders come up above her waist, and his head was so big it would cover both her legs when he put it in her lap. When his tail would go sliding past her it looked like some kind of a constrictor snake. His teeth were something to make you lie awake nights. A tiger has the biggest teeth of any cat, and Rajah's must have been four inches long, curved like a cavalry sword, and ivory white. They were the most murderous looking fangs I ever set eyes on.

When Lura went to the hospital it was a hurry call, and she didn't even have time to get her clothes together. Next day Duke had to pack her bag, and he was strutting around, because it was a boy, and Lura had named him Ron. But when he come out with the bag, he didn't have much of a strut. "Look what I found," he says to me, and fishes something out of his pocket. It was the snake ring.

"Well?" I says. "They sell them in any ten-cent store."

"H'm," he says, and kind of weighed the ring in his hand. That afternoon, when he come back, he says: "Ten-cent store, hey? I took it to a jeweler today, and he offered me two hundred dollars for it."

"You ought to sold it," I says. "Maybe save you bad luck."

Duke went away again right after Lura come back, and for a little while things was all right. She was crazy about the little boy, and I thought he was pretty cute myself, and we got along fine. But then Duke come back and at lunch one day he made a crack about the ring. Lura didn't say nothing, but he kept at it, and pretty soon she wheeled on him.

"All right," she says. "There was another man around here, and I loved him. He give me that ring, and it meant that he and I belonged to each other. But I didn't go with him, and you know why I didn't. For Ron's sake, I've tried to love you again, and maybe I can yet, God knows. A woman can do some funny things if she tries. But that's where we're at now. That's right where we're at. And if you don't like it, you better say what you're going to do."

"When was this?" says Duke.

"It was quite a while ago. I told you I give him up, and I give him up for keeps."

"It was just before you knowed about Ron, wasn't it?" he says.

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"Hey," I cut in. "That's no way to talk."

"Just what I thought," he says, not paying no attention to me. "Ron. That's a funny name for a kid. I thought it was funny, right off when I heard it. Ron. Ron. That's a laugh, ain't it?"

"That's a lie," she says. "That's a lie, every bit of it. And it's not the only lie you've been getting away with around here. Or think you have. Trapping up in the hills, hey? And what do you trap?"

But she looked at me, and choked it back. I begun to see that the cats wasn't the only things that had been gumming it up.

"All right," she wound up. "Say what you're going to do. Go on. Say it!"

But he didn't.

"Ron," he cackles, "that's a hot one," and walks out.

IV

Next day was Saturday, and he acted funny all day. He wouldn't speak to me or Lura, and once or twice I heard him mumbling to himself. Right after supper he says to me, "How are we on oil?"

"All right," I says. "The truck was around yesterday."

"You better drive in and get some," he says. "I don't think we got enough."

"Enough?" I says. "We got enough for two weeks."

"Tomorrow is Sunday," he says, "and there'll be a big call for it. Bring out a hundred gallon and tell them to put it on the account."

By that time, I would give in to one of his nutty ideas rather than have a argument with him, and besides, I never tumbled that he was up to anything. So I wasn't there for what happened next, but I got it out of Lura later, so here is how it was:

Lura didn't pay much attention to the argument about the oil, but washed up the supper dishes, and then went in the bedroom to make sure everything was all right with the baby. When she come out she left the door open, so she could hear if he cried. The bedroom was off the sitting-room, because these here California houses don't have but one floor, and all the rooms connect. Then she lit the fire, because it was cool, and sat there watching it burn. Duke come in, walked around, and then went out back. "Close the door," she says to him. "I'll be right back," he says.

So she sat looking at the fire, she didn't know how long, maybe five minutes, maybe ten minutes. But pretty soon she felt the house shake. She thought maybe it was a earthquake, and looked at the pictures, but they was all hanging straight. Then she felt the house shake again. She listened, but it wasn't no truck outside that would cause it, and it wouldn't be no State road blasting or nothing like that at that time of night. Then she felt it shake again, and this time it shook in a regular movement, one, two, three, four, like that. And then all of a sudden she knew what it was, why Duke had acted so funny all day, why he had sent me off for the gas, why he had left the door open, and all the rest of it. There was five hundred pound of cat walking through the house, and Duke had turned him loose to kill her.

She turned around, and Rajah was looking at her, not five foot away. She didn't do nothing for a minute, just set there thinking what a boob Duke was to figure on the tiger doing his dirty work for him, when all the time she could handle him easy as a kitten, only Duke didn't know it. Then she spoke. She expected Rajah to come and put his head in her lap, but

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he didn't. He stood there and growled, and his ears flattened back. That scared her, and she thought of the baby. I told you a tiger has that kind of brains. It no sooner went through her head about the baby than Rajah knowed she wanted to get to that door, and he was over there before she could get out of the chair.

He was snarling in a regular roar now, but he hadn't got a whiff of the baby yet, and he was still facing Lura. She could see he meant business. She reached in the fireplace, grabbed a stick that was burning bright, and walked him down with it. A tiger is afraid of fire, and she shoved it right in his eyes. He backed past the door, and she slid in the bedroom. But he was right after her, and she had to hold the stick at him with one hand and grab the baby with the other.

But she couldn't get out. He had her cornered, and he was kicking up such a awful fuss she knowed the stick wouldn't stop him long. So she dropped it, grabbed up the baby's covers, and threw them at his head. They went wild, but they saved her just the same. A tiger, if you throw something at him with a human smell, will generally jump on it and bite at it before he does anything else, and that's what he done now. He jumped so hard the rug went out from under him, and while he was scrambling to his feet she shot past him with the baby and pulled the door shut after her.

She run in my room, got a blanket, wrapped the baby in it, and run out to the electric icebox. It was the only thing around the place that was steel. Soon as she opened the door she knowed why she couldn't do nothing with Rajah. His meat was in there, Duke hadn't fed him. She pulled the meat out, shoved the baby in, cut off the current, and closed the door. Then she picked up the meat and went around the outside of the house to the window of the bedroom. She could see Rajah in there, biting at the top of the door, where a crack of light showed through. He reached to the ceiling. She took a grip on the meat and drove at the screen with it. It give way, and the meat went through. He was on it before it hit the floor.

Next thing was to give him time to eat. She figured she could handle him once he got something in his belly. She went back to the sitting-room. And in there, kind of peering around, was Duke. He had his gun strapped on, and one look at his face was all she needed to know she hadn't made no mistake about why the tiger was loose.

"Oh," he says, kind of foolish, and then walked back and closed the door. "I meant to come back sooner, but I couldn't help looking at the night. You got no idea how beautiful it is. Stars is bright as anything."

"Yeah," she says. "I noticed."

"Beautiful," he says. "Beautiful."

"Was you expecting burglars or something?" she says, looking at the gun.

"Oh, that," he says. "No. Cats been kicking up a fuss. I put it on, case I have to go back there. Always like to have it handy."

"The tiger," she says. "I thought I heard him, myself."

"Loud," says Duke. "Awful loud."

He waited. She waited. She wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of opening up first. But just then there come a growl from the bedroom, and the sound of bones cracking. A tiger acts awful sore when he eats. "What's that?" says Duke.

"I wonder," says Lura. She was hell-bent on making him spill it first.

They both looked at each other, and then there was more growls, and more sound of cracking bones. "You better go

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in there," says Duke, soft and easy, with the sweat standing out on his forehead and his eyes shining bright as marbles. "Something might be happening to Ron."

"Do you know what I think it is?" says Lura.

"What's that?" says Duke. His breath was whistling through his nose like it always done when he got excited.

"I think it's that tiger you sent in here to kill me," says Lura. "So you could bring in that woman you been running around with for over a year. That redhead that raises rabbit fryers on the Ventura road. That cat you been trapping!"

"And stead of getting you he got Ron," says Duke. "Little Ron! Oh my, ain't that tough? Go in there, why don't you? Ain't you got no mother love? Why don't you call up his pappy, get him in there? What's the matter? Is he afraid of a cat?"

Lura laughed at him. "All right," she says. "Now you go." With that she took hold of him. He tried to draw the gun, but she crumpled up his hand like a piece of wet paper and the gun fell on the floor. She bent him back on the table and beat his face in for him. Then she picked him up, dragged him to the front door, and threw him out. He run off a little ways. She come back and saw the gun. She picked it up, went to the door again, and threw it after him. "And take that peashooter with you," she says.

That was where she made her big mistake. When she turned to go back in the house, he shot, and that was the last she knew for a while.

Now, for what happened next, it wasn't nobody there, only Duke and the tiger, but after them State cops got done fitting it all together, combing the ruins and all, it wasn't no trouble to tell how it was, anyway most of it, and here's how they figured it out:

Soon as Duke seen Lura fall, right there in front of the house, he knowed he was up against it. So the first thing he done was run to where she was and put the gun in her hand, to make it look like she had shot herself. That was where he made *his* big mistake, because if he had kept the gun he might of had a chance. Then he went inside to telephone, and what he said was, soon as he got hold of the State police: "For God's sake come out here quick. My wife has went crazy and throwed the baby to the tiger and shot herself and I'm all alone in the house with him and—*Oh, my God, here he comes!*"

Now, that last was something he didn't figure on saying. So far as he knowed, the tiger was in the room, having a nice meal off his son, so everything was hotsy-totsy. But what he didn't know was that that piece of burning firewood that Lura had dropped had set the room on fire and on account of that the tiger had got out. How did he get out? We never did quite figure that out. But this is how I figure it, and one man's guess is good as another's:

The fire started near the window, we knew that much. That was where Lura dropped the stick, right next to the cradle, and that was where a guy coming down the road in a car first seen the flames. And what I think is that soon as the tiger got his eye off the meat and seen the fire, he begun to scramble away from it, just wild. And when a wild tiger hits a beaver-board wall, he goes through, that's all. While Duke was telephoning, Rajah come through the wall like a clown through a hoop, and the first thing he seen was Duke, setting at the telephone, and Duke wasn't no friend, not to Rajah he wasn't.

Anyway, that's how things was when I got there, with the oil. The State cops was a little ahead of me, and I met the ambulance with Lura in it, coming down

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the road seventy mile an hour, but just figured there had been a crash up the road, and didn't know nothing about it having Lura in it. And when I drove up, there was plenty to look at all right. The house was in flames, and the police was trying to get in, but couldn't get nowheres near it on account of the heat, and about a hundred cars parked all around, with people looking, and a gasoline pumper cruising up and down the road, trying to find a water connection somewheres they could screw their hose to.

But inside the house was the terrible part. You could hear Duke screaming, and in between Duke was the tiger. And both of them was screams of fear, but I think the tiger was worse. It is a awful thing to hear a animal letting out a sound like that. It kept up about five minutes after I got there, and then all of a sudden you couldn't hear nothing but the tiger. And then in a minute that stopped.

There wasn't nothing to do about the fire. In a half hour the whole place was gone, and they was combing the ruins for Duke. Well, they found him. And in his head was four holes, two on each side, deep. We measured them fangs of the tiger. They just fit.

Soon as I could I run in to the hospital. They had got the bullet out by that time, and Lura was laying in bed all bandaged around the head, but there was a guard over her, on account of what Duke said over the telephone. He was a State cop. I sat down with him, and he didn't like it none. Neither did I. I knowed there was something funny about it, but what broke your heart was Lura, coming out of the ether. She would groan and mutter and try to say something so hard it would make your head ache. After a while I got up and went in the hall. But then I see the State cop shoot out of the room and line down the hall as fast as he could go. At last she had said it. The baby was in the electric icebox. They found him there, still asleep and just about ready for his milk. The fire had blacked up the outside, but inside it was as cool and nice as a new bathtub.

Well, that was about all. They cleared Lura, soon as she told her story, and the baby in the icebox proved it. Soon as she got out of the hospital she got a offer from the movies, but stead of taking it she come out to the place and her and I run it for a while, anyway the filling-station end, sleeping in the shacks and getting along nice. But one night I heard a rattle from a bum differential, and I never even bothered to show up for breakfast the next morning.

I often wish I had. Maybe she left me a note.

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THE MAN ROOSEVELT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

WHAT four years' residence in the White House and the yearning for another term will do to Franklin Delano Roosevelt only time can tell. He will enter into office the possessor of some admirable qualities, very rare in an American politician, but he will also carry with him certain no less definite and shining limitations.

Whatever else the President-elect may or may not be, he is surely a man of physical and moral courage. If it seems unusual that the possession of such elementary virtues should be stressed in a President, the simple answer is that for the past twelve years they have been sadly lacking in the tenants of the White House. Warren Gamaliel Harding, as the sordid revelations of his private and public life amply prove, was a pathetic weakling. Calvin Coolidge was, and is, bound by a far more straight-laced moral code than his predecessor, but he has a pronounced yellow streak, as those intimately associated with him during his administration can testify. Mr. Coolidge constantly indulged in sly, petty acts that annoyed and often painfully hurt his enraged but helpless victims. Mr. Hoover, on the physical side, is anything but a Sergeant Yorke, and his whole record in the presidency as well as in his campaign for reëlection has been an unbroken story of crass and shameless intellectual shiftiness.

I recall vividly a trifling but significant episode that occurred a few weeks after Mr. Hoover's election in 1928, and that pointedly illustrated his facility for alarm. The President-elect had boarded his train at Palo Alto for a trip to Los Angeles, where he was to embark on his battle-ship tour of Latin America. He was standing on the back platform exchanging farewells with some friends when suddenly half a dozen Leland Stanford University students, who had been mingling in the small crowd at the station, jerked some crudely lettered placards from under their sweaters and began a demonstration for Sandino, the Nicaraguan patriot. It was a mere publicity stunt, and as silly as it was innocuous. The few police present squelched it before it got fairly started. But Mr. Hoover was greatly upset by it. He retreated into his private car, and all the window curtains were pulled down. Secret Service men accompanying the train later told the newspaper men that Mr. Hoover had exclaimed: "They will be throwing bombs at us next."

The real cause of the armed eviction of the bonus marchers was the President's fear of violence from the small group of Communists among them. So long as Congress was the focal point of the veterans' attentions he never raised a hand, but when Congress adjourned and the Communists turned their attention to him, he showed immediate uneasiness. The three or four weak and laughable demonstrations that the Reds staged in the vicinity of the White House deeply dis-

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turbed him. At the slightest rumor of an advance the great iron gates of the White House grounds would be locked and barred with chains, the streets closed to traffic, and a heavy guard of police thrown about the entire area. The persistence of the Communists so worked upon Mr. Hoover's jumpy nerves in the end that he called out the Army and had the veterans driven from the Capital at the point of the bayonet.

Unlike his predecessor, Mr. Roosevelt has courage of a decidedly high order. To have been laid low by a sudden and crippling attack of paralysis as he was in the prime of a virile and successful manhood and to fight his way back as gallantly as he has done takes iron will and a granite morale.

Today, the President-elect is as sound physically, save for his lameness, as the fittest man who ever sat in the White House. During his two months of strenuous campaigning, in which he traversed 25,000 miles by train and automobile, often in the most inclement weather, and delivered close to two hundred speeches, he was always the freshest man in his party.

At Topeka, Kansas, he spoke for an hour and a half standing bare-headed and facing a broiling sun. Some of the newspaper correspondents, *seated* below him, had to get up and seek shade because of the heat and blinding light. But Mr. Roosevelt manifested no sign of discomfort or fatigue, and after his address shook hands with several hundred farmers who crowded up to greet him.

Similar proofs of his extraordinary stamina were repeatedly displayed by him during the campaign. On his New England tour he drove in an open car an entire day in a cold, penetrating rain, and although soaked and chilled, showed absolutely no effect of the punishing ordeal. Throughout the campaign, while members of his party and the accompanying newspaper men complained of wrecked digestions and went about with running noses and hacking coughs, he never had a moment of illness. It was not until the fight was over, and the reaction came, that he succumbed to a cold, and that cold was a slight one and he was well again in a few days.

II

Above the waist the President-elect is a giant in strength and endurance. His heart and other vital organs are in perfect condition. His arms, wrists, and hands are of steel. It is by means of them that he lowers and raises himself into and out of chairs, lifts himself into automobiles, and maintains his balance when standing. The paralysis which lamed him left him entirely unimpaired except in the control of his legs. These are quite wasted, but he has regained an almost miraculous use of them with the assistance of an ingenious steel brace. The weakness of his legs is that they cannot sustain the weight of his body for more than a few moments. To overcome this he uses the brace, which straps around his waist and clamps on to the heels of the low shoes he wears.

The brace is jointed at the knees. When he prepares to stand or walk he stretches his long legs straight before him, and clicks the joints of the brace into place. He then raises himself to a standing position by his powerful arms. All this is done quickly, quietly, and without any sign of distress. To assist him in walking the President-elect uses two canes when alone, or one cane and the arm of any person who happens to accompany him.

Mr. Roosevelt never refers to his lameness. Friends close to him relate that he

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barred talk of it from the moment he left his sick bed, and that he has never since permitted any discussion of the subject in his presence. He determined to act and think as a sound, healthy man and to insist that he be treated as one. One day, while he was making a speech in Georgia, during his campaign for the Democratic nomination, he was hammering home a point and in his earnestness moved away from the speaker's table, on which he always leans when talking. Suddenly he lost his balance, and to the horror of the audience toppled over. Several friends on the platform rushed forward and helped him to his feet. Without the loss of a word he resumed his address at the point where he had broken off when he fell. The audience was so stirred by this exhibition of will power that it broke into cheers.

Before being stricken with his illness Mr. Roosevelt was an active athlete. In fact, his attack was due to his overheating himself and being chilled by a plunge into icy waters. To keep himself in trim he now goes through setting-up exercises in bed upon awaking. He eats heartily of simple foods, but watches his diet to prevent excess weight. He is not a teetotaler, but drinks only lightly.

In intellectual breadth and agility the President-elect is far superior to his immediate predecessors. Harding and Coolidge had neither. The first was a small-town editor whose idea of learning was a florid verbosity, and the latter has the outlook, views and mental processes of a ward politician. Mr. Hoover has a restless, absorbent mind, but his underlying nature is so devious and his judgment so warped by Bourbonism that experience and information have little effect on his reasoning. He approaches a problem or a situation, not with a desire to get at the facts and formulate a course of action, but with his mind already made up, and seeking only to obtain arguments to fit his preconceived views.

Mr. Roosevelt has a much more pliant mind. He is not a profound thinker, but neither is he superficial or devious. He thinks quickly and has good stores of common sense and intellectual honesty. He is well educated and well read in a sense utterly foreign to Harding, Coolidge, or Hoover. He has a sound knowledge of history and a good background of economics. Though he is a thorough believer in the capitalistic system, the writings of Marx and Lenin are no strangers to him, and the word revolution does not throw him into a palsy of fear, as it does Mr. Hoover.

The President-elect is a hard worker. He has an unusual capacity for intense concentration and when he is confronted by a hard problem he buries himself in its intricacies to the exclusion of all else until he has explored them to his satisfaction. When he has finished the study of a subject he is pretty certain to have a good working grasp of it. His acquaintance with every detail of the Seabury investigation of Mayor Walker, as he demonstrated during the ouster hearings he conducted, afforded an example of his capacity to absorb a complicated problem in a short time. Mr. Roosevelt read every line of the almost endless testimony gathered by the Seabury committee and when Jimmie and his attorney tried to befuddle the facts he called them every time.

III

Mr. Roosevelt's preparations for his campaign well illustrated the thoroughness with which he works. Immediately after his nomination he retained Professor Raymond Moley, with whom he had

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previously worked out the plan, to organize a comprehensive research agency. Authorities on every important issue that seemed likely to arise were summoned by Moley and his associate, Judge Samuel Rosenman, who had been Mr. Roosevelt's executive counsel, and asked to present their views and proposals.

Every sort of opinion was sought and listened to. No one who had anything important to say on a subject was overlooked. On the agricultural question, for example, over a score of farm leaders, economists, and other authorities were interviewed. On the matter of the railroads, railroad presidents, brotherhood men, bankers, and economists were talked to. On each subject Mr. Roosevelt personally discussed the matter with these men of diverging views and plans. Everyone approached by Dr. Moley was asked to submit a written statement of his theories.

This mass of data was assembled and briefed by Moley, Rosenman and a group of young economists who volunteered their services, and Mr. Roosevelt's speeches during his campaign were built on it. Actually, he took up only a few major topics, and most of these he dealt with only in general outline. He pursued this policy deliberately. His position was that Mr. Hoover was desperately on the defensive and that it was sound political strategy for the Democrats to say nothing that might kick over the apple-cart. But had the need arisen, he was prepared to take up any issue that might have been projected into the campaign. He not only had the data, but was thoroughly conversant with it.

The actual writing of his speeches was done by himself. No one ghosted for him. He did, however, make use of extracts from the writings of others if they fitted in with his ideas of what he wanted to say. During the campaign he laid out and did a great deal of the actual dictating of his speeches late at night after he returned to his hotel or train from a day's hard stumping.

Mr. Roosevelt never hesitates to interpolate extemporaneous matter into a prepared speech. He is very adept at this, as he is in nursing an audience to get a laugh or a cheer. He is not much of an orator, but he is nevertheless an experienced and competent public speaker. He is thoroughly at ease on his feet, he has a good, clear, resounding voice, somewhat high-pitched, and his enunciation is excellent. He would, of course, be a more stirring speaker if he had the free use of his legs. As it is, he is limited in his gestures and movements, both important essentials for really powerful delivery.

Mr. Roosevelt's board of political strategy, both in his contest for the nomination and in the actual campaign, consisted of three men, all very competent in their particular fields. The one closest to him was Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, his personal secretary for many years. Howe is of the background type. He sits at a desk in a remote room, removed from the noise and turmoil of the battle, and there directs operations. He is sixty years old, shy, small of stature and cadaverous, and very careless about his personal appearance. During the campaign he had a room in a building across the street from Democratic national headquarters in New York City. Wherever he was, Mr. Roosevelt conferred with him daily, often talking to him by long-distance telephone two or three times a day. Nothing was done without Howe's views being first ascertained.

The friendship between the two men began over twenty years ago, when Mr. Roosevelt was a member of the New York

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State Senate. Col. Howe, a native of Massachusetts, was an Associated Press correspondent covering the New York Legislature. He and young Roosevelt became fast friends and when the latter went to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Wilson's administration he took Howe with him as his private secretary. They have been together ever since.

Howe is credited with having kept alive the flame of Roosevelt's political ambitions at a time when the latter believed his public career was ended. The title of colonel was bestowed on Howe last Spring by Governor Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky. It fits him badly.

James A. Farley, the Democratic national chairman and the second of the trio, was once characterized by Clinton Gilbert as "a walking delegate." He is admittedly a master of the art of handshaking and back-slapping, but he is more than that. Jim Farley has genuine organizational ability. He, more than anyone else, did the hard work of setting up Mr. Roosevelt's machinery for getting the Democratic nomination. For months during the Winter and Spring of 1931-1932 he ranged over the country lining up the boys and pledging delegations. His skill at this and his foresight in getting into the field first enabled Mr. Roosevelt to withstand the shock of Al Smith's opposition when the latter finally threw himself into the contest. Farley is a tall, trim, up-State New York Democrat whose business is construction supplies, but whose real life work is politics. He is never ruffled, and he never loses his temper. He loves to sing and is always getting up a quartette for some old-fashioned harmony.

Edward J. Flynn, the third member of the Roosevelt general staff, is the Democratic boss of the Bronx, but he takes no orders from Tammany. John F. Curry, the Tammany leader, and John H. McCooey, the Brooklyn chieftain, are held in low esteem by Flynn, who runs an independent machine. No such scandals as have characterized the Manhattan organization under Curry have ever touched his hems. He runs his borough in an efficient and decent manner, and his candidates and appointees are of his own caliber. Mr. Roosevelt made him Secretary of State of New York and Flynn has made a good record in office. He was one of Mr. Roosevelt's earliest supporters and brought valuable counsel and influence to the nomination and election contests.

Flynn, no less than Farley, has a pleasant personality, but whereas Farley is of the hail-fellow type, Flynn is quiet and reserved. He is tall and slender, and has a fighting Irishman's face. He is a lawyer by profession and an able one. His ambition is to withdraw from politics and devote himself to the law, with a judgeship to round out his career.

IV

One quality that Mr. Roosevelt will bring to the White House has been totally lacking there during the past ten years. It is that of simple amiability. The President-elect is a man of charming manners and personality. He is friendly and approachable, he likes people, and he has the capacity to work with others. This is a great asset to any man in the White House, and it is safe to prophesy that his administration will see no such stupid and needless badgering of and wrangling with Congress as has characterized the Hoover régime.

As Governor of New York Mr. Roosevelt had to deal with Republican-controlled Legislatures during both of his terms. The Republicans would have liked nothing

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better than to have embroiled him in a noisy row. But he cannily side-stepped the danger of this by putting forward a programme of his own that they were opposed to but did not dare to reject completely. By this strategy he forced them into a defensive position, and when there was any fighting to be done he did the attacking. But so long as the Republicans played ball with him he kept the peace. When they resisted his projects he denounced them as reactionaries and obstructionists.

As President, he may be expected to follow the same strategy in his dealings with Congress. He will lay before it definite and concrete proposals. They may be inadequate to meet the pressing needs of the economic crisis, but they will at least be tangible, and they will be openly backed by him with the full power of his office. He realizes clearly that his one chance of reëlection lies in doing some striking things—in taking and keeping the political offensive. I think he can be counted on to surround himself with a Cabinet of superior caliber—certainly superior to those of his last three predecessors. Second, he will press for the enactment of some drastic domestic reforms. Third, he will seek a major achievement in the field of foreign affairs. Here it is not at all unlikely that the fifteen-year-old Russian recognition muddle will finally receive some realistic and common-sense treatment.

Of all the qualities that Mr. Roosevelt brings to the Presidency his competence in the art of practical politics is one of his most useful. Instinctively and intuitively he is a good politician. Not since the days of his distant relative, T. R., has there been a man in the White House who is his equal in political astuteness. Mr. Coolidge, for all his guile and slyness, is not in Roosevelt's class. The little New England carpet-bagger lacks the supreme political gifts of personal charm and amiability, two qualities that the incoming President shows in abundance—at times, indeed, in superabundance.

As a politician he rarely misses a trick. During the campaign he not only missed none but created a few where none seemingly existed. For example, his entire political staff was opposed to his making a trans-continental speaking tour. Such jaunts had fallen into ill repute among politicians ever since the day Charles Evans Hughes set out to "show himself to the people" and returned a beaten man.

When President Hoover and his henchmen heard of Mr. Roosevelt's plan to tempt fate with such a tour they held their breath in fear that he might be dissuaded. The day he got under way the White House was wreathed in happy smiles. But three weeks later, when he returned triumphantly to Albany, these smiles had turned into worried and alarmed scowls. Instead of meeting disaster he came back a conqueror. Instead of committing errors, as it is so easy to do on such an adventure, he had staged a series of resounding *tours de force.*

In California he brought the difficult Senator Hiram Johnson over to his side. In New Mexico he won over Senator Bronson Cutting. In Nebraska he linked arms with Norris, and in Wisconsin he took the La Follettes by storm. From a disdainful unawareness of Roosevelt's existence the President suddenly switched to acute consciousness of his exuberantly beaming presence. Republican managers the country over deluged the White House with demands that Mr. Hoover shake off his haughty pose of "attending to the nation's affairs" and get down to the hard business of wangling votes.

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Mr. Roosevelt's adroitness was well illustrated by two episodes of his transcontinental tour. The morning that he reached California his train was boarded by Walter P. Jones, political writer for the McClatchy string of papers that dominate the northern part of the State. The *Bee* papers, as the McClatchy organs are known, are ardent Johnson adherents, and in exact proportion that they admire Johnson they dislike Hoover. Although normally Republican, they have always bitterly opposed the President, and in 1928 they supported Al Smith so effectively that though Hoover carried California by a huge majority he barely succeeded in nosing out Smith in the section covered by the *Bee* papers. Last Autumn the McClatchys lined up vigorously for Mr. Roosevelt.

When he reached California they sent Jones to meet him and cover his journey to Sacramento, where their largest paper is located. While waiting to meet the candidate, who was busy greeting a group of local politicians who had also boarded the train, Jones remarked to Professor Moley that Sacramento was Johnson's birthplace and that it would be an excellent thing if Roosevelt during his short stop there should refer to the fact. Moley seized the idea at once and promised to put it before Roosevelt. That afternoon, in his brief speech in Sacramento, Roosevelt duly did so, and at the same time warmly lauded Johnson as a sterling Liberal. The response from Hiram was prompt and decisive. The next morning he returned the compliment with usurious interest, praising Roosevelt's progressivism and denouncing Hoover as a black reactionary. A few weeks later the incident bore still further fruit, when Johnson flatly bolted the Republican President and took the stump for the Democratic standard-bearer.

There was another neatly handled occasion during Roosevelt's visit to Chicago. Anton Cermak, the Democratic mayor of the town and an aspirant to the eminence of party boss of Illinois, had opposed the Roosevelt nomination in the Chicago convention, and after the convention there was considerable talk in Illinois that his machine planned to knife the candidate in the election. To refute these rumors Cermak staged a huge demonstration when Roosevelt arrived in Chicago, and the following night mobilized several thousand State Democratic leaders and workers at a banquet for him.

Roosevelt's speech to this assembly of politicos, broadcast over the State, was a gem of political finesse. He lauded Cermak as a skillful public administrator, acclaimed him as a faithful guardian of the public funds, and crowned him as an implacable enemy of lawlessness, graft, and corruption—all points under serious question by Cermak's opponents. The mayor and his lieutenants literally glowed under these encomiums, and when they rose and assured the candidate of their united support there could be no doubt that they really meant what they said. Several weeks later, when Roosevelt again talked in the State at Springfield, the local newspaper men reported that the betting was no longer on whether he would carry the State but on the size of his majority.

All through his campaign Mr. Roosevelt never missed an opportunity to tie himself up to the local Democratic ticket by a favorable reference to the party's candidates. Al Smith, no mean politician himself, nevertheless flatly refused in 1928 to do this, despite the fact that in many places, particularly in the South, the local party leaders were taking their political lives in their hands by remaining regular. The result was that almost everywhere he

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went Al left a trail of resentment behind in local Democratic circles, and it unquestionably had an important influence in cutting down his popular vote.

V

Mr. Roosevelt's high skill at the art of practical politics is an important asset in a President, but potentially, however, it is also a great weakness. His agility and adroitness at the business incline him not infrequently to play politics when a direct and forthright course would be more statesmanlike. An instance of this sort of thing was his sharp rebuke to Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes for their demand on him that he oust from office the grafting Tammany leaders. Another was his sidestepping of important questions during the presidential race—for example, foreign affairs—because there was no pressure on him to declare his views. He was fully prepared to discuss foreign affairs. In fact, he had at least one speech written and ready for delivery on the topic. But because no necessity arose for him to tackle it he kept silent. This was undoubtedly good politics, but it was certainly not a very high order of statesmanship.

Mr. Roosevelt has plenty of courage. He can fight and will fight—if he has to—as his decisive and able conduct of the Walker hearings demonstrated. His danger is that, being so strongly politically minded, he finds it easier to take the less troublesome course and play politicis instead of fighting his way through, regardless of consequences. The Presidency presents abundant opportunities for playing politics. To what extent he will fall victim to his talent remains to be seen. But one thing, at least, is to be said for him here: he does not effect any hypocritical pretences about his political dallyings.

"Governor," one of the correspondents accompanying him demanded in an informal moment, "why don't you pull some new gags? We are getting tired of hearing the ones you are always using."

Mr. Roosevelt laughed.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "They may be old stuff to you, but they are new at every stop. You never want to change a gag when it's going good."

On another occasion he was asked what he would talk about in a forthcoming speech.

"Oh," he replied, "I'm just going to talk. I'm pretty good at that. You remember I talked in Vermont for an hour and said nothing."

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SURE CURES FOR CAPITAL'S ILLS

BY JACOB H. HOLLANDER

A BY-PRODUCT of the economic slough out of which American life is now crawling has been a multitude of rainbow-chasing fairy-tales. We have been assured that our present organization, stigmatized as Capitalism and the Competitive System, is structurally wrong or functionally faulty; that the economic distress and social misery of the past three years must be recurrent under existing conditions; that the defects of the existing order, responsible for this heavy toll, are deep-rooted; and that bold change, ranging from full-fledged collectivism to some project of "managed industry," is imperative to save society from collapse.

There is nothing surprising in this plethora of nostrums. It has been the ordinary accompaniment of the prostration stage of the business cycle. Good times breed contentment or tolerance, but when the pendulum swings, there is outcry for change—the wider the swing, the shriller the shriek. Some of it is the reaction of humanitarians and idealists; some of it is the economic counterpart of the political offensive, "Turn the rascals out"; some of it is the half-truth of practitioners. From the days of Plato schemes of social reconstruction have been the device of political satirists and the indulgence of literary romancers; for such phantasies the library catalogue uses the rubric Utopias. Time and again philosophers have shirked the rigor of scientific method for the primrose way of arm-chair theorizing; but these are not the names we delight to honor. The man of affairs become sociologist is reminiscent of the familiar class-room experience that an invitation to a captain of industry to address "Economics I" begets a discourse on primitive man or an exposition of Mr. Spencer's philosophy.

It would serve no useful purpose to review this Depression-inspired pseudo-economic writing. Warm-hearted but soft-headed, it is shot from first to last with the fallacies that distinguish social emotionalism from reasoned economics. It insists that the ills of the existing régime are inevitable. It accepts even more naïvely that the proposed substitute—without test or verification—will be successful. Science discredits a scholar who ventures an hypothesis unsupported by positive evidence. The business world has a rough word for the enterpriser who attempts a short-cut solution of his industrial difficulties by a get-rich-quick project. Yet both opinion and affairs have attended with something more than politeness the procession of panaceas and cure-alls of the past two or three years.

The economist is chill towards this outpouring. He believes that economic advance is an evolutionary process modified by social intervention; that private property and individual initiative are institutions developed and retained in the progress of the race by public expediency; that the devices of capitalism are the functional developments of an accredited structure;

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that economic ills are remediable by legislative and administrative correction. He rejects the intransigency of Reaction; he is hostile to the disingenuousness of Radicalism; he is agnostic to the untested projects of Reconstruction.

The economist is, however, far from quiescent. He is profoundly interested in what is going on in Russia, because here for the first time the traditional leap in the dark is in process of verification. He demands scrutiny and test of every social activity, of every economic agency. He insists that there is no natural right to do anything whatsoever. Is an individual or a corporate activity socially beneficial or hurtful? If it is hurtful, then, failing self-correction, public authority must intervene to suppress, amend or supervise. Social expediency as interpreted and exercised by public authority is the sole criterion.

The sufficiency of interventionism involves two assumptions: first that society will intervene, second that it will intervene wisely; concretely, that legislatures and executives will have the courage and the competence to initiate and apply corrective measures when defects appear. The present unrest of economic opinion grows out of uneasiness as to whether this dual assumption is valid. To one economist, at least, it seems doubtful whether the wildest Utopia ever included a more fanciful extravagance.

II

In these days of general disillusionment it needs neither political scientist nor political realist to discredit the smug theory that intervention is automatic in its working. The man in the street is certain to greet with one of the derisive expletives with which our argot has lately been enriched, the bland assurance that if our politico-economic organization is not at present perfect, it tends to become so by automatic self-correction. He is told that when an economic ill develops, administration may be counted upon to notice, and legislation to correct it. As against this he knows by brutal experience that economic evils appear and fester long before cautious executives and timid legislatures will take action; that political expediency and vested interest will delay and dilute intervention; that public opinion will be deflected by effective propaganda and a prudent press; that the legislative project will be inadequate through uninformedness or misshapen through compromise.

As to particulars, he is likely to recall the systematic deception of the public mind by the fiat credit of our war financing, the misuse of the Federal Reserve system as the hand-maiden of the Treasury, the absolution of war administration laxity by Hell'n-Maria buncombe, our Wall Street inspired Quixotism as to Europe's monetary quagmire and the costly disregard of domestic penalties. He is smarting from the debauch of the late 20's: the encouragement of speculative inflation; the excesses of installment selling; the degradation of banking; the impudence of pool operations; the overpayment of corporate executives; the wretched abortions of the bubble era. Each of these—and a hundred more—was the fit subject of corrective intervention. But in each of these initiative was absent or delayed, and correction was crude and incomplete.

The public mind forgets quickly and reasons not at all. Were it otherwise, capitalism would long since have collapsed—if only for one reason. Our economic order rests upon the assumption that functional defects will be promptly brought to light and effectively remedied. As a matter of fact, the social interest fights—in this re-

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spect with spiked guns and damp powder, without reconnaissance or intelligence—completely informed, perfectly equipped battalions of political expediency, vested interest and capitalist adventure. It seems to me that if the competitive system is to endure, it must be implemented by an effective machinery of intervention. Democracy must equip itself with an agency to make real what is now a sham.

To this end I propose a new agency in American affairs. It should be a body completely disassociated from government and from business and derive its ample resources from a capital endowment. Its nucleus should be a coöptative group of, say, five men, of whom three should in the first instance be designated by the ex-President or the ex-Presidents of the United States. The persons selected should not be, of necessity, the professional luminaries of the business world nor the fluent laureates of a social *bloc*, but men of intelligence, integrity, courage and equipment, ready to burn all political and financial bridges behind them and to devote their lives to the public welfare. Its rôle should be an incessant alertness as to social affairs; a prompt inquiry into any creak in the economic mechanism; a fearless exposé of the mischief-making factors; a definite proposal of preventive intervention. It should utilize existing agencies of law and government and enlighten public opinion by systematized publicity. It should welcome fact and opinion from any quarter, and its statements should be individual rather than corporate.

Let us suppose the plan in working. Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover will have selected three men who will have chosen two more—all to constitute the Institute of Affairs. From one of the existing welfare foundations or from one or more hard-headed multi-millionaires will have come an unconditioned endowment fund of $100,000,000. By its own survey or by proposal from without, the Institute will have learned that some particular of the economic machine is in presence or in working a social injury; that public opinion is uninformed as to essentials; that administrative initiative is inert; or that legislative repair is delayed or incomplete in consequence of ignorance, timidity, or resistance.

The sore spot may be the misuse of the stock exchange by bare-faced strong-arm pool manipulation, with the effect of gulling millions of small investors to pay deliberately inflated prices for their purchases of shares and of deluding them by deliberately engineered price advances or declines. It may be the serfdom of West Virginia coal-miners enforced with a feudal savagery to enable an obsolescent industry to sustain itself or to win a competitive advantage, not by sagacity of management nor efficiency of technique, but by the exploitation of a pocket of submerged labor. It may be the abject surrender of selected representatives to the stand-and-deliver of our "veterans", whose demands, brushing aside the justification of physical disability, have gone the tactical methods of the sponsors of the Adamson Act many times better, and whose course is likely to be associated by the future New Zealander with the easy descent to the bread and circus experience of an older republic.

In each such case, the Institute will make prompt inquiry as to the need and manner of social intervention. The investigation will be less detailed than a scientific study; but it will be swifter. The report will not be a mere fact-finding exhibit, but will terminate in definite proposals in remedy, if the facts warrant; in disavowal, if they do not. Public enlightenment will be the objective—not only as to existing condition

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and practicable correction but as to administrative halt, legislative inaction, corporate resistance. The devil may not have all the good tunes, and the Institute will use "public relations counsel" and systematized publicity. The campaign will not be of the front page order, but continuing and progressive.

As to its effectiveness, there can be no iron-clad guarantee; but a very considerable degree of probability attends. The competitive system, like any high-geared mechanism, will continue to develop maladjustments. Capable of correction, they become grave if neglected or delayed. The customary mode of repair—in anything more than lip-service—is slack and imperfect. For this, an uninformed and unaroused public opinion is in the last resort responsible. And yet democracy will rise no higher than its source. Unless rescue work is to be left to the little red schoolhouse, and to copy book leadership out-of-the-wilderness, a new technique must enter. The experience of war-time propaganda has taught us the plasticity of popular opinion. Let that knowledge be used to meet the present need.

III

It may be charged that having derided economic nostrums, I in turn submit one. This retort mistakes the essence of the proposal. No reconstruction is in mind. The project is designed only to make effective a validating element in the present system, now inoperative.

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ELEGY FOR MITCH STUART

BY JESSE STUART

I

O CLANSMEN, weep!
Mitch Stuart's dead!
Old age took him
At home in bed.
No Van Horn put
A bullet through
Mitch Stuart's head.

One war was not enough for him.
He gathered in his clan;
And warring in the black-oak hills,
They fought it man to man.
And old gin-drinking Mitch
He thinned the Van Horn clan.

II

When old Mitch Stuart
Heard the brass band
On a parade day
Play "Dixie Land,"

On his lame leg
And hickory cane,
He would step out
And march again.

His nineteen children
Dared not to bother
On parade day
Their marching father.

His hickory cane,
His clumsy feet;

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Would pop pop on
The home town street.

But not again
His hickory cane
And clumsy feet
Will pop pop on
The home town street.

III

O thunder, pound your drums!
Pound, pound your drums! your big bass-drums!
For old Mitch Stuart comes—
His ox cart comes.

O lightning, cut the sky!
Old Mitch is coming here to lie.

O oxen, roll your wheels!
O roll your wheels—your muddy wheels!
Under the rain's white spikes of steel.
They haul old Mitch.

IV

For him they pray
No lofty prayer;
The little crowd
Gathered there . . .
For him they sing
No songs of folly,
But by his grave
Six soldiers kneel
And over it fire
A farewell volley.

V

Over a chestnut top
Flies the wood crane.
The chestnut roots have grooved
His mortal brain.

Blue dreamer with ears deaf
To falling rain;

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Blue dreamer with eyes blurred
To flying crane,

Do you dream you will rise again?

Black-berry briars are white with bloom
Where old Mitch Stuart lies;
Jar-flies are singing at his tomb
Under the Blaine creek skies.

VI

If on his slab were carved
Something beside his name
And dates and regiment,
I know old Mitch would want
His epitaph to be:

Here lies old Mitch Stuart
With a bottle and a gun;
He's a-drinking and a-fighting still;
He's got 'em on the run.

His feet are to the east,
His head is to the west—
No Van Horn's left to hit
The heart in his clay breast.

Old Mitch's a-fighting still,
He's got 'em on the run—
One hand is on his bottle,
The other on his gun.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE perils of a statesman in Tuscaloosa, as set forth by the local correspondent of the Associated Press:

> Artemus K. Callahan, representative in the Legislature from Tuscaloosa county, has resigned as secretary and member of the board of deacons of the Holt Baptist Church because he supported the Edgar bill to legalize the sale of near-beer in Alabama. Callahan's resignation was asked by the congregation Sunday after the pastor, the Rev. H. H. Buzbee, had delivered a sermon in which he denounced legislators who supported the near-beer legislation and a measure to legalize Sunday amusements in Birmingham, Mobile and Montgomery.
>
> The congregation, acting on a motion offered by a deacon that Callahan's resignation be asked, voted unanimously for the motion.

CALIFORNIA

FROM the *Broadcast Weekly*, organ of the California intellectuals:

> ETHEL IRVINE
>
> TEACHER OF
>
> ARTISTIC WHISTLING
>
> Whistling is today considered one of the higher accomplishments. Natural whistles may be developed in a very short time for programme or radio work. A chorus of young lady whistlers is being organized now by Miss Irvine. Low, "true to pitch" whistles are especially desirable. Auditions free. Soloists and groups provided for concerts.
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>
> *Phone* AShberry 1172 Evenings

FROM the classified columns of the Los Angeles *Times*:

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SIDELIGHT on the intellectual interests of the Federal bureaucracy, from the celebrated Washington *Post*:

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> Can help you in personal or domestic

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conflicts and other troubles. Mrs. Rizpah Eldon, 1336 Mass. ave. nw., 14th and Thomas Circle, over drug store.

MADAM MEMBRANCE

Clairvoyant Palmist, reads your past, present and future. If you are in trouble, consult me. I will tell you what you want to know. Special $2 reading, $1. Hours, 9 to 9; Sunday, 9 to 3. 900 11th st. nw.

THE WONDER MAN.

Knows all. Tells all—Sees all—Tells what is on your mind. Never has seen you. Tells what you wish to know without asking a question. You have been to others, now see the best. Prof. Avon, 943 Pa. ave. nw., next Franklin Bank. Hrs., 9-9, Daily-Sunday. Don't mistake address.

MME. DILL GIFTED LIFE READER

Challenges the world for her great reading and power as a gift by birth to her to help those who are in trouble, giving names, dates, facts; guides you to success, health and happiness. Special Reading Thursday. Hrs. 9-9. 739 7TH ST. NW.

MADAM PHILLIPS

Palmist and Adviser. I challenge the world in reading the history of one's life. I give true advice on business, love, health and family affairs; tell names of enemies and friends. Each reading strictly confidential. Located at 707 7th st. nw., over Morris Hardware Store. This clipping and $1.00 entitles you to a full life reading.

ILLINOIS

FROM the Olnet *Democrat*:

The people of Parkersburg and community will give a chowder party next Saturday for the benefit of the local cemetery. It will be held in the grove adjacent to the cemetery at the west edge of town. Home-made ice cream will be served. People who have relatives interred in this cemetery should drive to Parkersburg Saturday. Prices are very reasonable, in keeping with the times.

IOWA

NOTE on the workings of democracy from the Davenport *Times*:

Appanoose county Democrats cast more votes for a deceased candidate for the State Legislature whose name was printed on the ticket than they did for two men who asked that their names be written in. J. W. Rinehart, who was killed in an automobile accident a month before election day, received 425 votes, S. A. Stuckey 255, and C. M. McFatridge 170.

ÆSTHETIC notice from the Eldora *Herald-Ledger*:

PERFECT BACK CONTEST

As president of the Marshall Central District Chiropractors, I have made arrangements for a District Perfect Back Contest, to be held at the Hotel Tallcorn, with the final showing and announcing of winners to take place on the stage of the Capitol Theater at Marshalltown, Friday afternoon and evening. Approximately thirty-five girls will participate in this contest from the various towns in this district.

The two girls, chosen winners as having the most perfect backs, will then represent this district in the big State contest held at Des Moines during the State Chiropractic Convention. There is still time for any girl who wishes to do so, to enter this contest. You may see me personally at my office or telephone me, when further details will be given you.

DR. L. R. SOLI
CHIROPRACTOR
ELDORA, IOWA
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

LOUISIANA

FROM the celebrated New Orleans *States*:

This Week's Depression Remedy
BY PROFESSOR PRIMO
Master of Destiny—Calls Your Name

More than 140,000 New Orleans bill-payers mail or bring personally their owings. Would it not create jobs for bill collectors if people would withhold their bills until the merchants or business establishments send collectors to their doorsteps?

328 South Broad St. GAlvez 9634

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MASSACHUSETTS

SOCIAL note in the Boston *Guardian*, a swell Afro-American gazette:

> The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Fitzgerald Butler joined in a fashionable wedding reception last Monday evening at 558 Massachusetts ave., staging one of the most unique social affairs ever held in Boston. . . . The bride before marriage was Bettina Marderosian, daughter of a Cambridge shoe merchant and niece of a prominent Wellesley lawyer, herself a book-keeper and head cashier in a down-town department store. . . .
>
> Here indeed is a glamourous lady with class. Just 105 pounds of loveliness, smartness, intelligence and grace. I have seen her now on some twenty and one occasions, and have yet to see her wear the same gown the second time. Capturing a brilliant and successful lawyer, with his career still before him, she has still more to be proud of—a proud soul, born of a proud race, and inevitably to be numbered among the best dressed girls in town of any race. It has already been said not without good reason that she is the most fashionable professional man's wife in Boston since the passing of Dorothy Rainey. Truly is Mrs. Butler the Lillian Tashman of Boston.
>
> The couple are supremely happy in an all-engrossing love that is shown by the groom in an increased serious attitude on life heretofore almost foreign to his nature; and by the bride in an effervescent graciousness to her husband's friends, which, however, turns instantly to scorn and contempt when the friend proves false to her husband's welfare.
>
> At the reception it was significant to note the great number of white lawyers present to honor the happy couple. . . . Among the guests were three Brookline Harvard men and their wives, an assistant corporation counsel, the clerk of a court and his wife, a bank teller and his daughter, an Army major and his wife, a former member of the judiciary committee of the Massachusetts General Court and his wife, a Commonwealth avenue specialist in medical legal jurisprudence and his wife, several prominent physicians and lawyers, and the lawyers' wives, and prominent persons in the civic and social life of the community.

MISSISSIPPI

THE sacerdotal trade risk among Aframerican Christians in the grand old town of Senatobia, as described by the local correspondent of the Associated Negro Press:

> The Rev. William McCarty, now 96 years old, was called upon two weeks ago to preach at the funeral of a notorious sinner, a relative of Mrs. Levy Laird. The Rev. Mr. McCarty preached frankly on the sins of the deceased man and, instead of assuring the mourners that he was going to Heaven, boldly stated that he would go to a much hotter place. He exhorted the younger people to live righteously lest they go there too. The stuff that the Rev. Mr. McCarty was putting on her dead relative grew too hot for Mrs. Laird. She reached out and snatched at the preacher. When he ducked, she pursued him, and finally was successful in tearing most of his clothes, smashing his hat, and scratching him up so viciously that he had to see a physician. He had Mrs. Laird arrested. She was fined and sentenced to a term in the workhouse for disturbing public worship.

NEW YORK

FROM a recent issue of *Authors*, official organ of the Authors Exchange Association of New York:

> Joseph Conrad, well-known author, has just completed "Victory."

CROWNING incident in the life of a Manhattan worthy:

> Messages of congratulation from President Hoover, Vice-President Curtis, State officials and others were received yesterday by William C. Creamer at a luncheon in his honor given by officers and directors of Arnold, Constable & Company on the seventy-first anniversary of Mr. Creamer's connection with the store. Mr. Creamer, who is eighty-one years old, began his service as a cash boy when the store, now located at Fifth avenue and Fortieth street,

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was at Canal and Mercer streets. He has held many positions with the organization, for the last several years serving as greeter at the main entrance of the establishment.

NORTH CAROLINA

A TAR HEEL comrade puts his case before the editor of the *American Veteran*:

> I have been drawing a pension from the government for almost three years now, and expect to draw it for the balance of my life. What I was wanting to know is, do you think there would be any possible chance of me drawing about five hundred ahead of time. It would save them money and help me too. I am wanting to put up a house while everything is so cheap. Morgantown, N. C. C. N. W.

OHIO

THE life of the mind in Cleveland:

> SUPERIOR PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION
>
> The first meeting of our organization for this year will be a social gathering, held in the auditorium on Tuesday at 1:45 P. M. Soloist for the programme will be Elbert Hays, violinist. Joseph Hays will accompany at the piano. Miss Nell Myrene Smith, mental hygienist, will talk on "Constructive Psycho-Numerology." Miss Smith will also favor her audience with a whistling selection. Small children will be cared for by a competent person. Mothers are urged to attend.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CAMPAIGN handbill of a Spartanburg statesman:

> Vote for
>
> J. FURMAN EZELL
>
> For State Senate
>
> *P. S. Don't let NO MAN mark your ticket!*

WEST VIRGINIA

THE he-men of the Charleston Lions Club have a wholesome party, and make the front page of the celebrated *Gazette*:

> The Rev. M. E. Collins got his nose stuck in a match box yesterday and broke up a relay race at the Lions Club luncheon. Just how the tall, genial pastor of Asbury M. E. Church happened to get the box jammed so tightly on to his proboscis, he couldn't figure out. That is, unless Lion Chick Slagle's nose was just too big to relieve the pastor of his trouble, because the harder the Rev. Mr. Collins shoved the free end of the box on to Lion Slagle's nose, the more firmly the bit of wood became wedged into the preacher's face.
>
> It all happened in a contest in which the club, divided into two groups, staged yesterday for points in a series of contests for the club championship. What the champions will be champion of has not been decided.
>
> The two teams lined up. The end man on each fixed the lid of a penny match box on to his nose. Then he, with his hands kept clasped behind his back, on penalty of having to pay a dime if he unclasped them, shoved his face into that of his neighbor and transferred the box from his own nose on to that of the next man.
>
> It was a great match until Lion Collins got the box. Lion H. L. Burns, whose nose is peculiarly adapted for box shoving, the Lions said, shoved it on to the minister's with a hefty thrust of his neck. Lion Burns, who teaches physical education, has big neck muscles.
>
> The opposing team became so absorbed in the struggle between Lion Collins and Slagle than when Lion V. J. MacFadden, who is taller and more heavily built, tried to affix the box on to the nose of Lion Fred Savage, who is short and slender, both began laughing and dropped the box. This would have cost their side the match, but the judges called "no contest" when they decided Lion Slagle's nose could never relieve Lion Collins' of the box.

FROM the Journal of the House of Delegates of this great State:

> Mr. Cummins offered the following resolution:
>
> *Whereas,* The House of Delegates has passed resolutions on almost every known subject; and
>
> *Whereas,* The highway between Charles-

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ton and Beckley, known as State Highway No. 3, is frequented by numerous and sundry cows, therefore, be it

Resolved by the House of Delegates:

That said cows are an annoyance to the traveling public; and, be it

Further Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent by the clerk of the House of Delegates to each of said cows at its last known address.

TEXAS

MODEL book advertising of the Methodist Publishing House in the Dallas *News*:

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Monday morning bright and early we are placing on sale, on tables, all the odds and ends of books left from our sale.

BOOKS

10 Cents Each, 12 for $1.00

These are all "good" books. That is what the authors told us about them. We have had some of these so long that we don't remember what the story is about. They will make swell shelf fillers, as most of them have pretty bindings. At this price they are cheaper than curtains over book cases. We measured them and they are less than a DOLLAR A YARD.

Sorry, but we can't tell you over the phone about them. Our out-of-town friends may send their orders at the rate of $1.50 per dozen, postpaid to any address. We will make up assortments for them in lots of 12, 25 and 100. Of course they will be all different. Imagine having for the cold Winter nights a hundred different adventures to look forward to. Nature in the raw is seldom mild, so be here EARLY.

METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
1308 Commerce street—Dallas
BOOK SELLERS TO DIXIE

WISCONSIN

HEADLINES in the Fond du Lac *Commonwealth Reporter*:

Replica Of Gandhi's Loin Cloth Shown With Mission Field Material From India

Exhibit In Parish Hall of Immanuel Trinity Church Is Opened To Public

CANADA

NOTE on the spiritual and intellectual progress of a celebrated uplifter, from the Ottawa *Journal*:

Claiming that the economic crisis is the least of the crises under which the world is struggling, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, internationally known suffrage worker and daughter of the famous Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, opened a series of addresses yesterday morning at the Gospel Tabernacle of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Miss Pankhurst believes that a greater crisis exists morally and spiritually than that in economics. She stated that the real problem confronting the world was the question of who is to dominate. It had been proven that even the best statesmen were limited in their power to bring order out of chaos, and that a final and complete remedy was what the world is looking for. This remedy Miss Pankhurst reads in the times as indicating an imminent return of the Saviour to the world, when He will take over the burden of government, and peace and righteousness will prevail.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the renowned London *Gazette*, house organ of King George:

DISEASES OF ANIMALS ACT

(1894 to 1927)

MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES

Notice is hereby given, in pursuance of Section 49 (3) of the Diseases of Animals Act, 1894, that the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has made the following order, dated July 26, 1932:

Detaining in quarantine one kitten born July 24, 1932, to a cat—property of Mr. E. Penton.

Copies of this order may be obtained at Whitehall-place, London S.W.

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THE GENESIS OF SPOON RIVER

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I MUST commence these incunabula of the Spoon River Anthology with some biographical references, since my blood and stock had something to do with the book; while the story of my ancestors is here and there woven into its fabric.

It is a thoroughly Anglo-Saxon production. My mother's people were Putnams, Humphreys and Dexters of New England, who came there anciently from England. My father's ancestors immigrated to Virginia, Knottley Masters having been the founder of the family. He came from England or Wales in the early Eighteenth Century. His son Hilary was born in what is now Wythe county, and went to the Revolutionary War from that county. His son Thomas was also born in Wythe, but crossed over into Overton county, Tenn., where his son Davis, my grandfather, was born in 1812.

In 1829 Thomas emancipated the one slave which he owned, sold his farm of several hundred acres in Overton county, and moved to Morgan county, Ill. Here my grandfather, then about seventeen years old, set to work at whatever came to hand. One of the first things he did was to help construct the first brick building of Illinois College at Jacksonville. Soon afterward he enlisted for the Black Hawk War, and identified himself with that struggle to the end, though later his Quaker-like spirit revolted at the part he had taken in doing injustice to the Indians.

In 1847, two years after my father was born, my grandfather moved to Menard county, Illinois, to a farm six miles north of Petersburg, and about eight north of New Salem Hill, where the village of that name had stood since 1829 or so. By this time the village was deserted, and Lincoln was living in Springfield, but according to tradition Jack Kelso (a figure in the New Spoon River), a fisherman and once the chum of Lincoln at New Salem, was still living there in his log hut, quite alone, being the only resident left. He was peddling fish in Petersburg up to the time that he disappeared, which was somewhere in those vague years. No one ever knew what became of him.

In Menard county my grandfather had been preceded by Kentuckians and Virginians, such as James Rutledge, the father of Ann, who had settled in 1825 near Concord, three miles from the Masters farm. This James Rutledge and McGrady Rutledge, the latter a life-long neighbor of my grandfather's, were from South Carolina and were descended from that Edward Rutledge who signed the Declaration of Independence. A distinguished Southerner of the region was William G. Green, who was Lincoln's early friend and benefactor, and my grandfather's life-long friend. Green lived a few miles from New Salem Hill, on a farm of large extent, distant perhaps twelve miles from the Masters homestead. The two men paid each other stately visits all their lives, rid-

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ing back and forth in shining carriages upholstered in blue broadcloth and curtained with silk.

The names of the Anthology now begin to emerge, though this is the Sangamon river neighborhood. Around the Masters place lived hosts of Watkinses, Kirbys, Kincaids, Armstrongs, Pantiers, Goodpastures. I knew them all. They were hospitable, warm-hearted and generous beyond any people I have known, and full of the will to live. For the most part they were happy folk, but at the same time they were touched with the pathos of nature herself, with a voiceless endurance in the presence of flood and drouth, disaster and death. As I spent all the Summers of my boyhood at the Masters farm I stored up memories which were at last to be sung in the more joyous parts of the Anthology.

I heard the fiddlers around Sandridge; I saw the horse races of these sportive spirits; I went to their festivals, to their feast-day dinners; I even saw the notable William G. Green at the county fair, watching the races, and eyed by marveling men for his riches, his remembered association with Lincoln, and his devilish interest in the sporting side of life. In Petersburg I saw Mentor Graham, a very old man, going about the square, where he was sometimes beset by practical jokers; and often I went to the shaded lawn of the courthouse to sit with my father and William H. Herndon.

The serious, high-minded, poetical side of these people was reflected in my grandfather, who would not attend the fairs, as he thought them noisy, vulgar and rowdy, which they were. Men got drunk and fought, buses ran over children sometimes; and in the excitement of such worldliness men forgot God. My grandfather was deeply religious. I celebrated him in the Anthology in such pieces as "Aaron Hatfield," having memory of his talks at Concord church when he stood before the pioneers with his hair as white as the archangels of the Apocalypse, his ruddy benign face looking about him with eyes of the bluest purple which melted into tenderness as he faced his neighbors and his own memories. He was dressed for such occasions in a black broadcloth coat and white vest, with carefully polished boots; and his eloquence was homely and patriarchal, spoken in the words and rhythms of the Bible.

There was something of the poet in this grandfather, who read Burns and the Bible all his life and who lived so justly and so generously that he is still spoken of around Petersburg with affectionate reverence. Thus Concord church was written into the Anthology, and my grandfather, and the people of these localities; but for the most part under synthetic names, and with imaginative embellishments. In one place my grandfather was used as a model for the piece called "Davis Matlock," Matlock being the surname of his mother. My grandmother came in as "Lucinda Matlock", and her grandmother and father under their real names of Rebecca and John Wasson.

None of the people who knew my grandfather, and who have judged my own character by what I have written, would say that there is much of his blood in me. And yet there is a kind of heredity which can manifest itself through memory of what an ancestor was, and then add to that a conscious willingness to be like him in given circumstances. When I try to be the best human being possible to my nature I think of my grandfather, and act him out as far as I can. And I am sure that I have powers of sympathy, and other aesthetic capacities, that are nearly like those of my grandfather.

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II

It so happened that though I was born in Kansas I began to live in the Petersburg-Concord-New Salem country when I was a year old; and thus I came under the special influence of my grandfather and grandmother in this genial neighborhood of fiddlers, dancers and feasters. Because my heart was there on account of a thousand memories, the Sangamon river, not the Spoon river, furnished the purest springs for the Anthology, and colored the noblest portraits of the book. There are fifty-three poems with names drawn from the Petersburg-New Salem-Concord-Sandridge country; and sixty-six from the Spoon river country. All my memories of meadow larks, and long Summer afternoons, and drowsy hills in the distance (these being in fact the Mason county hills on the border of the Sangamon river, five miles north of the Masters homestead)—all my memories, nearly, of kind hearts and simple faiths were taken from Menard county. Whenever I have a mood to be lenient toward supernatural beliefs it is caused by my affection for these Concord people. For the most part they were Cumberland Presbyterians, but they had shed away every trace of Calvinism in a firm belief in heavenly love.

Until I was eleven years old I lived in Petersburg, where my father was the State's attorney; but I was back and forth almost daily to the Masters farm. Being the favorite grandchild, I was often taken there in the distinguished carriage I have spoken of, sleeping deliciously for most of the way as we passed the broad corn and wheat fields, curtained at the west by the sunlight of Summer afternoons. Later, when my father gave me a pony, I often raced to the farm, and roamed the magic rooms of the old farmhouse, where there were a thousand objects of wonder, and boxes of books, which had belonged to aunts and uncles, long since departed or dead. I shall speak presently of the books I found there which were destined to influence me.

Petersburg itself was peopled by Virginians, Marylanders, Tennesseans, and Kentuckians. There were also a few who had come from New Jersey, one family from Vermont, and some from New York. It had no New England influences of any moment. It never became a town of more than 3,500 inhabitants; but for breeding, civilization, all good human qualities I have never known the superior of these people. The town had a social circle of genuine charm. It had dancing and local theatricals and good German saloons; there was scarcely a vestige of Puritanism in it.

Indeed, to go down the scale from civilized enjoyments to barbarisms, I must mention the tough sets and characters there who loved a fight whether with knucks or a knife, and who furnished cases in court of tragedy and humor, from year to year, while my father strove to enforce the law. My earliest days were concerned with court scenes. The rowdyism of New Salem had been transferred to Petersburg when the latter was organized about 1837; and the Civil War dumped by these shores of the Sangamon some of the desperate fugitives from the South.

I must mention, too, the boys who trained in old barns at tumbling and bareback riding; and afterward joined the circus. And it would not do to forget Harry Lambkin, who became the world's greatest equilibrist, as it was said in Petersburg; and his half brother Ed Shipp, who for many years was ringmaster for the Ringling Circus. Both were born and raised and lived in Petersburg. In a word,

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no town of 3,500 people ever had more curious, colorful characters than this one. I knew them all.

In my boyhood New Salem Hill was nothing but a cow pasture. Not a building of the old village remained. The foundations, which were uncovered about 1918 and built upon again in a restoration of the village, were then overgrown with weeds. When we went fishing by the dam, which was the same one which spanned the river in Lincoln's day, and by the water mill built around 1840, we often climbed up to this pasture to look at the very spot where Lincoln had pitched horse-shoes and acted as a judge of foot-races. At this time the Lincoln myth was scarcely emerging. There were plenty of people in Petersburg who had no liking for Lincoln whatever; and others, like my grandfather and William Green, who knew exactly what he was.

Still, to look at the ground of the vanished village, concerning which there was so much tradition of the Clary boys, (the Clarys were plentiful also around the Masters homestead) and the Armstrongs, and Bowling Green, the New Salem justice of the peace, was wonderful enough. And I was always hearing from my grandmother of Hannah Armstrong, whom she greatly loved, and of whom she saw a great deal in the days before I was born, when, after the death of Jack Armstrong, Hannah lived with her children in the Sandridge neighborhood. One of these children was John Armstrong, who became a wonderful fiddler, and was my father's chum from the age of fourteen until his death in 1926. They were nearly of an age. Above all, I must recall Fiddler Jones, a brother of Hannah. Both went into the Anthology under their own names. Fiddler Jones was reputed to be the best of all the Menard county fiddlers.

I cannot begin to recount all the characters and stories that were gathered into my mind in those boyhood days in the Petersburg neighborhood. Indeed I did not, in writing the Anthology, half exhaust the material I had. For one thing I became very ill, which prevented an expansion of the book; and then in proportion as the portrayal became a universal depiction of human nature, characters and episodes which would have done very well for neighborhood chronicles did not have any value as a philosophization of life. Here I might say that it is possible that the Anthology might never have been written if I had continued to live in Petersburg until my time came to set forth into the great world.

When I was about eleven we moved fifty miles north to an old county seat named Lewistown, five miles from the Spoon river, in a large and populous county, inhabited by a people of tough and muscular minds, where political lines were bitterly drawn by the G. A. R., and competition at the bar was intense, and where New England and Calvinism waged a death struggle on the matter of Prohibition and the church with the Virginians and free livers. It was this atmosphere of Northern light and cold winds that clarified my mind at last to the beauty of the Petersburg material, and pointed with steel the pen with which I drew the microcosm of the Spoon river country.

But with the change of residence I did not lose my hold on Petersburg. Until I was nearly twenty I continued to spend the Summers at the Masters farm; and thus with Northern eyes, so to speak, I looked at Petersburg; and then returning, I looked with the more genial spirit of Petersburg on this contentious Lewistown, where my father stood like a cornered lion fighting Prohibitionists and

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fanatics in the courts and on the stump, until after about four years he was the acknowledged leader of the bar there, and the best beloved man of the county, which he largely dominated politically. For he had some of the qualities of my grandfather; and when the people there came to know him for what he was they took him for the most part into their affection and their support.

At last a county seat fight ensued, after the burning of the old courthouse, of historic memory, and he carried the battle against all comers, and as a lawyer and a member of the board of supervisors of the county, brought to pass the building of the very imposing courthouse which stands there to this day. I celebrated in the Anthology the burning of the old courthouse, as well as the gratitude and ingratitude which he received for his labors. It is the best monument to his memory, although it might be located more suitably—in Petersburg, for example.

Before leaving Petersburg in this recital I must tell of my experience in the German school there, conducted by Diedrich Fisher. There were many Germans in Petersburg, and in the country about the Masters farm. They were thrifty, well-to-do, desirable people, and this school furnished an educational opportunity to their children and to the children of American parents in Petersburg who wanted German instruction for them. And so I was sent to this German school, where I learned to read and to write German passably well, at least in an elementary sense. The matter has importance in this report because what I learned about German led me to Goethe after a while, who has been one of my few life-long admirations and interests. Shelley, Byron, Keats, Swinburne, even Wordsworth largely, are long since gone from me—but not Goethe.

The Petersburg bar was perhaps all in all as strong as that of Lewistown; it was certainly more courtly and urbane. But the Petersburg newspapers were nearly worthless. In Lewistown there was one paper edited by a fanatical and quarrelsome Prohibitionist of equivocal morality, who accepted bribes for political support and then betrayed his bargains. I put him into the Anthology under the name of Editor Whedon, and he is analytically described. I regret that I used this name, because there was an Editor Whedon there, a mild harmless man. But the piece could never be identified with his character and so he was not really hurt.

Now, the turbulent editor in Lewistown could write after a certain fashion; and he had command of invective. Besides, he dated back long years. He had seen Lincoln stand on the courthouse steps and address the people. He used to refer to this familiarly, and also to the fact that Douglas had spoken from the same rostrum. These articles gave his paper interest; and though his irrational hatreds kept the town stirred to the depths all the time, they also brightened the intellectual activity of the place. Petersburg had no public library, no musical societies, no scientific associations, no opera house, so called, of any moment, but Lewistown had all of these. The opera house was an excellent building of pleasing architecture, which had been built in 1876 at an expense of $50,000 by the man whose career I epitaphed under the name of Nicholas Bindle.

Finally, Petersburg had no high-school, but Lewistown had one, which, when I came there, was presided over by a Princeton man. There was a library of books in this high-school, and a herbarium, and an ornithological collection, and one of butterflies. One could take Latin or Greek,

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and could get a taste of the sciences, literature and other things. Thus I was by no means the worse off for this move to Lewistown, where I entered the high-school after a few months, and began to read the encyclopedia whenever I could steal back to look up some subject, and then to use that as a blind to read about the lives of literary men.

In Petersburg I had had no books save "Tom Sawyer," Grimm's Fairy Tales (which I found at the Masters farm), and the Arabian Nights. The last for the most part I did not relish. The other two books I wore to shreds. My father, educated at Ann Arbor, had read the usual things, such as Shakespeare and Milton, but he was not a reader. He was a liver and mixer, and in his life as a lawyer and politician, a hunter and friend of publicans, he gathered the greatest number of stories from the soil that I have ever known any man to possess. My mother read a great many novels, such as those of the Brontë sisters, Miss Muehlbach, Wilkie Collins, Dickens, and the like. She was passionately fond of Burns and led me to an interest in him.

The only books we had at home in Lewistown at this time, and for long years, were these: a copy of Virgil, Macaulay's History, the poems of Burns, a few plays of Shakespeare, and Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," which I absorbed, Crabbe's poems and a large illustrated book called "Album of Authors," which I read to tatters. I studied constantly the faces of these notables, picking Goethe and Shelley as the best of all. As to Crabbe, when some reviewers saw a resemblance in the Anthology to him, I bought his poems and read them for the first time, never having looked into the old book at home. I didn't greatly like Crabbe, and saw no kinship between myself and him.

III

While I was in high-school Mary Fisher, then a woman of about thirty, who was native to Chillicothe, Ill., became the assistant principal, and taught us rhetoric, and English and American literature. She may be identified by referring to her as the author of "The Journal of a Recluse," a book touched with the richness and subtlety of Amiel, which she published perhaps twenty years after those days. She told us then that she was going to write, and in her room in the Fulton House she talked to us about Dickens and Scott, and lent us books, and filled us full of ambition. Soon one school girl was reading Emerson day and night; another was deep in the New Thought; this youth was pondering Byron and imagining that he looked like my lord; another redoubled his interest in Burns, hearing her recite the poems in the Scottish dialect, which she did very well. The last was myself.

Then the local papers began to blossom with wreaths of culture, and short stories written by some of these ardent pupils—not I, as it happened. However, at about this time, as the school went to pieces under the principalship of an impossible man, and as Miss Fisher departed, I started to learn the printer's trade, in the office of the Lewistown *News*, and did learn it at last. At the same time I was writing items for the *News*, as well as sweeping out the rooms, making fires, setting type and helping to crank the press on publication day. A little later I was sending election dispatches and snake stories to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and the Peoria *Journal*. A little later, between seventeen and twenty, I was publishing verses in those papers, also in the Quincy *Herald*, the Bushnell *Democrat* and the Chicago

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Herald, mostly under pseudonyms. About this time I was also publishing stories in the *Waverly Magazine* of Boston, the *Saturday Evening Call* of Peoria, and the *News*, of which I had become city editor!

There was a time in those years when I aspired to be a short-story writer, and many that I wrote bore the influence of Poe. The poems I published bore the influence of no one. What with setting type and sending dispatches I always had a little money in my pocket, with which I was buying what books I wanted: a Shakespeare for thirty-nine cents; an Epictetus for nineteen cents, and Emerson's essays for a few cents, and a Seneca, a Marcus Aurelius, and Poe's stories, which I read again and yet again.

My cultural advantages kept widening, and seem to me at this distance of time to have been rich in many ways. I had the friendship of a youth who was attending the University of Montreal. When he was home from school he told me of his Greek studies, and read Euripides to me. He also taught me a little French. His father was devoted to me, and opened his large library to me, where I found Addison and the works of Locke. These were my studies before graduating from the high-school at seventeen with an oration on Burns.

I was still in the newspaper office, having by now become a fairly good printer. But when I was about nineteen my father, who objected constantly to my newspaper work, who kept saying to me that I could never be a writer, had his way, and I started to study law. The stories of Poe with their pseudo-metaphysics had whetted my mind for Locke and the like; and so it was not with distaste that I took up Blackstone, and later Greenleaf on Evidence, and Greenleaf on the Testimony of the Gospels, which some study of logic under the Montreal student, and my own reading of Huxley and Hume and Bentham's "Rationale of Judicial Evidence" enabled me to see right through. And now a wonderful experience came to me.

The Presbyterian minister of Lewistown was a Princeton man. His daughter was an invalid to a degree, and was not much seen, but was much talked of for her brilliancy of mind and her learning. She had not gone to school, but had been tutored by her father, and taught Greek, so that she read the New Testament in that language and wrote the script. I was the youth who was the city editor of the *News*, suspected also of pseudonymous verses, and known for my pagan beliefs and ways; she was the wonder girl who had never gone to school, but who had read all of Thackeray and Dickens, and could quote pages of the Elizabethan dramatists, of Shelley and Tennyson. We began to hear of each other afar; and at last we met.

She started at once to counteract the influence of Locke and Huxley, and to spread around me the imaginative glow of the poets. If I must read metaphysics there was Sir William Hamilton in her father's library, and so I read Hamilton. At this time she wrote a flowing, abundant prose and excellent ballads with those of Percy's Reliques for models; and we wrote verses together, and published them in good-natured rivalry in the Chicago papers. Though we were of the same age she was much better read than I, despite all my industry; but during our association she put me in possession of her authors, including Marlowe and the other Elizabethans.

A myth has already started in the Spoon river country, and has been given print in the Historical Library of Illinois, that our parting inflicted a lasting wound upon me which can be detected in all I

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have written since, particularly in what is called my pessimism. The truth is that our separation was friendly and thoroughly rationalized. I was not started in life, and she was delicate. But above everything we were opposed on religion, on the politics of the town, for she was a Puritan. To some extent our literary judgments were also irreconcilable. Finally, our people were hostile on nearly everything, and objected on both sides to our association. All these things we faced and accepted. After I went to Chicago we exchanged letters; and I had the happiness to congratulate her on a poem she printed in the *Century*. Later she appeared in Stedman's Anthology. I lay this wreath in gratitude upon her grave of thirty years, even as I drew her in "Skeeters Kirby" with all the fidelity and tenderness that I possessed. My imagination employed the aura of her personality in "Caroline Branson" and "Amelia Garrick."

There are other things to be said about my education. In Lewistown I met with a man ten years older than I who introduced me to "Social Statics" and "First Principles," and to Swinburne. I met with another man still older who was a naturalist, and a devotee of Whitman. I celebrated him in the Anthology under the name of William Jones. A small college was started in Lewistown, where, for a time, I studied Latin. And finally, after about four years of this life of editing the *News*, and reading omnivorously, even in law, I went to Knox College for a year, where I took up German again, and read "Faust" in the original. I learned enough Greek to read Xenophon and Homer, and Euripides, the latter, however, with great difficulty, as I weaved back and forth between the text and the lexicon. I learned enough Latin to translate Cicero, and to read along in Virgil and Horace.

Then, after this year at college, and no more,—for my father thought that I now knew more than a Yale graduate, which was his idea of the ultimate scholarship that could be attained—I returned to the law office in Lewistown, finished my studies, and was admitted to the bar. The last year I spent in Lewistown was one of the happiest as well as one of the most miserable of my life. I had become a suspected and dreaded person, for one thing. Once I ordered the Idylls of Theocritus at the book-store. In a few days the furious proprietor, thinking that I was up to a practical joke, informed me indignantly that there was no such book as the Idols of Socrates. The politics of the town, with the ever recurrent matter of the saloon, grew intolerable. All the same, I had a wonderful Spring, trying to translate Theocritus, reading Virgil with the Montreal student, and "Wilhelm Meister," and Boyd's "Milton" again, a book I found in an old box at the Masters farm. And then suddenly, hardly without preparation I went to Chicago, never to return except for flying visits.

Thus I had about the same number of years in Lewistown that I had had in Petersburg. But in Lewistown I had seen people with maturing eyes, and under circumstances which sharpened observation. Petersburg was just a county fair of many people; Lewistown was an organized microcosm, and the best that I have ever known. If there was a type of man, a kind of interest, a phase of politics, a programme or trick of finance, a tangle or a tragedy of the courts, an agitation in theology or church ambition—anything in the great world which did not have its homologue in Lewistown I do not know what it was. In Lewistown as in Petersburg I haunted the courts watching my father try all sorts of cases. And so it was

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that Spoon river, and not the Sangamon river got the larger number of names, and also the title for my life summation and survey.

Out of an early Summer under the maple trees of my father's place, where I was teaching myself Italian when I was not in the office helping him and reading Virgil and Homer, I plunged one purple hot morning into the storm of brawling Chicago, and within a few days found myself in a hall bedroom reading Kant's "Critique" after a day of tramping about the city to get into the law business, or to get some other self-supporting thing to do.

IV

I was nearly ill from over study in the country, but beer and the sights of the city soon cured me. I was becoming introspective. Auerbach's cellar made me look out with fresh eyes upon the most colorful city then in America. If I was so desirous of being a poet why didn't I hire a room and write, and live from odd jobs? The answer is that I tried in vain to get into the newspaper business in Chicago, and couldn't do so. Another answer is that everyone laughed at me when they heard that I was a lawyer, and yet was willing to work at something else. Finally, there was my father, whom I had the greatest confidence in, even when he lowered my own confidence in myself; and I had the dream that I could practice law and write, as Walter Scott and others had done. And so I became a Chicago lawyer, and because of a fortunate association, a very busy one almost from the start.

As I went about in the courts, as I saw the theatres, and visited the gardens, and familiarized myself with every neighborhood of Chicago, as I got into politics a little, and saw something of what is called society, and as I read the newspapers, and witnessed the political struggles of the city, and saw the Pharisee and the Puritan fight the publican and the harlot—as I saw all this and studied it, I came to the conclusion that the city banker was no other than the country banker, the city lawyer the same as the country lawyer, the city preacher the same as the country preacher, and the theology, finance, jurisprudence, society, and the antitheses of good and evil the same in both the city and the country town. The village of Lewistown had furnished me a key which unlocked the secrets of the world at large.

As my career as a poet seemed stayed or stopped altogether, I began to dream of writing one book, a book about a country town, but which should have so many characters, and so many threads and patterns in its texture that it would be the story of the whole world. This came into my mind within a short time after I got to Chicago, as something to do later, when I had more leisure, as a book to write which should be my first and only contribution to the literature of America. In 1906 I went to Europe, and at that time I had the plan for this book thoroughly matured. It was never written; instead the Spoon River Anthology was written, as the result of that long incubation, and upon that manner of architecture, as it happened.

In the meantime, poetry was not neglected, though I wrote a vast number of political articles which were published in the Chicago *Chronicle* about 1899 and 1900, and which gave me a certain local celebrity, particularly one on John Marshall. I wrote many poems but published few. I did not care to appear any more in newspapers. The magazines of that time were using nothing but fillers, sonnets by the editor himself or his secretary, or by

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his favorite hostess, or by some one who had got under the magnifying glass of his admiration. As Whitman had been shut from the magazines all his life long, so I could see the same fate for myself. However, I did not care much to appear in them. I was after something bigger than that. If I could not do it I was content to do nothing.

But I had brought to Chicago with me a scrap-book with about sixty printed poems clipped from the newspapers that I had published in; and beside these I had a manuscript of some several hundred poems written in the country. These kicked about with me at various boarding-houses, until I showed them to a new-found friend at Chicago, himself a poet of merit on occasion, who had published a book through the house of Scribner. He liked my poems and induced me to submit them to a new Chicago house, which I did. After two years, the book was printed in 1898. It was never published, for the house failed. This book contained some sonnets, two pieces in blank verse and a few lyrics which I prize to this day.

In 1900 I wrote "Maximilian" and published it in Boston in 1902. It had a fair critical reception, and sale. But just now I was very deep in the practice of law, with much to do. So I turned to the publication of my political essays; and then some years later I printed, but did not publish, three little books of verse, all under pseudonyms. I did not want to injure my law business by exposing myself to that contempt which at that time in Chicago was visited upon writers of verse. The poets of the Press Club were looked upon as if they were piano-players in bagnios; and the poets of the snobbish Little Room were the butt of derision. All of this may have been proper enough; but though my verses were more sincere and significant than theirs I could not incur the penalty of an undiscriminated association. Because of all that, because American poetry had been taken over by jewelers like Aldrich, and fourth-raters like Gilder, and by clerical sonneteers and lyricists whose merit was a constrained attitude unrelated to any revelation, but kept down for the sake of form, art, yet with intent to be poetical, correct and in the tradition of English verse; because the publishing houses were all in the East, and didn't want books of verse, and would scarcely take one from a Westerner; because, in brief, the art was strangled and despised, or was made the concern of precious coteries—because of all this, and my own laborious law business, I stood embattled.

In the Summer of 1908 I visited Emerson's grave, and standing there I confessed to myself that Fate had cornered me—and perhaps it did not matter. When the question is asked, why I did not produce the Anthology until I was forty-five, all this is the answer. What would I have done if from those student days in Lewistown I had gone ahead with the art of poetry undistracted? Who can say? But it would take more than a paper of this length to tell all that I did in the courts, all that I wrote in briefs, all the books I read year after year at night after the day's work; all that I lived. For I lived enormously, and at a time when Chicago was the most fascinating city of the continent. I had as much happiness during these years as anyone who ever lived, while I was working like a Corliss engine, and submerging myself under a control dictated by duty to family responsibility.

About 1904 I began to see copies of the St. Louis *Mirror*; and soon I met its editor, William Marion Reedy, and we became fast friends. He had had a classical

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training under the Jesuits, and was an acute judge of literature, a book-taster of the surest sense. He filled his weekly with his own remarkable comments, and with original verse, and verse copied from English journals, and translated from the French and the Russian. Before the tango started, when jazz was fumbling to an emergence, before American free verse was heard of, he was publishing the prose poems of Turgenev, and those of the French Symbolists. These attracted my attention, for I had long read Whitman and Ossian; I had read Henley too. I knew that the choruses of the Greek tragic writers were free verse, meaning by that that they were unrhymed, and of varied rhythms according to dramatic necessity; and that the choruses of "Samson Agonistes" were free, and that the scene called "Dreary Day" in "Faust" was a prose poem; and that many poems of Goethe, such as "Ganymede" and "Prometheus" were in free verse; and that "Hamlet" had as much or more prose-poetry in it as it had blank verse.

There was nothing new about free verse except in the minds of illiterate academicians and quiet formalists like William Dean Howells, who called Spoon River "shredded prose." Reedy understood all these things as well as I. He knew that Imagism was not a new thing, though he kept urging me to make the Anthology more imagistic, and I refused, except where imagism as vivid description in the Shakespearean practice was called for. I had had too much study in verse, too much practice too, to be interested in such worthless experiments as polyphonic prose, an innovation as absurd as Dadaism or Cubism or Futurism or Unanimism, all grotesqueries of the hour, and all worthless, since they were without thought, sincerity, substance.

Reedy was always referring to the classics, to rich old books like the Greek Anthology, and I used to buy these books as he brought them to my attention. He used to present me with books; he may have given me the Greek Anthology. I remember distinctly his references in the *Mirror* to it, from which I gathered that I could have Plato and Simonides and Theocritus in one book. At any rate, I read the Greek Anthology about 1909.

Along these years I was publishing poems in the *Mirror*, in rhyme, in standard measures. All the while there was implicit in Reedy's criticisms the idea that I should do something distinctively American, that my experience and background should not go unexpressed, and should not be smothered under verses of mere skill, which did not free what was really within me. I may have told him that I contemplated a novel with Lewistown as a microcosm; I don't remember now. But he did not suggest that I use this material for poetry, though he implied in all that he said that I should use life for poetry. I was trying to do that; I was doing it, but not in the way I did in the Anthology. He did not tell me to use epitaphy as a form. He merely acted like a friend who thought I could do something more distinctive than I was doing, somehow, some way, but without telling me how to do it.

But when I sent him the first pieces of the Anthology—"The Hill", and two others, 'Fletcher McGee", "Hod Putt", I think,—back came a letter immediately saying that this was the stuff. I was astonished for reasons too numerous to be briefly covered, and his extravagant praise seemed like irony. When I wrote these first pieces, and scrawled at the top of the page "Spoon River Anthology," I sat back and laughed at what seemed to me the most preposterous title known to the realm

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of books. Hence when I saw that he really liked the work I wanted to change the title to "Pleasant Plains Anthology"; but he dissented so earnestly that I yielded to his judgment. I had sent these first pieces under the pseudonym of Webster Ford, and only a few in Chicago knew I was the author; and my anonymity was not thrown off until a flood of inquiries pouring into Reedy as to my identity impelled him to importune me to drop the mask; which I did tardily and with reluctance.

V

From May 29, 1914, until about January 5, 1915, I poured the epitaphs into the *Mirror*, having written to Reedy that if this was what he liked I could give him all that he could print. By mid-Summer the pieces were being quoted and parodied all over America, and they had penetrated to England. At this time I was carrying a difficult case through the Supreme Court of Illinois, and was acting for the Waitresses' Union in an injunction case, which kept me in court almost daily. But I was coming in contact with phases of human nature in this counselship, and with stories of human suffering which kept my emotions at high tide, and the lenses of my inner eye magnified and polished.

All these stresses made it necessary for me to write the Anthology at odd times, such as Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Subjects, characters, dramas came into my mind faster than I could write them. Hence I was accustomed to jot down the ideas, or even the poems on backs of envelopes, margins of newspapers, when I was on the street car, or in court, or at luncheon, or at night after I had gone to bed. These notes were then amplified, and copied at large on big sheets of paper, which on Monday morning, as a rule, I took to my office, where my secretary, Jacob Prassel, an intelligent German youth, awaited me with smiles to see what I had done; and then, taking the sheets, he would turn to his typewriter and make a manuscript of faultless workmanship.

I could go into the matter of the prosody of the Anthology if I were writing a technical exposition. I could refer to the bald stark prose of the Bohn Greek Anthology, and then parallel it with rhythmical pieces like "Thomas Trevelyn," and "Isaiah Beethoven", and in this connection I could cite the fact that the Spooniad is in blank verse, quite conventional enough; and that the Epilogue is in rhymed lyrics. I could show that there are sixty-seven pieces which are both rhythmical and metrical; and that I invented a rhythmical pattern for such pieces as "Henry Tripp," which are distinctive of the book and expressive of the mood which created it. I could appeal to Aristotle's "Poetics," which laid down the dictum that the difference between poetry and prose is the difference between literature which imitates action and emotion, and literature which imitates nothing, like arguments and the like. I could as justification for the freedom I took, and the rebellion I asserted against technical groves and academicians, appeal to Goethe's instruction to use in poems alliteration, false rhymes and assonance, which in 1831 he said he would do if he were again young.

However, I did not know of Goethe's doctrines on that subject at the time. Nor did I know of Saint Beuve's words that "the greatest poet is not he who has done the best, but he who suggests the most," not he who writes the Æneid, but he who gives to the world that which most stimulates the reader's imagination, and excites him the most to poetize himself, which

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remote things like the Æneid cannot so much do. I could go into all this to repel the savage attacks that were made on the Anthology at the time and since to the effect that it was prose, and bald prose, that it was without harmony and beauty, that in a word it was not poetry at all. I shall do none of these things here; but I shall refer to some matters of substance before resuming the history of the Anthology and of myself during its composition.

There are two hundred and forty-four characters in the book, not counting those who figure in the Spooniad and the Epilogue. There are nineteen stories developed by interrelated portraits. Practically every ordinary human occupation is covered, except those of the barber, the miller, the cobbler, the tailor and the garage man (who would have been an anachronism) and all these were depicted later in the New Spoon River. What critics overlook when they call the Anthology Zoalesque, and by doing so mean to degrade it, is the fact that when the book was put together in its definitive order, which was not the order of publication in the *Mirror*, the fools, the drunkards, and the failures came first, the people of one-birth minds got second place, and the heroes and the enlightened spirits came last, a sort of Divine Comedy, which some critics were acute enough to point out at once.

The names I drew from both the Spoon river and the Sangamon river neighborhoods, combining first names here with surnames there, and taking some also from the constitutions and State papers of Illinois. Only in a few instances, such as those of Chase Henry, William H. Herndon and Anne Rutledge and two or three others, did I use anyone's name as a whole. I never heard of the Rev. Abner Peet; and the charge that I wantonly injured the feelings of a good man is false. In drawing the banker, Thomas Rhodes, I had in mind a Lewistown character who deserved all that I said about him, but the name Rhodes was never borne by anyone that I knew who played the mean part in life that Thomas Rhodes did.

As the Fall of 1914 came along, and as my memories of the Sangamon country and the Spoon river country became more translucent and imaginative under the influence of pale sunlight and falling leaves, I departed more and more from the wastrels and failures of life and turned more and more to gentle combinations of my imagination drawn from the lives of the faithful and tender-hearted souls whom I had known in my youth about Concord, and wherever in Spoon river they existed. As December came I was nearing exhaustion of body, what with my professional work and the great drains that the Anthology were making on my emotions. The flame had now become so intense that it could not be seen, by which I mean that the writing of the pieces did not seem to involve any effort whatever; and yet I should have known that I was being sapped rapidly. I had no auditory or visual experiences which were not the effect of actuality; but I did feel that somehow, by these months of exploring the souls of the dead, by this unlicensed revelation of their secrets, I had convoked about my head swarms of powers and beings who were watching me and protesting and yet inspiring me to go on.

I do not mean by this that I believed that I was so haunted; I only mean I had that sensation, as one in a lonely and eyrie room might suddenly feel that someone was in the next room spying upon him. Often, after writing, during which I became unconscious of the passing of time, and would suddenly realize that it was

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twilight, I would experience a sensation of lightness of body, as if I were about to float to the ceiling, or could drift out of the window without falling. Then I would go out of the room and catch up one of the children to get hold of reality again; or I would descend for a beer and a sandwich. These nights I was playing on the Victrola the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, out of which came the poem "Isaiah Beethoven," and such epitaphs as "Aaron Hatfield," "Russell Kincaid," and "Elijah Browning".

I might have made the Anthology fuller and richer and longer at this time except for my professional distractions, and if I had not been begged to stop by some of my relatives, who said that the work was long enough. If I had not been at this time descending rapidly to a sick bed, I should have gone on despite every obstacle, and so long as the spirits swarmed. In that case, would I not have epitaphed James Rutledge, thereby introducing the miller into the list of characters, beside linking dramatically the days of the Declaration with the days of Lincoln? In that case, would I have missed Samuel Hill and John McNamar? Many times as a boy I passed John McNamar's house which was two miles from the Masters homestead, when my grandfather was taking me driving about the country. "Good morning John. How do you do, sir?" was my grandfather's courtly and benignant salutation. And there stood John McNamar, an old withered crow—John McNamar who had run away from Ann Rutledge! I have seen him dozens of times at his gate in front of his farm house.

Would I have missed Mentor Graham? Would I have missed John Calhoun, who appointed Lincoln his deputy surveyor at New Salem and later figured in the Lecompton Constitution, being then surveyor general of Kansas, and who died misunderstood and unhappy in the confusion with which the slavery agitation covered the intentions of good men? Would I have missed William G. Green, who was a railroad magnate of Petersburg, and involved in legal difficulties when my father entered upon his office there? Would I have failed to give a portrait of Peter Cartwright, who was entertained scores of times at the Masters homestead, who preached his last sermon in Petersburg in 1872 to an audience of which my father was a member—Peter Cartwright who, as a young man, was a card player and race-horse gambler, and then became a fighting parson, and the most stirring backwoods preacher of America?

In a word, I omitted many stories.

VI

When I published "Lincoln: The Man" in 1931 the reviewers took me to task for giving one version of the relationship of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge in the epitaph, "Anne Rutledge," and quite a different one in my biographical study. As I lived for years in the neighborhood where this story of Lincoln's romance was one of the current legends, and was kept alive by the numerous Rutledges who lived there, it is not wonderful that it became a part of the twice-told tales of my formative years, and as familiar and real to me as the faces of McGrady and Jasper Rutledge, cousins of Ann. Within an eighth of a mile from the Masters farm house lived Sevigne Houghton, whom I celebrated under that name in the beginning poem of the Anthology. His son married Emma Rutledge, a second cousin of Ann, and I knew them both from my boyhood on.

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My grandmother, perhaps, believed the story of the love affair, for she took me a number of times to the grave of Ann Rutledge when we went to Concord church. It was in a country graveyard one mile south from the church, marked by a small rough headstone with the words Ann Rutledge carved on it, nothing else. It was not until 1890 that the grave was moved to Oakland Cemetery at Petersburg. For many years and until 1879, when John McNamar, the reported rival of Lincoln, died, he lived within a mile of Concord church, taking care of his little farm, and selling salt and stick candy, and the like. Silent about the matter, so far as I then knew, or for many years thereafter knew, John McNamar without any hindrance let the myth grow, all the while believing that Ann loved him first, and after him Samuel Hill the rich, New Salem merchant, and that she had no interest in Lincoln at all.

Within the last ten years the biographers have been giving his version of the matter, which contradicts the possibility of a romance between Lincoln and Ann. But in my studious days I read Herndon's "Life of Lincoln," as my father greatly admired it and believed it thoroughly, and Herndon made much of the Lincoln romance, so much so and with such particularity that no one could suspect the slender basis upon which it was grounded. Albert J. Beveridge's "Life of Lincoln" completely exploded the whole story; but that was not until 1928. Before the Beveridge book, there was scarcely a life of Lincoln which failed to elaborate the gathered bits of proof, and the testimony of McGrady Rutledge and the other Rutledges, all of which went to the composition of the Lincoln myth.

I believed it, and had no reason to doubt it until the Beveridge book appeared. I believed it after the Anthology was published, and when, about the year 1921, a large block of granite was placed at Ann's grave, the epitaph from the Anthology was carved on it—edited, however, by the chairman of the memorial committee, and placed on the stone as edited, better to conform to that man's ideas of the use of words. But Beveridge's book made it incontestably evident that Ann Rutledge was not "beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln"; that she was not "wedded to him, not through union, but through separation". Lincoln, in fact, never loved Ann Rutledge, or any other woman; while Ann's feelings for him, if any, were complicated by her fidelity to John McNamar, and secondarily by her interest in Samuel Hill, the rich merchant of New Salem.

For the rest, though I abhor war, and was taught by my grandfather to believe that every war was wicked and unnecessary, and that the War Between the States was criminal, I was not taught at school or anywhere in my youth anything respecting Lincoln, except that he dealt with the South with the utmost patience and forbearance, that he did nothing against it until South Carolina fired the first shot, and made it necessary for the North to defend itself. If this was so there was no hypocrisy in his words, "with malice toward none, with charity for all." And if they were not spoken with regard to the origins of the war, and the circumstances of its prosecution, including the Hunnish raid of Sherman, they would still be deathless music just the same. From the time I could understand words I was indoctrinated with ideas of his great eloquence, kindness, patience, humility, and generosity. My grandfather had him as a lawyer on several occasions, and one time he came to the Masters farm and tried a case before my grandfather, then a justice of the peace.

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My grandfather spoke of his persuasive manner, of the homeliness of his face, and always of his wonderful oratory as well.

But finally, "Anne Rutledge" does not say that the Republic will bloom forever; it simply expresses an imploration on the part of this obscure voice speaking from beneath the weeds of that lonely graveyard, that the Republic will bloom forever from the dust of her bosom—something that Ann Rutledge never thought of, and never could have thought of in her simple heart; but which I, as the creator of the Anthology, did think of, and with the fervent hope that the Republic will bloom forever, nourished by every life that can give it sustenance out of poetry or prose, fact or fiction, or, otherwise. As Matthew Arnold said, "poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact."

In the late Fall of 1914 Reedy, having returned from England, came to Chicago to induce me to throw off my pseudonym of Webster Ford. We talked it over the better part of a day, with others joining in at intervals, all of whom urged me to do this, while I held back, contending that my law practice would be ruined if I were known to be the author of the book, and that I had responsibilities which I had to meet. I was content to remain anonymous and to watch the show. It was like being behind the curtain where one can face both actors and audience. Every point was talked out; and at last I consented to let him publish the secret. I felt that if I could not go on with the law business perhaps I was entitled to devote myself to the art for which I had had a passion since I was fourteen years old, and for which for many years I had maintained a secret and submerged longing.

For what had I for twenty-five years—as it was then—studied philosophy, and jurisprudence, and even alas theology, and the classics of all tongues? Was it only to stand no wiser than before, and for the rest of my life to fight with liars and thieves in the courts? Was it to abandon the creativeness which was loosed by the spirits of Spoon river and Petersburg and Concord? So Reedy came out in early November with several pages about me and the Anthology; and on top of this the New York *Times* sent its representative to me, who talked to me for some hours, and that paper soon published a long article about me and the Anthology. This publicity killed my law business, as I feared it would—this and the state of my mind all changed over from law to poetry, not to mention an illness of several months.

Very soon, now, the Macmillan Company solicited the manuscript, and I forwarded it to them, after having arranged the epitaphs in the manner already mentioned. In early January of 1915 I was still fighting in the courts for the waitresses, whose leaders were women of character and loyalty to their cause. One day, while I was making an argument in court, I began to feel strangely light and weak, though not exactly dizzy. The strike case, which I had partly won, had been transferred to a Baptist-Republican judge, and he was ruling against me all day, and at the end beat me. Though going about as usual for about three days afterward, I felt as if every cell in my body had been emptied of its life. And in a few days I was down with pneumonia and did not recover my normal health for a year.

I was laid up in bed when the proofs of the book came; and not being able to lift my hands or to read them, I called upon Harriet Monroe to go over them. She did so, also adding the superscript to the Spooniad.

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VII

It was published in April, 1915, and went into several printings at once, and continued to be reprinted fast for two years or more, and has been printed at intervals ever since. The publicity it had got during the Summer of 1914 stood it in good stead, and the more it was circulated the more its popularity increased. It sold more first and last, I believe, than any book of verse ever written by an American, standing on its own feet and not helped by the wholesale sales of book club machinery. It was published in England and sold fairly well there. It was translated into German by Rudolf Rieder and published at Munich. It was translated into Swedish by Baron Bertel Gripenberg and published at Helsingsfors. It was translated into Italian, Spanish, French and Danish, though never published in book form in those languages so far as I know. It went to Jerusalem, the Sudan, India, China, and Australia; and along the way it was hailed or cursed according to the temperament of the critic.

It was called the greatest American book since Whitman, and on the other hand one of the evilest books of all time. It was compared by the American *Review of Reviews* to Homer, and by some critics to Zola and the worst French writers. It was called as lofty as Dante by some critics, and as vile as Rabelais by others. It was said to be as sublime as Aeschylus on the one hand, and as misanthropical and hateful as Byron on the other. Some reviewers attacked it for lack of originality, saying that it was nothing but an imitation of the Greek Anthology; others likened it, for fertility, invention and variety, to Shakespeare. The Spooniad was praised by some as equal to anything of Aristophanes; others called it dull and a trifling excrescence on the work. It was hailed in London as one of the great books of the Twentieth Century, and scored in America as a "fotograf album" of bucolic humor and peppery satire.

Academicians denounced its cacophony; but John Cowper Powys lectured on the book at about the time of the article in the *Times* and descanted upon its rich and varied music, its variety of verse patterns and tones. The Neo-Humanists excoriated it for setting the fashion for a new school of pornography and sordid realism; others saw it as the progenitor of a sounder and more vital poetry and prose in America. The book was set down by some as being saturated with sex; by others it was upheld as the first book since Whitman which gave to the subject of sex the amount of attention which life itself gives to it. Amy Lowell attacked it for its sex preoccupation, but she added:

> The Spoon River Anthology may very well come to be considered among the great books of American literature; no book in the memory of the present generation has had such a general effect upon the reading community; its admirers are not confined to those who like poetry. People who have never cared for a poem before are enthusiastic over it.

It was described as the product of a corrupt and bitter heart; and on the other hand as the pouring out of a heart filled with compassion for all humanity, and moved with understanding for every suffering soul. Some said its style was as simple and dignified as that of the Iliad; others denounced the baldness, bleakness, harshness of the words, and the grammatical errors which the book contained, and its improper use of words. With some I was a great believer, a mystic who had seen into the heart of God, a nature as benign as Lincoln's; with others I was

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the village atheist, full of curses for that revealed religion against which I had butted my satanic head in vain.

Van Wyck Brooks and the *Literary Digest* committee, which he headed to pick the ten greatest books of the Twentieth Century, put the book on the list. The Boston *Transcript* gave it a place among the masterpieces; the Peoria papers and the village papers for fifty miles south along the Spoon river valley took it as a gross attack by a disloyal son of the community upon people who had been his friends and the friends of his people; and they started to identify living persons or persons who had lived there with different epitaphs,—with poor success. James Whitcomb Riley turned from it, I was told, as a shocking violation of all that is beautiful and poetical. In many American journals I was held up as a writer infected with Russian gloom, as a man who had traduced the goodness and the innocence of rural America, as a lawyer with a lawyer's hard analysis, suspicion and skepticism.

The book was less liked, I think, in Chicago than in New York; it had bitter enemies in New England, and among churchmen; it had no better reception in Indianapolis than in New Haven. My mother disliked it; my father adored it. I could go on; but this is enough. I read and heard all this in the exact mood of one who is a mere spectator, and little interested at that. After my illness I lived for a long time beyond this world, seeing but not seeing, hearing but not hearing. John Cowper Powys lectured in Chicago on the book. I had a seat in a box behind a curtain where I could not be seen. I was not known to be among the auditors. What he said terrified me and made me feel that a responsibility had been laid upon me which I could not carry.

As I write this article I am separated from my papers, and can only call to mind that the book won me for friends such men as Georg Brandes. While it was abhorred by members of the American Academy, by critics like the late Stuart Pratt Sherman, by poet-critics like Bliss Carman, by teachers of literature in the University of Chicago and many other colleges, by Methodists, Baptists, Calvinists, Tories everywhere, W. J. Bryan bestowed a wry smile of congratulation upon me, having read the book at the home of a Presbyterian preacher who was keeping it hidden from his children. I received a room full of letters from over the world, and the clippings ran into many bushels. Anthologists grabbed at it; text-book authors pursued me for permission to use the poems, and to this day I average about two requests a week from such gleaners in the literary fields.

For myself, now that I am writing about the book, I may say that if I had any conscious purpose in writing it and the New Spoon River it was to awaken that American vision, that love of liberty which the best men of the Republic strove to win for us, and to bequeath to time. If anyone is interested in my cosmology let him read "Clifford Ridell" in the New Spoon River. I think my poems, "Mournin' For Religion," and "The Mourner's Bench", are as much in the genre of America as anything in either anthology; that I have written many poems better than anything in either Spoon River, and that both "Domesday Book" and its epilogue, "The Fate of the Jury," surpass them.

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GOOD-BYE TO THE IMMIGRANT PRESS

BY ALBERT PARRY

LAST October the New York *Volkszeitung* suspended. It was the only German-language labor daily in the United States, and one of the oldest radical papers (*geb.* 1878) in this land. A fortnight earlier, late in September, the Milwaukee *Herold*, the only German daily in that very German town, died after thundering and prospering for the many years since 1861. In May, the 104-year old *Courrier des États-Unis* of New York, whose one-time editor, Leon Meunier, was largely responsible for the gift to the United States by France of the Statue of Liberty, emitted a frantic SOS for succor, and in June sadly abandoned its daily edition, confining itself to a Sunday issue. In Buffalo, where the very air had always seemed nothing but a hissing wave of Polish consonants, an influential Polish weekly, the *Rekord Unista*, died lately. And simultaneously some melancholy statistician discovered that the aggregate circulation of the Jewish press in America had declined from 717,146 in 1916 to 450,000 in 1932.

It isn't only the Depression which is smiting the immigrant press. It is also the Immigration Act of 1924. Instead of the 1,218,480 immigrants who entered during the fiscal year of 1914, and the 805,228 who came in 1921, only 97,139 were admitted in 1930-31 and only 35,576 in 1931-32. The Depression is simply finishing for the immigrant press what the act started: in the same fiscal year of 1931-32 no less than 103,295 unemployed or otherwise disheartened aliens left the States for good. The preceding year saw 61,882 go—or two for every three admitted.

A decade or so back, the leaders of the immigrant world in America claimed from 10,000,000 to 14,000,000 readers for their press. But the Federal census of 1930 showed that only 1,224,995 out of 14,025,800 foreign-born residents of the United States over ten years of age were really unable to speak English. Of the 869,865 foreign-born white persons who did not read English only 392,732 could read and write their own languages. This broke to matchwood the assertion that millions of potential buyers could be reached in no other way save through advertisements in the foreign-language papers. Moreover, it began to appear that a foreigner who does not read English usually does not read anything at all. I quote, in point, from the *Italian News* of Boston, apropos its campaign against the financial waste of religious celebrations:

> The *News* has on many occasions denounced the custom, but to no avail—for the *News* is printed in English, and those who carry on such foolish celebrations do not read our language. *Nor do the majority of them read their own language.*

The national advertisers, trimming their sails to the rough going of these times, have nearly all cut their appropriations for the immigrant press. Some of them say it's economy only; others say it's economy plus the waning ability of the immigrant

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press to pull in customers. Still others point virtuously to the radicalism of a certain section of the press. This excuse (twisting the war-time whoop, "Don't feed the mouth that's biting you!") is employed by some of the public utility companies and tobacco concerns. Whatever the reason or excuse, there is the fact: the immigrant press has been losing advertising even faster than the Depression-pinched native press.

The motion picture companies, once notorious for the flourish of their expenditures, have been very wary of late, and even the free-of-charge publicity given their films by the foreign-language papers seems to be no longer valued. In January, 1932, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department discontinued sending out foreign-language press releases. The immigrant papers used to publish these releases gratis, but the MGM people, of course, had to pay the eighteen or twenty translators. When the hard times deepened, this expense was cut off. Now only the English releases are being sent out to the immigrant press. If any translating is done the editors must do it.

II

Every time an immigrant paper publishes an obituary of Mike Karasczlascz or Fritz Budenheimer or Nick Popandopoulo or Salvatore Malegretti it really writes another line into its own protracted obituary. The dead (or home-going) immigrant-reader is not replaced by another client. So the immigrant press grasps the children of its customers as a last and desperate straw.

Last October, appealing for funds in behalf of the Foreign Language Information Service, Miss Ida M. Tarbell stated that "40,000,000 of our American people are immigrants or the children of immigrants." The children, who outnumber the parents by 26,000,000 to 14,000,000, do not need the immigrant press, but the immigrant press sorely needs the children. Thus it turns to English in its dying stage. But usually in vain. It is almost symbolic that the *Tageblatt* of New York was one of the first Yiddish newspapers to launch an English section, and one of the first major old-established immigrant papers to die after the Immigration Act of 1924. Its English section, with an "Are We Jews?" column and an Aunt Ray's Club for the kiddies, could not save it. It died in 1928, on the high crest of everybody else's prosperity, of its own anemia of circulation.

But the faith in the all-curing powers of the remedy dies hard. In the American Jewish Year Book for 1932-33 I count 126 titles of Jewish periodicals in the United States, and 100 of them are published wholly or partly in English. In 1924, according to the FLIS figures, only one Yugo-Slav publication in this country had an English section, but in 1932 fifteen Yugo-Slav papers had such sections. Back in 1927, the *Follia Di New York* said editorially in its English section that "the Italo-American of today, just one generation removed from his Italian-speaking parents, does not read the Italian dailies," that "he is too Italian for the American press and too American for the Italian press," and that only "the gradual introduction of English into the columns of the Italian press" would solve the riddle. In an optimistic attempt to catch this Italo-American, 25% of the Italian papers in this country had put in English sections by 1932, an increase of 20% since 1924.

About half of the seventy Czecho-Slovak papers have English sections now. Six Hungarian weeklies carry English sections, all started since 1924. Ten out of the

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seventy Polish newspapers are spiced with English. The invasion of the Norwegian press by the English language was strong even before quota days, for the peak of migration from Norway was reached and passed in the 80's. O. M. Norlie has estimated that 11% of the Norwegian newspapers started in America in the period from 1847 to 1917 were partly or wholly in English (I quote from Robert E. Park's "The Immigrant Press and Its Control," 1922). Today the FLIS reports that six out of the thirty-one Norwegian publications surviving have English sections, which means almost 20% of the total number.

In the English sections sport leads as a topic, particularly in the Slavic and Italian press. Jokes and comic strips, fashion columns, bedtime stories, and imitations of Arthur Brisbane follow in the order named. An occasional lachrymose short story, not of the boiler-plate variety, but penned by an immigrant journalist or reader, is used. Religious and fraternal-order papers, mostly Scandinavian and Slavic, devote their English columns to short-story contests, and, of course, the most pious story usually wins. Rural papers, particularly Scandinavian and German, use the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, also such elevating items of unknown source as "Cats Are Responsible for Creeping Eruption" and "At Last Smokes Cigar Given Him 63 Years Ago." Readers' letters in English, no matter how trivial in contents, are printed prominently, for they offer the editors an illusory proof that their English sections are at last succeeding.

On the whole, the English of the immigrant press is improving. Today I cannot find anything comparable to such editorial notes as this one culled from the New York *Carroccio* of 1926: "We tanks Dr. Paolo de Vecchi, mentionated at the end of the letter." The editorial policies of the bi-lingual papers are now rather enlightened and on the level. You will hardly find any longer the situation described by H. C. Sartorio when, in 1918, he told of "Italian newspapers with laudatory articles on America written in English, which no Italian would read, and with an article in Italian in the same issue that the American would not understand, painting America in the blackest colors." But the better English and the more honest policy do not compensate for the unoriginal contents of the English sections, or for their frequent divorce from the probable interests of their supposed readers.

Thus, the Chicago *Greek Star*, advertising itself as "printed in English and Greek and known the world over," was lately using its English to huzzah for the moribund Mr. Hoover and to argue heavily about "French Logic and German Arms," as if the Greek confectioners and bootblacks and their progeny in the Middle West were likely to follow it either way. Similarly, the *Gazzetta Del Massachusetts* devotes the precious English of its double space editorials to the petty intra-party squabbles of the Democrats in Boston and elsewhere. Again, the English page of the *Eco Della Nuovo England* (Springfield, Mass.), subtitled "A Page of Live News for the Advancement of Americanization," does it to the astonishing tune of a "Harvard Baccalaureate Hymn," with the full text in a heavy frame in the center of the page. This neglect of the reader's probable interests reaches its apex in the *Japanese-American News* of San Francisco, which howls in its English-language editorials for increased American armaments!

The most intelligent attempt to switch to the English language was made, in the middle 1920's, by Abraham Cahan and

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his Yiddish *Forward*, but even that attempt failed. At the height of the *Forward's* success, Mr. Cahan concluded that Yiddish in America was doomed. He made caustic fun of those co-workers of his who hailed it as a living force, and believed that soon even President Coolidge would have to learn it. At his insistence the English section of the *Forward* was instituted in a new form, with a stress on Judaism and general topics rather than on the old soapbox cant of Socialism. At the time, he said that he was prepared to see the entire paper converted from Yiddish into English.

The two editors of the four English pages of the *Forward* tried their best to make the section lively and robust, interesting and profound. They ordered articles from Ramsay MacDonald, Bertrand Russell, John Macy, Bruce Bliven, Joseph Wood Krutch, and other mainstays of the *New Republic* and the *Nation*. They cocktailed the weighty treatises of these sages with their own homely essays on how to catch a good Jewish husband. They tacked notices on the bulletin-board of the Columbia University School of Journalism, humbly angling for ideas and contributions. They dispatched East Side youths and maidens of literary gifts to the ghetto post-office and police-stations to interview Jewish mail clerks and Jewish cops; to cheap lodging-houses to hear and record the tall tales of Jewish hoboes; to the Tombs to witness the meetings of pious old Jews with their gangster sons. They published some forty articles of the present writer on the Jews of Hollywood, the Northwest, the South Sea islands, Colorado, Louisiana and other parts of the distant *Provintz*.

But the combination simply did not work. The readers' response was, on the whole, insufficient. The young Jews, like the young Italians, Slavs and Swedes, apparently did not want to be seen in the subway reading their parents' paper. Even the English print of that paper had a peculiar look, a foreign air. The unwritten law of the publishing world, that every page must be self-sustaining in the advertising it brings, did not work in regard to those four pages of the *Forward*, just as it failed to function in regard to other English pages of other immigrant organs. Anon the four pages were cut to two. Anon the two editors were reduced to one. And then Mr. Cahan conceded his defeat, and the English section was killed.

But there was no cause for the Yiddishists to triumph. For the circulation of the Jewish press in America continued to wilt. U. Z. Engelman, in the *Menorah Journal* (July, 1928), estimated that the aggregate circulation of the Jewish press in 1927 was only 536,346, or but 79.2% of what it had been in 1914 and 74.7% of what it had been in its great boom year of 1916—this despite the fact that from 1913 to 1927 510,799 new Yiddish-speaking immigrants had entered this country. My own recent canvass of authorities brings down the aggregate circulation to a new low of some 450,000. Well, this is no surprise when you read that from 1924 to 1927 the annual number of Jewish immigrants admitted into the United States was no more than 10,000. It is no wonder when in the American Jewish Year Book for 1932-33 you read that during the year ended June 30, 1931, a total of but 5,692 Jewish immigrants entered this country, or 5,834 less than during the preceding year, and that only 1,455 Jews were admitted during the six months ended December 31, 1931.

The failure of the English section as a circulation-getter is now admitted by all the editors who have tried it, and many of them begin to pursue a new objective: to teach the English-speaking young the lan-

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guage of their parents, to introduce *foreign*-language sections into the *English*-language publications of the East Side.

Thus, *Atlantica*, started in New York in 1923 as an all-English publication by and for the Italians, introduced, early in 1932, an Italian section. Now it uses its English part for hoarse entreaties to the young Italians: "Know Your Language!" To prove to the young Joes that the language of the old Guiseppes is getting to be fashionable in the States, *Atlantica* prints rosy statistics showing how many boys and girls are studying Italian in the American schools in lieu of that old favorite, Spanish. The *Eco Della Nuovo England*, in its English section, thus tries to entrap the native-born into reading its Italian pages:

> The Italo-American weekly can be the means by which father and son meet on the same field. The son trying to read his father's page: "Dad, what's this word that looks like argument—does it mean the same thing?" "Yes, change the *u* to *o*, add an *o* to the end and you have a pure Italian word—here it is, *argomento*." One could make a game of it—say that each week ten words be taken from the newspaper columns and learned.

Many other immigrant newspapers—sometimes the very ones that used to print lessons in English—now display lessons in their own language. Thus, *Jednota*, of Middletown, Pa., prints Slovak lessons on the reverse side of its large English sports page, and the *Morgen Journal* of New York and Philadelphia has recently started lessons in Yiddish. It is this paper that in 1928 absorbed the withered *Tageblatt*, with its English page for the young. The *Yiddish*, a bi-weekly of New York, gently advocates the introduction of Yiddish courses into the American public schools. The hopes are high but hazy. In part they are based on the much discussed fecundity of foreign-born mothers. If the ships won't bring new customers for the immigrant press, then the lessons and the mothers will do the job. But alack, even this hope is now blasted, for Dr. Joseph J. Spengler, of the University of Arizona, has demonstrated that the fecundity of the immigrants has decreased largely since 1920, and is now not much above that of the native stock. Onerous economic conditions and birth-control propaganda—including an enlightening campaign by the immigrant editors themselves—are to blame.

III

The immigrant press for years worked at two contradictory tasks: to promote the Americanization of its readers, and to preserve their feeling of being different from the Americans. In the first part of the task, it was aided by the movies, the tabloids, the radio, the war-time stoppage of immigration, and the post-war legislation against the new influx; by the war-time hysteria against all foreigners and foreignism, and by the post-war prosperity and quickened tempo of American life. In the second part of its task it was all alone. Only in a few cases, as in those of some Italian publications, did help and inspiration come from the government of the old country.

Torn between its two opposing aims, and succeeding only in the one least advantageous to its own welfare, the immigrant press could not be anywhere save on the downward path. The very presence of an English section in an immigrant paper showed the advertisers that it was no longer the only gate to a large block of consumers, that these consumers very likely now read a Hearst paper or *Liberty*. If the masthead of the Erie (Pa.) *Gazette* has a small-type subtitle, "formerly *La Gazzetta Di Erie*," what right has it to

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claim that it is the sole representative of the 20,000 Italian residents of Erie? In fact, it admits in the same breath that only 5,000 of them do not read or write English. Many American advertisers proffered such posers to the immigrant papers, not once and not twice. It was in sheer defense that some of them began to abandon their English sections, and to revert to panicky pleas to the second generation to learn mamma's and papa's speech.

It was only in the case of the German publications that the introduction of English proved a success as often as not. Scores of such transformations took place in the period from 1900 to 1914. The American participation in Europe's butchery and the concurrent anti-German crusade at home accelerated the process. A FLIS report says that it was and is exceedingly simple:

> The *County Journal*, or *Courier* may be taken for German or English names, and *Demokrat* or *Herold* need only a slight change in spelling to make them English and conform to a pronunciation which was probably common long before the publication adopted the English language.

But there is more to it than that. The Germans, even after their Americanization, continue as a more or less close-knit community, and even the Americanized paper remains their mouthpiece. The higher caliber of American-German journalism, as compared with that of other racial groups, makes the German readers continue with the transformed paper rather than switch to a Hearst paper or a tabloid. The German publishers in this country are the only ones of all the immigrant brethren (the Scandinavians proving an occasional exception) who own and operate papers not only in their own language but in English as well. Some of these English newspapers are so well molded into the American scene that their German origin or ownership is known to only a few. The Ridder family, starting with the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, now owns, in addition, such typically American papers as the New York *Journal of Commerce*, the *Long Island Daily Press* (Jamaica), the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, the St. Paul *Dispatch*, the Grand Forks (N. D.) *Herald*, the Aberdeen (S. D.) *American*, and the Seattle *Times*.

There is, also, some small degree of success when an immigrant group tries to exploit the American interest in its home country. The *American-Scandinavian Review* for years has been aiming its careful but lifeless English at such Americans as have longed toward the lands of the Vikings and Knut Hamsun, and many of its articles read as if they were written by travel agencies. But such success is usually not lasting, for American fads change as quickly and as unpredictably as the weather in New York. *Free Poland,* a semi-monthly, and the *American-Greek Review*, a monthly, both of Chicago, gasped their last in 1919 and 1928 respectively, after a five-year spell of life apiece. *Armenia* and *New Armenia*, of Boston and New York, had a longer but a more fitful career, full of lapses, the last coming in 1929. The latest failure is that of an Ukrainian monthly in English, a most transitory affair. *Atlantica,* as part of its programme, tried to interpret Italy to the Americans, but found practically no native-stock listeners, and so turned full-face to the Italo-Americans.

Most of these English-language enterprises were started by immigrant groups which had only small reason to look for the interest of Americans. On the other hand, a group that could have scored a big success in talking English to Americans did not stir at all. I mean the Russians. Of the twenty-odd Russian publications in

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this country, only one weekly in Chicago carries an English section, and it is the feeblest sort of syndicated stuff, of no interest either to Russians or Americans. The most logical paper to satisfy the American curiosity about the Five-year Plan country was the *Russky Golos* of New York, the largest Russian daily in this country. It presents a peculiar and safe combination of pro-Soviet policies and non-Communist ownership and staff, and it was just the right vehicle to explain Russia to America in the sympathetic but non-Union-Square manner of Louis Fischer, Anna Louise Strong, and Maurice Hindus.

But in 1929, at the highest leap of the American craving for things Russian, the publishers of the *Russky Golos* invested their surplus money, not in an English section but in a real estate development on Long Island. Its pages were filled, not with English discourses on the Dnieprostroy Dam and other such projects, but with Russian advertisements urging the purchase of Queens lots. The field was finally scooped by the Moscow *News*, published in English at the Soviet capital, and mailed and sold here in surprising stacks (from 15,000 to 20,000 copies each issue). The Moscow *News* flourishes while the Russian papers in America, having lost their only chance of recovery, continue on their downward swing, together with the other immigrant papers.

The Americanization, not of the language, but of the methods of immigrant publishers usually brings them nothing but harm. Here I allude especially to chain-ownership and consolidation. Chain-ownership introduces into the immigrant press a boiler-plate in its own tongue, and puts the stamp of turgid sameness where previously color and independence, however provincial and naïve, held sway. You will now find the same editorials in the *Tribuna Italiana* of Portland, Ore., and the *Gazzetta Italiana,* of Seattle, Wash. Generose Pope, having acquired control of the three most important Italian newspapers in New York (the *Progresso Italo-Americano,* the *Corriere d'America,* and the *Bollettino della Sera*), has recently reached out into Philadelphia and bought the twenty-seven-year-old *Opinione*. There probably won't be much independent opinion left in *L'Opinione* now. In the Slavic group, the *Svornost* of Pittsburgh, the official organ of a Slovak brotherhood, controls eight newspapers, supplying them with syndicated matter. The Yiddish *Forward* of New York has a Chicago branch plant and edition; the *Morgen Journal* has a Philadelphia edition.

Consolidations have been noted recently in the Italian, Polish, and Russian fields. But the most drastic ones go on in the German division. The *Freie Presse*, of Lincoln, Neb., represents a merger of no less than forty-one small German weeklies in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, and the Dakotas. The German *Tribune* of Omaha is also a result of numerous consolidations. Mark Villchur, of FLIS., remarks in an unpublished report:

> These consolidations have been instrumental in placing the remaining papers on a more solid footing, but they also often marked the disappearance of the type of the country editor who usually combines printing, social activities and social leadership with editing a town paper.

So slides down the immigrant press, once a power of the first magnitude. The slide, on the whole, has not been quite as rapid as the raw statistics of migration and Americanization would warrant. The immigrant press clings to the body American with tenacious teeth. It isn't so much that the immigrants need it and so cause it to cling; it is rather the publishers and editors

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who need their jobs and the illusion of their influence in the community. Most of them have no other jobs and glory to go to, and so, desperately, they trim the frequency of their publications, cut the size and number of pages, dispense with contributors, and lean heavier on the scissors and paste. Finally, they pare their own salaries to the bone, not to mention the wages of those who work for them. But they stick to their mastheads, vaguely hoping for better times, even though the tide is definitely against them and there is not a single chance that America will ever reopen her gates to a fresh Babel from overseas.

The more dispassionate heads among the immigrant leaders admit, mostly among themselves and not for publication, that their press is doomed. Competent observers estimate that by 1937 or '38 the number of immigrant papers in this country will decrease by another 20% or 25%, and that by 1950 there will be very few left —perhaps no more than you would be able to count on your fingers and toes. Recently, the publisher of a Polish newspaper, one of the best known in the land, betook himself to Poland and then came back to his American home. As a result, there is arising now, under his direction, a large export-and-import organization known as Ampol, a privately-owned imitation of the Russian Amtorg. He hears the knell of the immigrant publishing business, even though his paper is as yet among the soundest money-makers in the field. In good season he prepares another nest for himself. He is generally counted as one of the shrewdest and most farsighted men in the game. The fact of his defection to strange gods is more ominous than volumes of figures on the decline of the immigrant press.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Pathology

A NEW THEORY OF INSANITY

By Wingate M. Johnson

Although insanity has been recognized since the dawn of history its cause in many cases is still a mystery. A rough dividing line has been drawn between organic mental disturbances, in which there are demonstrable changes in the brain, and the so-called functional diseases, which supply by far the larger part of our insane population.

A new theory of functional insanity has been set forth lately by Professor Wilder D. Bancroft, head of the department of chemistry at Cornell, and his associates, Dr. R. H. Gutsell and Mr. J. E. Rutzler, Jr. This theory is the outgrowth of some observations and experiments made to test a view advanced in 1875 by the celebrated French physiologist, Claude Bernard, that "anesthesia is due to the reversible coagulation of some of the proteins of the brain and of the sensory nerves. Unconsciousness results from the blocking of the centers of consciousness, and insensitivity to pain from the blocking of the sensory nervous system". This concept of anesthesia is not generally accepted by physiologists, but in the most painstaking series of experiments yet undertaken in its study, Dr. Bancroft and his associates have made out what seems to be an excellent case for it.

Coagulation, it may be explained, is the process of thickening or solidifying a colloid. A very familiar example is the making of gelatin. One still more familiar is the cooking of an egg, either by heat (boiling, frying, or scrambling) or by alcohol (eggnog). Alcohol is a coagulating agent which every one knows has a definite action on the brain. Ether and chloroform act in a similar manner, but more quickly and forcefully.

Bernard's conception of anesthesia by ether and chloroform was that they were carried by the blood to the brain and nerves, and produced a slight coagulating effect on their proteins, which resulted in loss of consciousness and of sensation. When given cautiously for surgical anesthesia, this coagulation disappears soon after the inhalation of the anesthetic is stopped, and consciousness and sensation gradually return. If, however, too much is given, the coagulation is "irreversible", and death results.

In their experiments, the Cornell workers found that other substances than ether, chloroform, and alcohol have the same effect of coagulating or agglomerating nerve proteins. Among these are morphine and the hypnotic drugs. (The hypnotics may usually be identified by their ending in *al*—chloral, veronal, luminal, allonal, amytal, and so on.) They also found that another class of drugs—chiefly those of the so-called halogen group—have the opposite effect of liquefying, peptizing or dispersing the brain proteins. Of these, they found sodium thiocyanate the most effective. For ease in pronunciation they have rechristened it by its German name, sodium rhodanate—" the rose-colored salt".

As might have been expected, they

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found that the substances which peptize the brain proteins are antagonistic pharmacologically to those which agglomerate them. For instance, an animal anesthetized by ether or chloroform regains consciousness much more quickly if a solution of sodium rhodanate be injected into its circulation, and an animal under the influence of opium or amytal reacts similarly.

The experiments made on animals and human beings suggest that sodium rhodanate may thus be of some value in the treatment of opium and alcohol addiction, but the drug has not yet been tried sufficiently to be correctly appraised. Already there has been some adverse criticism of it. The Medical Society of Tompkins county, N. Y., in which Cornell University is located, has gone on record in opposition to its use. Whether or not this merely shows a prophet running true to form in his own country remains to be seen.

The most interesting product of this work is a new conception of mental disease. In using the two opposing types of drugs it was noticed that either in overdose might produce some mental disturbances, but that the symptoms produced by the sodium rhodanate differed sharply from those due to the coagulating agents. This observation led to the thought that all the so-called functional psychoses might be due to disturbances of the brain proteins, and that the specific kind of insanity produced would depend upon whether the proteins were over-coagulated or over-dispersed. Thus mental disease is seen as due to some toxic substance in the body which "stimulates or depresses some gland or glands"; in other words, it is suggested that "the increase or decrease in the secretion from one or more glands causes the psychosis". This view follows to some extent the ideas of Dr. H. A. Cotton, of Trenton, N. J., who has long argued that all such disease is due to toxic substances that have a selective action on the brain and cause actual physical changes in the brain cells. Dr. Cotton believes that these toxins are always elaborated by some focus of infection, usually the teeth, the tonsils, or the colon.

Professor Bancroft and his associates, however, give themselves a broader base to stand upon. They agree that there are physical changes in the brain resulting from the action of toxins which may come from definite foci of infection, but they also believe that emotions sufficiently powerful or prolonged may so pervert the action of some of the ductless glands as to render their secretions toxic to the brain cells, either coagulating or dispersing them. Both views converge in the idea that definite physical changes in the brain are responsible for insanity.

The Bancroft hypothesis gets some support from cases previously reported in the medical literature. For example, a number of patients given large doses of potassium thiocyanate (a peptizing agent) for high blood-pressure developed marked mental symptoms that disappeared within five to seven days after the drug was withdrawn. When tetraethyl lead was first introduced in high compression gasoline, a number of filling station attendants and mechanics absorbed enough of it to develop violent mental symptoms. It is a coagulating agent soluble in lipoids,[1] and when it gets into the brain cells it produces an agglomerated type of insanity. Ordinary white lead, used in paint, is not so soluble.

It is reasonable to expect that if this notion be correct, the agglomerated type of insanity should be helped by sodium rhodanate and made worse by such an ag-

[1] Lipoids are fatty substances found in the cells of the body, especially abundant in the brain cells.

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glomerating agent as sodium amytal, while the dispersed type should react in the opposite way. Exactly this test was made by Drs. Lang and Paterson, of the State Hospital at Marcy, N. Y. Professor Bancroft believed that cases of manic depressive insanity, of paranoia, and of epilepsy with mental changes, were due to agglomeration of the brain proteins and would be made worse by sodium amytal, an agglomerating agent, but improved by sodium rhodanate, a dispersing agent. On the other hand, he thought that cases of dementia praecox and involutional melancholia were of the over-dispersed type, and would be made worse by the dispersing effect of sodium rhodanate, but improved by the agglomerating effect of sodium amytal.

In their study, Drs. Lang and Paterson tested forty-six patients. "No attempt was made to select cases". Sodium amytal was used first in every case, and after forty-eight hours to allow its complete elimination, sodium rhodanate was given. In thirty-eight of the forty-six cases positive responses to both drugs were obtained that agreed exactly with the clinical diagnosis. This is just a fraction under 83%, which is a good showing in the diagnosis of mental disease.

To be able to diagnose and classify patients is, of course, gratifying; but naturally the question that interests the patient, if he is capable of being interested, and that certainly concerns the family, is that of cure. Will the improvement that appears to follow the use of sodium rhodanate or sodium amytal be permanent? Will it be necessary to continue the use of the remedial agent indefinitely in order to maintain this improvement?

Unfortunately, these questions cannot yet be answered definitely. In a personal letter, Dr. Lang tells me:

> A very few of our agitated depressions and our manic depressive cases were benefitted by the sodium rhodanate. Their condition has remained recovered up to date. I regret, however, that the larger group of cases in which we used sodium rhodanate were so severely deteriorated that whatever improvement we achieved was only present during the administration of the drug and for a short time after its cessation. . . . Up to the present I may say that I can not consider our results permanent.

It is worth much, however, to have a means of classifying types of insanity more accurately; and with the possibility of earlier diagnosis it is to be hoped that earlier treatment may prove more effective. Observe that Dr. Lang says that most of the cases treated by sodium rhodanate "were so severely deteriorated" before treatment was begun that improvement was only temporary. When Roentgen discovered the *x*-ray its first use was only in diagnosis, but gradually it has come to be used just as much in treatment. It may be that this new approach to insanity will have the same history.

The Bancroft theory is yet too new to be properly evaluated. As in the case of most medical theories in the days of their trial stages, it will be subjected to intense scrutiny and severe criticism. In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* Dr. Cole, assistant professor of physiological chemistry at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, attacked the theory on the ground that Prof. Bancroft has "failed to prove that sodium thiocyanate is capable of reversing the heat coagulation of egg albumin," and that "this removes the foundations from beneath his hypothesis".

The chemical problem here involved passes the understanding of the average medical man, who must wait until the Bancroft theory has run the gauntlet of

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repeated tests similar to that given at the Marcy State Hospital, and has been subjected to much critical comment before it can be accepted or rejected, either wholly or in part. At least Professor Bancroft deserves much credit for the logical way in which he has developed the most original and interesting idea of insanity that our generation has seen. Whatever its final fate, it is a refreshing change from the accepted fatalistic view that most cases of functional insanity are due to heredity, and that little can be done for the unfortunates so afflicted but to relieve their families of responsibility by confining them in institutions until they either get well or die.

Physiology

INHERITED VARIATIONS IN THE SENSE OF TASTE

By Robert C. Cook

About two years ago, Dr. Arthur L. Fox, a chemist on the staff of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, made a discovery which has resulted in opening an entirely new field of research. The substance that Dr. Fox was working with was phenyl-thio-carbamide. The carbamides are a group of considerable chemical importance; they are characterized by having their atoms attached in a particular way to the benzine ring. A number of them are being supplied as sedatives, and compete as sleep-producers with aspirin and barbital.

One never knows what use may be found for a new chemical compound, and the carbamide with which Dr. Fox was experimenting proved of interest and value in an altogether unexpected way. One of his assistants complained of the intensely bitter taste of the stuff, enough of which was circulating in the air to make him acutely uncomfortable. This seemed altogether absurd to Dr. Fox, who tasted nothing at all. Some of the crystals of P. T. C. (a convenient abbreviation for the longer name) were also entirely tasteless to Dr. Fox, but they were painfully bitter to the other worker. Following this discovery, the substance was tried on a number of other people, and it was found that somewhat less than half of those who sampled it were wholly unable to detect the slightest taste. Thus it divided the human race into two groups, the tasters and the non-tasters.

Another curious fact is that this substance, to which so many people are thus "taste blind", is closely related to dulcin, which is almost universally conceded to be about five hundred times as sweet as cane sugar. There are twenty-five atoms of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and sulphur in a molecule of P. T. C. If the single sulphur atom in this molecule is replaced by an oxygen atom (the arrangement of the atoms remaining the same), the resulting product is dulcin. Now and then a person is found to whom P. T. C. tastes extremely sweet, like dulcin.

The discovery of Dr. Fox that people differ in their ability to taste P. T. C. came to the attention of Dr. A. F. Blakeslee of the department of genetics of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Since there was such a clear-cut distinction between the tasters and non-tasters it occurred to Dr. Blakeslee that the ability to taste the substance might be inherited according to Mendelian principles. He therefore began testing whole families. His results showed that this peculiarity was actually inherited as a Mendelian character. This has been confirmed by other

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workers, and in a large number of families it has been found that the taster gene (or physical entity controlling the inheritance of the peculiarity) is dominant to the non-taster.

In families where both parents are tasters, there are two possibilities: either all of the children will be tasters, or three-quarters of them (on the average) will be tasters and a quarter non-tasters. The children of a taster and a non-taster will either all be tasters or half will be tasters and half non-tasters. The children of two non-tasters are in most cases all non-tasters; though there are rare exceptions to this latter rule. This kind of segregation of offspring into distinct categories is characteristic of the many Mendelian characters known in man, such as eye color, certain forms of insanity, and probably musical ability.

Before Dr. Blakeslee had gone very far in the investigation of these differences, he found it necessary to refine his technique not only with regard to the ability to taste P. T. C., but also with regard to the ability to taste and describe other more commonly encountered substances. His investigation brought to light widespread and quite remarkable variations in taste perception. People were found who described the taste of P. T. C. as being sour or salty instead of bitter, and the question arose whether the words used to describe the taste were merely different, or whether the substances actually tasted different to these people.

The answer to this question was sought in a series of tests in which graded concentrations of P. T. C. and other substances were given to a considerable group of people. Great variations were found in the threshold of taste acuity with regard to all the substances tested. In the case of P. T. C., some people were found who could taste a few drops of a solution containing one part of P. T. C. in 500,000 parts of water. Others had a much higher threshold and a concentration a thousand times as great was necessary before the substance could be detected. Thus in the taster group there was a great variation in the threshold of taste acuity. There were good, middling, and poor tasters. And all of these were quite distinct from the group of non-tasters, who were "taste blind" to the substance even in crystal form or in a cold saturated solution. But many of these non-tasters could be convinced that it had a bitter taste by presenting it to the taste-buds of their tongues in a concentrated solution in hot water or in alcohol. Finally, some people were unable to taste it under any circumstances.

Exactly the same kind of variation in thresholds has been observed in the case of other substances. Some people can taste a concentration of one part of quinine in 320,000 parts of water, and others require one part in 5,000 before the bitterness becomes apparent. Some people who can detect low concentration of acid say the taste is salty. Almost all possible variations in taste-acuity were found in the group tested. That a person was an acute taster of P. T. C. was no proof that he would be able to detect salt or quinine in dilute solutions. Few people proved to be acute tasters of all the substances tested. Thus the concepts which our taste-buds convey to our consciousness are likely to be quite different from those our neighbors perceive.

The acute dislike which some children display toward spinach may thus be due to something more than pure deviltry. Probably spinach tastes as bad to them as it does to some of their elders, which may be considered an adequate explanation of the fuss they make about taking

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it. The willingness with which some children will acquiesce in medication with castor oil is also doubtless due to a fortunate taste blindness toward this disagreeable substance—disagreeable, that is, to us "normal" people!

The grading of the tasters into the non-tasters by successive small differences, thus brought to light by refined analysis, is explained in genetic terms by the existence of modifying factors. Some of these are complimentary or coöperative in nature, and so enhance or restrict the acuity of the main taster gene, or unit of inheritance. It was found that there was definite Mendelian inheritance and segregation in the thresholds of taste acuity. That is, there were more acute tasters among the children of acute tasters than there are among the children of poor tasters. It is the existence of such modifying or complimentary factors that accounts for the occasional occurrence of taster children of non-taster parents. Several such instances have been found. The existence of these cases really completes the genetic picture.

Similar differences in ability to detect odors of various kinds have also been recorded by Blakeslee and others. People differ greatly in their ability to detect the odors of flowers and in their views as to whether the odors are pleasant or unpleasant. Such odor blindnesses, and the likes and dislikes associated with odors, must be very widespread and very definite. One has only to sniff the various kinds of perfume one encounters, all of which one must assume to be considered pleasant by those who use them, to see how great this range of odor thresholds and tolerances must be.

The writer has experimented extensively with the reaction of different individuals to the taster test. In conversation and by correspondence, he has repeatedly been assured, both by tasters and non-tasters, that anyone who could (or could not) taste anything exceptional about the flavor of the test paper was acutely in need of medical treatment. Suggestions as to the form this treatment should take have varied from a thorough physical examination to commitment to an institution.

Fortunately for the minority of non-tasters, the test has absolutely no diagnostic value. The mentally well endowed may be either tasters or non-tasters, just as are those who are not so bright. Probably the feebleminded are also similarly divided. But the violence of the emotional reaction resulting from the discovery that some people are so "stupid" as to taste (or not to taste) anything is often only slightly reduced by explaining the facts. "There must be *something* wrong with anybody who can't taste that stuff," is a conclusion that is hard to shake, arbitrary as it is.

But an unbiased application of the taster test to one's friends will make one a good deal more tolerant of the psychological reactions of others. It makes one realize that those whose views differ radically from ours may, to a greater extent than is generally suspected, think and behave in the way they do because they actually live in a different sense-world from that in which we live.

In some quarters the apostle of heredity has been pictured as a peculiarly obnoxious bigot. Perhaps this may have been true earlier in the history of genetics, but it is hardly the case today, for more and more the student of heredity must realize that toleration is the only intelligent policy for a worthy scientific mind. Freighted as we all are with such diverse potentialities, sense-perceptions, abilities (and even deficiencies), it is almost too much to hope that any one partial view (even our own) can be expected to serve for all of us.

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CHAMP CLARK'S BOY

BY SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR.

It was one of those nights during the last Democratic National Convention when even a Chicago realtor would not have dared boast about the cooling lake winds which are supposed to make his town such a paradise in Summer. From the crowded lobby, corridors and headquarters of candidates in the Congress Hotel there arose the heavy aroma of perspiring and unwashed Democracy. Only an excellent display of verbal pyrotechnics kept a dozen of us sweating horribly in the boudoir of the Hon. William H. Murray, Governor of Oklahoma and Sage of Tishomingo.

For on this night Alfalfa Bill was hot in more ways than one. An enemy, far gone in his cups in a Capone speakeasy, had called up with the slander that the Oklahoma delegation planned to vote for the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt on the second ballot, and the Governor of Oklahoma had slammed down the receiver to give us his colorful opinion of the Governor of New York. After a while one of those present from Roosevelt headquarters determined to smother the roaring flame by an appeal to vanity, always a sure method with great statesmen.

"Governor," interrupted this uncomfortable person, "Tumulty in his book gives you credit with making possible the break to Wilson in the Baltimore convention. Well, what do you think now about what you did there? Are you glad you did it?"

The long legs of the Sage came down from the bed against which they had been braced, and his chair rested level on the floor. He struck a match to the five-center which had gone stale during his exhibition of fireworks.

"I think now," said he, as he elevated his canny eyes to the man who had so effectively put him on the spot, "I think now that Clark would have made the better President."

I repeat the incident because what Alfalfa Bill thought on that sweltering night is exactly what countless Democrats have been thinking ever since the day, back in 1912, when William Jennings Bryan took command of a camorra of corn-fed Progressives and kept a Missourian out of the White House. And nowhere, of course, has this been more frequently thought and said than amongst the Democrats of Champ Clark's own State. The crucifixion at Baltimore has for two decades been one of the important themes of Missouri Democratic politics. It kept Clark in the House of Representatives after his hopes of the throne had been destroyed. It wrecked the political careers of any Missourians who were suspected of not having shared those hopes. It aided the Hon. James A. Reed, a tested Clark supporter, to retain his seat in the Senate in 1916 and again in the battle-royal of 1922. And last November it was no inconsiderable factor in sending Champ Clark's son, Colonel Bennett Champ Clark, to the Senate seat once occupied by that other tried and true

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supporter of his father's Presidential aspirations, William Joel Stone.

Surely the coat tails of an illustrious and departed sire were never before so useful in lifting an offspring into public office, nor were they ever so frankly employed for that purpose. Colonel Clark, to be sure, occasionally declared during his campaign that he wished no vote by reason of his parentage, but such statements were only manly gestures. In his official campaign literature, in press releases by his organization, and in speeches on the stump and the air, the fact was reiterated, pointed out with pride, and pounded into the public consciousness that he was the son of the mighty Democrat who thought that Americans should not be conscripted to fight in a war from which they had voted to abstain.

Did Colonel Clark desire, for instance, to say what he thought of the tariff? Then he would quote with justifiable pride what his father had said about it on a memorable occasion. Again, did he require a story to adorn some argument against Sir Herbert and his noble knights? Very well! It would be one told by Clark *père* while Clark *fils* dutifully marked time by the parental knee. Finally, did he succumb to the itch to write, and choose biography for his province? Then he would pick as subject none other than John Quincy Adams, the worthy offspring (and successor) of a brilliant sire.

That Colonel Clark, after such an exhibition of father-worship, is going to the Senate disproves the notion that a father-and-son succession is no longer possible in the politics of the Republic. No doubt the notion originated from the sad experience of Young Teddy Roosevelt. But between the two cases there yawns a gulf. The elder Roosevelt departed this ungrateful world under a cloud of popular disfavor, and the country was presently staggered by the appalling antics of his heir. The elder Clark, on the contrary, died a martyr to the connivings of a long-haired fanatic and a Princeton mountebank, and Young Champ has had a tutelage which preserves him (usually) from political asininity.

II

For that tutelage the credit must go not only to his father, but also to his very intelligent and charming mother, and to his sister Genevieve, the latter being the wife of James M. Thomson, publisher of the New Orleans *Tribune* and *Item*. It was a tutelage which began in the bucolic town of Bowling Green, where Bennett Clark was born forty-three years ago, and continued through his collegiate days at the University of Missouri and the law school of George Washington University, and his subsequent service as parliamentarian of the House of Representatives while his father was Speaker.

For the younger Clark the law was never more than the conventional waiting-room of politics, and his career as a jurisconsult has proceeded little further than having his name placed on the letterheads of one of the swell law-offices of St. Louis. There is a passage in his life of Adams which is as applicable to himself as to the New Englander:

> There can be no question that he would have been an excellent lawyer if he had devoted himself to the profession with the same assiduity which he gave to public affairs. Whether he would have been a great financial success, of course, cannot be said with any certainty, for there is no connection between money-making capacity and legal ability . . . But both his training and his predilection fitted him for a public career rather than a legal one.

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The young Champ was campaigning for his father throughout the latter's district before the campaigner himself was old enough to vote, and at one time his friends thought he was sure to aspire to his father's old place in the House. Evidently they forgot, as he never did, the amazing decline which that body has experienced in late years. He was looking for a better stage, and Senator Reed was soon urging him to become his successor in the Senate. But in 1928 the chicken was still in the pot and the two cars in the garage, and so that year Clark wisely allowed a fellow Democrat the pleasure of being taken for a ride. Four years later, however, he listened to the importunings of Reed and of his own family, and went out after the Senate seat which Major Harry B. Hawes stood ready to bequeath him.

When he tossed his grips into his Ford last Spring, the universal opinion, even amongst his supporters, was that he was going to waste a lot of time and perspiration. When the Ford, coated with the dust of a hundred Missouri counties, gave a despairing gasp and went dead in the driveway of his St. Louis county home just a few days before the August primaries, the betting in the saloons was still 3 to 1 against him.

The reason for this was the peculiar nature of the opposition which he faced. Pelting him from one side was a former counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, Charles M. Hay, whose oratorical répertoire ranges the entire scale from depicting Jim Reed as Mephistopheles to drawing ravishing word pictures of the leafy dells and sun-kissed tops of the Ozarks. On the other side was Charles M. Howell, a blank cartridge to be sure, but one fired into the campaign by the mighty Thomas J. Pendergast, boss of the Democratic machine of Kansas City, which machine can deliver more than 150,000 votes, either through its foolproof organization at home or by its alliances throughout the State. The general notion was that Hay would get the drys of the dells and mountain tops, that Howell would draw the organization votes, and that Clark would be scattered around promiscuously and tragically in between.

Yet, despite the beery doubts of all the prognosticators, lay and journalistic, the colonel won in what might justly be called a walk. When the boys later met to figure out the why and wherefore in such places as Major Hawes' hotel suite, where for weeks the rustle of the major's slippered feet and the drawl of his voice had formed a softening undertone to the roar of Clark's campaign chairman and the steeling of Congressmen against the wiles of the W. C. T. U., the verdict brought in was that we had witnessed a miracle.

That this explanation was fallacious should have been obvious to even professional politicians. For one thing, the beneficiary of any miracle would not have been Clark but Hay, who, despite a last minute attempt to straddle the Prohibition issue, had had the enthusiastic support of all the legions of the Methodist God, and had enjoyed the freedom of their cantonments and the privilege of feasting on their chicken, while Clark was subsisting on the greasy concoctions of Main Street beaneries.

For another thing, Clark was not only the son of a martyred and revered Missourian, but was himself well enough acquainted with his State to know what sort of campaign to wage there. As I pointed out in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for August, 1926, there is in Missouri a tradition of independent and courageous political leadership, established by Thomas Hart Benton in the early days of statehood,

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and perpetuated by such leaders as Champ Clark, William Joel Stone, and James A. Reed, and which sometimes induces even rural Missouri to support candidates of conviction and fearlessness when it dissents violently from some of their convictions. Colonel Clark put himself squarely in line with this tradition, as he promised in his opening statement.

For example, he proceeded to clear up any lingering doubts in the minds of the voters, whether wet or dry, as to his desire for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He repeated everywhere his declaration of 1920, that if Hoover were that year nominated for President on the Democratic ticket, the Clark ballot would be scratched. Also, he went into the zinc district of Southwestern Missouri, and looking straight into the eyes of an audience that believed a high tariff on that metal to be necessary, repeated his father's declaration that he would "never help any living human being rob the American people simply because he happens to live in Missouri."

But such straight shooting was not the only accomplishment that Colonel Clark displayed. He may fetch the men with visions of frothy steins, but he is not without means of alluring the women voters as well. The lady politicians were wasting their breath when they lamented, during his primary campaign, that photography did not make his slightly chubby countenance look like that of Governor Ritchie or some other Democratic Apollo Belvedere. Instead of worrying about the colonel's deficiency in It, these ladies should have been rejoicing that he had something just as effective. He proved that it pays politically not only to have a father, but to be one. He is the progenitor of a boy of eight and of twins three-and-a-half years old, and before the campaign had gone far the mammas and grandmas of the State knew all about them.

If employed by such a mob-master as Theodore I, such stuff might properly be set down as hokum, but in the colonel's case it probably should not be, for he is still enough of a boy himself to have a fellow feeling for children, and he is surely not deficient in our normal simian pride of paternity. But whether hokum or not, there is no doubt that it went over big with the female voters. When he could recall no story told him by his father, he could always fall back on one in which his oldest youngster pulled an effective wisecrack. And if he ran out of material from this source, he could illustrate his point with a story about some other person's progeny. On a blistering July evening, before a crowd in which women predominated, I heard him tell a story about a child whose grandparents were of opposite political faiths. It contained the following strophes:

> When one grandparent would ask the child what were its politics, it would say, "Me tant talk." But when the other would ask it the same thing, it would reply, "Me Democrat."

Some one near me commented in a word which the colonel probably heard often while he was making the world safe for democracy. But the glow on the faces of the women proved that his baby talk had cost him no votes.

The Republicans, abandoning all hope of defeating such a campaigner, handed him the senatorship by opposing him with a St. Louis contractor who ran for the most august deliberative body in the world on the slogan: "Why not give a bricklayer a chance?"

When the smoke of his campaign cleared away, the skeptical greybeards who had thought the colonel without an organization were able to discern that he had en-

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joyed the unofficial support of a very effective one. It merely happened to be one with whose political potentialities the greybeards had been hitherto unacquainted. For that organization was the American Legion, and Colonel Clark is one of the many American statesmen who owe their political success, or a good deal of it, to this great body of post-war profiteers.

III

During his campaign he was frequently spoken of as having been the first National Commander of the Legion. It would be more accurate to say that he was the temporary chairman of its first caucus. He had been one of the officers, along with Colonel Wild Bill Donovan, Captain Ogden L. Mills and sixteen others, whom Young Teddy Roosevelt summoned to a meeting at the Allied Officers' Club in Paris for the purpose of discussing a proposal to form a veterans' society. Though the proposal has often been said to have been inspired by the collapse of the army's morale which followed the armistice, there is no doubt that Clark and most of his colleagues were merely indulging their normal American passion to be joiners. According to "A History of the American Legion," by Marquis James, Clark was chosen to preside over the subsequent caucus, first, because of his knowledge of parliamentary law, and secondly, in order to lay the suspicion that the organization was aimed to be a political device for aiding the will-to-power of Young Teddy. Later Clark went to the St. Louis caucus of the Legion as one of the representatives of the A. E. F.

The fact that his service as a promoter of the organization did not last much longer is probably significant. He seems to have been, in contrast to most of his fellow legionnaires, a soldier who really wanted to fight. When he was ordered to the safe haven of an officer's school, soon after disembarking in France, he made his father go post-haste with Senator Reed in an unsuccessful attempt to have the War Department revoke the order, so that he could get into the trenches.

But while the colonel is no longer an official booster of these occupants of the Federal pie-counter, there is no doubt that the Heroes were systematically gathered into his fold in both his primary and his final campaigns. In his bipartisan pleas he often made reference to his fond memories of wartime comradeship with Republican buddies. All over the State these buddies pleaded with fellow Republicans to leave their own party and enter the Democratic primary in order to help nominate him. His own organization kept members of his old army outfit working full time in his cause. Further, the colonel, while he had the courage to demand a house-cleaning of the Veterans' Bureau, and a revision of veterans' relief legislation to remove several outstanding evils, always declared for payment of the bonus—when, as and if the Treasury can raise the money.

No doubt he thought that this promise of somewhat visionary pie, together with the fact that the Missouri branch of the Legion did not go hog-wild on the bonus issue, would be enough to discharge his obligation to his buddies. If he continues thinking so, I greatly fear that he will hear from the Heroes who are still pounding the pavements, and that what he hears will have no such sweet sound as what he heard in his recent campaign. For Our Boys, with hair greying and step less quick than in the days of the Great Crusade, are at last coming into their own, and the country can prepare to pay for the war.

Another thing for which the country

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can prepare, once Colonel Clark is ensconced among such colossi as Mrs. Hattie Caraway, Roscoe Patterson, and Huey Long, is a sad disillusionment, if, as seems likely, it expects to find in him a second Jim Reed. To expect that would, of course, be precisely as reasonable as to expect Bishop Cannon to begin acting like St. Paul, but the experience of the unfortunate Hawes shows that the country is capable of being exactly that reasonable. Hawes deserved his seat in the Senate, if for no other reason, because he could be trusted to vote wet on every occasion. But no sooner did he enter that forum than everybody began comparing him with Reed, and the sad dénouement is notorious.

Let us hope the colonel is subjected to no such ordeal by fire. He is a pleasant fellow, with a capacity for working hard at any task that tickles his fancy, as is shown by his comprehensive biography of the younger Adams, and he has a conception of public honor which will never occasion any uneasiness in the electorate that gave him a job. What is more, he is, like his father before him, a cultured gentleman and a sound historical scholar. Indeed, I suspect that the modesty which strangers often remark about him is to be explained by the fact that his mind is on something he has been reading rather than what is going on around him at the moment. He will be one of the few Senators who ever saw the inside of the *Congressional Record* before it published their own stuff, for he has read exhaustively in the complete file of this journal which comprises part of his large library. In the Senate, indeed, he will fill the niche which has been empty since the passing of that other scholar, William Cabell Bruce.

But even all this will not make him another Reed. His satire will never make one recall the great Dean. And despite the eloquence of some passages in his book, his oratorical powers will never make the rafters ring. His stock method of capturing an audience is to spread wide his coat, thereby exposing a waist line out of keeping with modern notions of diet, to hitch his thumbs in pants or vest pockets, to put on the boyish grin which seems to adorn his face at least nine-tenths of the time, and to indulge in gentle kidding of his opponents.

It is in another field than oratory that he is likely to prove useful to the nation —to wit, in the field of party government, in the caucus and committee room, where the heat is turned on, the votes pledged, and the fate of the nation decided. As everybody knows, it was ineptness in this science that caused the Democrats of the House to make such a disgraceful mess of taxation and economy matters at the last session. If any one can revive it at Washington, that one is the colonel, for he learned it from experts when he played as a youngster in the halls of the Capitol, and he preserves an almost naïve belief in the worthiness of this and other paraphernalia of democracy.

He has already, in fact, given an example of what he can do in this line. Missouri is one of the States which did not pass a redistricting act, and so nominated and elected all of its thirteen Congressmen at large. The colonel realized as soon as the primary was over that amongst the Democrats nominated for Congress were several who might not follow the policy set out in the national Democratic platform as to modification of the Volstead Act. He thereupon announced a plan to have the State convention pledge these candidates in its platform to vote for modification at the coming short session of Congress. What this amounted to was a

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challenge to the nominees to promise to vote for beer or get off the ticket and allow the substitution of men who would so promise. The result was that a solemn pledge to vote for immediate modification was signed by all the candidates, including five incumbents who had hitherto been voting dry.

IV

But for all his sophistication in practical politics, there is a boyishness about the colonel which is likely to get him as much grief in the future as it has got him friends and votes in the past. Unquestionably, his love of jollification does not lessen his attractiveness. He has plagued Reed to give the latter's imitation of Charley Dawes lecturing the Senate about its rules until the former Senator cusses every time it is suggested. But this same boyishness probably accounts for his passion to be on good terms with everybody; he seems quite incapable of making and keeping enemies. That incapacity, as everyone knows, is a requirement in a successful aspirant for the Presidency, and so the legionnaires may not be unreasonable in imagining the colonel on the throne of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

But if he really desires to carry on what he calls "the great tradition of Missouri Democrat Senators," he will not be squeamish about making the proper enemies, for none of the protagonists of that tradition have hesitated about making them. Reed is a case in point. No man in our time has been so respected for the gallery of hypocrites, tyrants, and mountebanks who have hated him and whose hatred he has returned. The Kansas City Voltaire could do the colonel an invaluable service by taking him into the back room, and showing him that a few well-chosen enemies are worth as much in politics as several attractive and lively offspring.

No doubt this same immaturity, so paradoxical in a person of such sound scholarship, accounts for the colonel's clumsy handling of the Prohibition issue, a performance genuinely astounding in a person capable of writing with the ease and directness of his life of Adams and of his speeches, of which I have seen first drafts in his longhand script that were so surely composed that hardly a word had to be altered on revision.

It is true, of course, that he has always opposed the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. In fact, an argument about the sanctity of the amendment with Dan Moody of Texas, during the Houston convention, was what started him off on his investigation of the life of Adams. It is also true that he anticipated the national Democratic plank on Prohibition by running for the senatorial nomination on such a plank.

But, unfortunately, it is likewise true that early in the campaign he acquired the unhappy habit of denouncing the saloon in the manner of a romantic dry. In one of his speeches I heard him commit the almost inconceivable *faux pas* of declaring that after the Eighteenth Amendment had been repealed, he, as a citizen of Missouri, would favor the adoption by the State of a liquor system under which saloons would be banned, like that of Canada—in apparent ignorance that the only Canadian liquor system which has been measurably successful, that of Quebec, has been so for the sole reason that it permits public drinking places which in this country would be regarded as saloons.

There may have been points in Missouri where such prattle against the saloon did the colonel no harm, but those places were

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not the big hotels, or the speakeasies, or the citadels of *Heimgemacht* in South St. Louis. The local Germans are not wishing just for beer; they have that now. What they want is the right, as citizens of a free country, to drink it in the open under the trees, with birds chirping overhead and a piano playing softly behind a trellis.

Likewise the boys who prefer the hard stuff already have it. What they yearn for, on evenings when the helpmate is belligerent, or the baby bawls, or the flapper daughter brings home her gang, or the family bills appear mountainous, is the consoling companionship of a gentleman in a white apron who has a soothing voice and a sympathetic heart.

The colonel's most convicting admission of immaturity, however, is his childish faith in the inherent virtue of the Democratic party. To him the band of political racketeers that parades under that name is actually superior to the band that opposes it. He could never have conceived that the sole reason for preferring Roosevelt to Hoover was that the former said he was wet. Until he had experienced a great awakening, he maintained that Prohibition should not be allowed to obscure what he called "the great economic issues" of the campaign, and he still seems to think the Democrats have a peruna for the Depression. He is hot for Jeffersonian simplicity and economy in government, and is sublimely unaware that it will probably require a revolution to get them.

In fine, the country will find in the colonel no fiery rebel to disrupt the even running of its inimitable political system, and, for all he will ever do, such inevitable and charming products of that system as the Jim Watsons and Joe Robinsons of the future can keep on the feed bag—that is, if they happen to be Democrats. If the well-heeled minority of ex-service men in which he belongs were to unite with the other Forgotten Men, and start out to put Jeffersonian simplicity and economy into government, not by electing Republicans or Democrats, but by using the effective technic learned in the army to drive both outfits into the ocean, there is no doubt what the colonel would reply if he were asked to enlist. He would not say: "Me tant talk." He would simply say: "Me Democrat."

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THE NATION IN ARMS: A RETROSPECT

BY AN ARMY OFFICER

IN EVERY occupation save two the past century and a quarter has been an age of specialization and differentiation. In the professions, not only does the surgeon no longer double as a barber, but an expert laparotomist will seldom venture to remove a tonsil. In the mechanic arts, it is indeed a broadly educated and somewhat old-fashioned fellow who, if employed to tighten Nut No. 4168, can also adjust No. 4167.

The two exceptions are the ancient and closely related trades of government and war. Thanks to the associated superstitions of nationalism and democracy, these have become the business of the whole people —the amateur in mass. In them, indeed, the expert is looked upon with suspicion. "Politician" is the most opprobrious epithet in politics. To attain the highest office the aspirant must show qualification as a dirt farmer, a rough rider, a college professor, or an engineer.

The same anti-expert prejudice is found in the business of war. Even schoolbooks do not lack the suggestion that Caesar's experience as a Roman Jimmie Walker was of more value in Gaul than his years with the legions; or that, without the broadening experience of the leather business, Grant could never have travelled from Washington to Richmond at fifty miles a year. Whether the surrender of politics to the cult of the amateur has been entirely beneficial is a question I leave for students of the *Congressional Record*. But the effects of this change in my own homicidal profession have interested and engaged me for many years.

Mass warfare is not, of course, a purely modern phenomenon. Our remote Germanic ancestors are reported to have joined battle with the entire male strength of the tribe, while the women and ancients formed a National Security League to screech and hoot from the wagons. Until almost our own time, however, this method of war was associated with primitive life. Whenever people reached a relatively high state of civilization they found it expedient to hire professional soldiers, and to carry on their wars with the least possible derangement of the normal community life. In Rome, for example, the army ceased to be a national militia somewhere about the time of Marius.

Even the primitive Teutons, as they became domesticated, began to realize the convenience and advantage of a professional soldiery. The feudal system itself was an effort to create and support a fighting and governing class, who, in return for a living, protected the non-combatant workers from attack. There followed the age of the *condottieri*, completely professional, but, since they enlisted in large groups, a bit too well equipped with *esprit de corps*, and too prone to collective bargaining, for the perfect comfort of the political authority.

The peak of the development of the professional army came in the middle part

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of the Eighteenth Century. Soldiers were then hired individually and were individually subject to the political state. Free from national prejudices, they fought for professional pride and a small stipend, equally willing to provide for the common defense and to preserve domestic tranquillity. It appears to have been quite unnecessary, in order to quicken their ardor in battle, to depict their enemies as baby-killers, ravishers of women, and dog-stealers, or to furnish them with Sunday-school leaflets and posters. They fought when and whom they were told to fight.

Their discipline, by all accounts, was superior to anything in the present day armies—as was that of the Roman legionaries. War was not only a learned profession to them, but a profitable business. There was no question in those days whether it was cheaper to lose the war and pay the indemnity or to win it and pay the bonus. The frightful casualty lists of the late unpleasantness were unknown. Soldiers were valuable government property, expensive to procure and tedious to train; so the skilled practitioner must know how to conserve his men, as well as his horses and powder: it was not enough to attack in such lavish depth that the rear ranks would outlast the enemy's ammunition.

Now, it is the habit of man to justify his own acts. In consequence, we find in both the military and the general literature of the last hundred years many misrepresentations of the old-time professional. It is the day of mob armies, and scorn is heaped upon the mercenary. Standing armies, it is said, are dangerous to liberty —presumably because they can be relied upon by the government to suppress disorder or revolution. In England, the specific Anglo-Saxon prejudice against skilled soldiers appears to rest, in the main, on the memory of Cromwell's military dictatorship (which would have been escaped if the Stuarts had had an army), and, in America, on the fact that the colonists displayed a natural reluctance to pay taxes for the British garrison (thus escaping a tax on tea to endure in the persons of their descendants the prohibition of whiskey, and avoiding a stamp tax to encounter the Revenue Act of 1932).

Even the ancients, in the first flush days of citizen armies, were maligned. Historians pointed the finger of scorn at the Carthaginians, who hired mercenaries to meet—and defeat—the embattled farmers of Rome. It is true that Carthage suffered some rather well-deserved inconvenience after her failure to pay off Hamilcar's Sicilian expeditionary force, but that might have been avoided by a display of simple honesty. The conversion of the Roman army to professionalism has been blamed for the fall of Rome—which actually occurred somewhere between 500 and 1500 years later. There is criticism of the part played by the army in the selection of the Emperor (Rome had no recognized system of succession, and the Emperors chosen by the legions were probably no worse than the rest), and there is forgetfulness of the centuries of peace and security brought by the same legions to those within the empire.

Particularly caustic has been the comment on the bloodless Eighteenth Century warfare, on the maneuvering made possible by the high training of the troops, and the cautious tactics made necessary by their cost. The failure of the skilled general to butt blindly against the stone wall of battle was absurd, it appears, and perhaps even a trifle effeminate. A willingness to wade through blood to victory was virility; to get there with dry feet was weakness.

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II

How and why did the Eighteenth Century army disappear? The present national army—like no inconsiderable number of other modern evils—came from France and the Revolution. The Revolution was directed against the government, and so against the army, the government's defender; it was democratic, and so antagonistic to the aristocratic organization of the army; it was nationalistic, and so hostile to the professional soldier, whose loyalty was not to the vague concept of the nation, but to his superiors, to his employer, and to his profession; who, indeed, like any other scientist, respected and sympathized with his fellow professionals in other countries; who might, and often did, change his employer and his allegiance.

The Revolution meant the decay from within or the destruction from without of the old army. The confidence and the firmness of the officers were undermined; then the Revolutionary spirit infected the troops. Individuals imbued with the professional spirit were dismissed or murdered. The symbol of the old army is the Swiss mercenary, who died defending the King who hired him—and, as subsequent events have shown, the cause of liberty and decency in France.

Then the liberated democracy embarked—as democracies will—on a foreign policy which embroiled France with all Europe. An army could not be created on the spur of the moment, nor were the new rulers in any mood to create one. So they had to arm the mob—and the Nation in Arms was born. It was a return, and the leaders said so, to the tribal system of warfare. Everyone, in some capacity or other, was to have his part in the war—fighting, casting cannon, rolling bandages, or screaming in the public square. The soldier was to fight for the Fatherland and not for pay. Therefore, he need not be paid. The system required little ready cash.

A new tactical method developed, resting at base on superiority of numbers, inferiority of training, and cheapness of life. The new soldiers could not maintain the perfect thin line of the previous generation, so the thin line had to go. But the whole manpower of the nation was at the disposal of the leaders; no time was needed to train replacements, for the dead they replaced were untrained. So they devised the attack in column—and the rear ranks advanced over piles of their own dead. The old delicate system of supply would not work, so the soldier turned brigand and lived on the country. (Since nations, not armies, were fighting, why respect the rights or property of noncombatants?)

This armed mob conquered Western Europe, and held it for a few years. Later writers saw only the conquest, and assumed lightly that numbers would always overcome skill. But there were other factors: diplomatically Europe was divided, was never really united until 1814; the Revolution had released a store of moral energy—or fanaticism—, which made its soldiers ready to die in a holy cause. Finally, it discovered a leader. (The fact is often forgotten that France first had years of defeat.) When at last the mob was partly trained, this leader of genius—though undoubtedly with limitations—appeared. Bonaparte, the Italian *condottiere*, was a professional, trained in the old school, but ready to adapt himself to the new army.

Victory was short-lived. It is true that the defeats of 1813 and 1814 were at the hands of other national armies—hysterical German patriot met hysterical French patriot. But it is also true that some part of the credit, in Spain and again at Waterloo,

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must go to the British professional, the ancestors of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd. But far more significant is the fact that the downfall of the First Empire can be traced to the inherent weakness of the army of the Revolution. The theory that men are expendable, brought to its logical conclusion in the last war, drained French manpower faster than it could be replaced. The theory of living on the country worked only so long as there was a fresh and populous country to live on.

The fate of the Russian campaign was tragically inevitable. Numbers were the reliance of the system, and overwhelming numbers were provided. But overwhelming numbers stripped bare the country in which they camped. The army could not stop: once set in motion, it must keep moving lest it starve. The new tactical system supplied the terrible losses of Borodino, to add to the attrition of the years before. Finally, at Moscow, it could advance no further; and it began a retreat across the desert it had created. Living on the country was impossible; with the transport available and the numbers involved, a return to the old method of supply from the rear was equally impossible. But it was still possible to starve.

The new discipline was also in evidence. The accounts show what happens when an army trained to plunder finds nothing to plunder but its own dépôts. The Grand Army had come from a mob, and when it got back to Germany it had returned whence it came. France was defeated in the War of Liberation because she no longer had enough men, or well enough trained men. She didn't have them because they had been shot by the tactical system, or starved by the supply system that the Revolutionary army invented and made necessary.

III

Nevertheless, the new sort of army continued to develop in Europe, and came later to something like perfection. For France had forced it upon another country, upon the same country that had perfected the professional army of the previous century. In 1806 the Prussian professionals, led by senile old gentlemen against a genius, went down to defeat at Jena. Thinking (as later statesmen were to think) to make that defeat permanent, Bonaparte limited the Prussian army to 40,000 men.

In France the national army had been in theory only an expedient, a war measure. But Prussia, with the Prussian genius for organization, and especial genius for war, made it a permanent system. If Prussia could have but 40,000 men, they need not remain the same 40,000. In peace as well as in war, the whole people could perform its military service. Each man, on coming of age, could serve his time, pass to the reserve, and be replaced by another and younger; then, in war, the reservists could return to the colors. The plan promised to furnish large armies at small cost; and it was adopted. Thence sprang the armies of 1866, of 1870, of 1914.

So far as the system could be improved, Prussia improved it. So far as short service men could be made to resemble long service men, the Prussian soldiers came to resemble them. So far as the deficiency of training in the ranks could be supplied by a professional body of skilled officers, the Prussians supplied it. New means of transport eased the difficulties of supply. The resources of the theater of operations became of secondary importance. The result was victory, and the credit went to the system. *Das Volk in Waffen*, the Nation in Arms, became a shibboleth; before long,

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to most soldiers, no other arrangement was conceivable. Only two major states held out for the professional army: England had little fighting, save with the barbarians; the United States, in her only major war, adopted the national army only as an emergency measure, and its recruits, both North and South, ran yelling toward —and sometimes away from—one another, stealing silver between rounds.

From 1870 to 1914 the Franco-German War was the model to study. In brevity, efficiency, and competent leadership, it approached the old professional warfare. Its generals, with numbers not materially greater than those of the Napoleonic period, had the new transport and the new communications for supply and control. The ponderous German machine creaked at times, but, opposed by enthusiasm not too intelligently directed, it continued to roll. To the future historian it is likely that 1870 will appear, not as a mere phase in the development of mass warfare, but as its finest flower—and the beginning of its decline.

For the race of numbers continued. If transport and communication improved, then armies could be made still larger. The Grand Army of 1812 starved with a wagon train; a railroad could have fed it; therefore, let the Grand Army of the future grow large enough to starve on a railroad. This tendency continued through the years of peace. Between 1914 and 1918 we were to witness the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Nation in Arms. The only limit to size was the number of physically fit, and even that standard could be lowered. Russia is said to have mobilized 15,000,000 men.

No mortal man could control such numbers. Their unwieldiness, their utter lack of maneuverability, appeared even before war was declared. The outbreak itself was hastened, the war perhaps given its widespread form, by the elaborate nature of mobilization. When the Czar wanted a partial mobilization against Austria, the machinery was too unwieldy, and mobilization had to be all or none. The Kaiser, hoping to keep England out, tried to stop the invasion of Belgium. Unthinkable! Not a railroad schedule could be changed, not a unit could do column left, without upsetting the whole clumsy monster!

Such forces could not maneuver, could not turn and twist and dodge in the Eighteenth Century style. They could only start forward on a detailed plan worked out through the years, and continue till they struck. When finally they had sprawled across the map of Europe, there was no room left to move, even if they had been capable of movement. With nothing left to do but to butt, they butted. Why not? Men were cheap and plentiful. Russia, carrying this theory to its bitter end, supplied her deficiency of weapons with a sufficiency of men, and lost at times a third of a million a month.

Again the supply difficulty arose, but in a new form. In 1812 the theater of operations couldn't supply the army. A century later the whole theater of war couldn't. The size of the army had grown so that its mobilization upset the entire life of the state. The economic system was hopelessly disorganized. The nations at war could not furnish both men and supplies—the more men they had in the ranks the more supplies they needed, and the fewer there were to produce them. Ultimately, the lines of communication stretched half way round the globe. It became doubtful whether the whole world could furnish the needed supplies. All reserves of ammunition and weapons were exhausted.

Besides, demobilization would be attended with the same difficulty as mobili-

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zation. Each state must go twice through a complete derangement of its economic and social system. The object of the professional army had been to fight the war with the minimum of trouble to the state as a whole—to protect it from the impact of war. The object of the new system seemed to be to involve as many people as possible.

IV

Post-war proposals for the extension and perfection of the system bear out this appearance. Conscription of labor, conscription of capital, mobilization of industry—a complete return to tribal warfare and a complete dislocation of every function of normal life. Moreover, the further this is carried, unless the state is to remain permanently mobilized, the less the proportion of trained personnel, even among officers and directors, and the greater the consequent inefficiency.

But perhaps the worst feature of all has to do with the successors of our Teutonic grandmothers who shrieked in the tribal wagons. Propaganda has become a potent and indispensable force; the liar now ranks with the general. The old-time professional soldier did not need to be lied to. He fought because he had long been habituated to obey orders, and because he possessed that odd motive of professional pride, the same which leads a surgeon carefully to perform a difficult operation on a man he doesn't like. The professional soldier did not have to be taught to hate his enemies. Frequently he didn't even dislike them. He probably preferred them to the civilians at home. If they fought well, he admired them with the admiration of one honest tradesman for another; if they didn't, he despised them. It wasn't necessary to tell the Prussian grenadiers that Maria Theresa practised cannibalism, or to convince the white-coated Austrians that Frederick was a pervert.

Not so the citizen soldier. He has no professional pride, and no habit of obedience. He fights only when he is reduced to the gibbering hysteria of a French Jacobin or a Moslem in a holy war. Propaganda must supply the hysterics.

In a monarchy this might be tolerable. Certainly, even there, it would generate a great deal of unnecessary hatred and result in a great many unnecessary atrocities. But in a democracy the case is worse. For in the monarchy, there is a division between the governor and the governed; the monarch can control the propaganda and maintain a detached and reasonable attitude. In a democracy the citizen soldier of today is the sovereign voter of yesterday and tomorrow. The propaganda agency is theoretically the servant of the very people it seeks to deceive. The propagandist is either self-deceived, or, if he is a clever cynic, he can control the state. It is scarcely necessary to advert to the absurdities of the propaganda in the last war, or to its lasting postwar effects—to nonsense and historical lies written in treaties to please people who had been whooped to fighting mood by the methods of a Negro camp-meeting.

As a matter of fact, the very idea behind the propaganda weapon is anarchical. As I have said, the professional soldier fights because he is told to fight by competent authority. This is not enough for the citizen soldier, who is taught to fight because his cause is right. The natural corollary is that he need not fight if his cause is unjust. Yet his refusal to fight then is illegal. Moreover, in a democracy, he is supposed to fight, not for the sovereign state but for that hazy entity, the Nation, of which he himself is a part. His natural

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resort, if the enemy propaganda bites deep enough, is revolution. As an amateur he has no horror of the professional sin of mutiny. The state has no professional force to rely on. In the last analysis the discipline of the army rests on a belief in everything that appears in the newspapers.

V

With this somewhat dark view of the past, what of the future? The pacifists see this, or part of it, with some imaginary horrors of their own. And they attribute it all to the nature of war itself. Their remedy is to abolish war. But the eventual feasibility and even desirability of this remains debatable.

To me, at least, the profession of arms is not only the oldest, but the most permanent of the professions. But, assuredly, to any but the blindest and cheeriest of optimists, the immediate accomplishment of the pacifists' programme is more than doubtful. Certainly the antics of the peoples of the world, so lately liberated from despotism, give little encouragement. Democracy may be a basis for world peace, but its history, from Athens to France, scarcely furnishes proof. Liberal nationalism, the prop of the Fourteen Points, looks like a broken reed.

Our hope lies elsewhere. Most of the horrors, so eloquently depicted in pacifist nightmares, are not inherent in war, but are merely concomitants of the strange and primitive war organization, begun by Carnot, continued by Bonaparte and Scharnhorst, and perfected by Moltke.

There is every reason to hope that the age of the war of masses has already passed. Years ago, von der Goltz, author of the standard treatise on the Nation in Arms, suggested that it might be a passing phase. Ancient infantry gave way to medieval cavalry, medieval cavalry to modern infantry. And the swing from small to large armies and back has happened before. We have seen the gross unwieldiness of the army of masses. We can conceive its vulnerability to a relative small force—a professional force of several hundred thousand—trained to the Eighteenth Century standard of discipline, equipped with every modern weapon, and making up in mobility and maneuverability what it lacks in weight.

In military science the orthodoxy of today becomes the heresy of tomorrow—when the orthodox army is defeated. Once the professional few beat the amateur many, other states will be quick to follow. Until that happens, consideration of the armament and tactics of the New Mercenaries must be speculation. It is a form of speculation to which general staffs might profitably devote some time; but so far it has been left to the Tom Swift school of expert—to the gas boys, the tank boys, the magic airship boys.

We can give some credence to their views. An unquestioned advantage of the small army will be its ability to adopt the latest and best of arms, to use (like the late medieval Free Companies) the maximum protection of armor. It does not follow, however, that military development must be left to the chemist, the mechanician, and the maker of boiler-plate. In fact, changes in arms and their use may readily be of degree rather than kind.

It is axiomatic that an army can make up for inferiority in numbers by superiority in speed. For superiority in speed may allow concentration of numbers at the decisive point. In the new army, increased speed will be a matter partly of improved discipline, and partly of mechanical transport. Then, too, there will be a larger proportion of effectives: less depth will be

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needed; fewer reserves; a smaller administrative and sustaining personnel. (Precedent is found in the greater fire power of the British line against the Napoleonic column.) The proportion of automatic weapons will increase: for with a smaller army, we can supply the weapons and their ammunition; and, with higher training, we can make them more effective. Thus far, at least, we may go with the mechanists in substituting iron for blood.

But ability to maneuver will be still more important. The New Army will regain the power to change direction. Best of all, perhaps, it will be able to retreat. General Bernhardi's formula for the penetration of an entrenched position is a prepared retirement—to draw the enemy from his works and strike him with a decisive counterattack. Such a maneuver will require professional standards of training. Beside the army of masses suffers intolerable strain when it moves, even though it can move forward. (*Vide* the 1812 Campaign.) A delaying policy, common to all professional forces, may readily bring the enemy to the verge of collapse, since the maintenance of a Nation in Arms deranges the whole economic and social life of the state which supports it.

There is an historical parallel—worth no more and no less than other historical parallels: after Tilsit, France forced upon Prussia the national army, and Prussia, with the same genius that had produced the army of Frederick the Great, refined it, and gave it to Europe and the world; after Versailles, France forced upon Germany a small professional army.

The result remains to be seen.

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BETTER DAYS FOR RAIL PASSENGERS

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

For many years short haul was the *bête noire* of your American railroad executive. He put his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest and spat upon it. Trains rumbling five hundred, a thousand, two thousand miles in an unbroken monopoly of prosperity were his dream of heaven come to earth. Short haul—particularly passenger short haul—was abominable to him. But there was to come a day—and it came well before the end of the Midas era of the late '20s—when he was to look with tearful eyes upon the passing of that selfsame traffic from his hands. It is the toy that is taken away from the child that he regrets the most. Just so with the local passenger business of the American railroads.

The Boston & Maine is primarily short haul and quite largely passenger (35%). Its longest line reaches less than 250 miles; its busiest one—the old Fitchburg, from Bunker Hill through the sacred swales of Massachusetts and the needle's eye of the Hoosac Tunnel to the unregenerate wastes of upper New York State—but 187. In New Hampshire, Southern Maine and the northern stretches of the Old Bay State its lines interlace like a trolley system.

Time was—and that time only a little more than twenty years ago—when the Boston & Maine was a famous passenger carrier. Its short, fat, main stems led from Boston north and east to Portland and the Maine resorts, north and west to the White Mountains and the Green, and, by connection, on to Montreal and the rest of Canada. For three months of the year it enjoyed a patronage almost beyond its capacity. Velvet. Full cream. Prosperous folk from New York and still further away, Summer-bound. And during the rest of the year, its own New Englanders provided a passenger traffic that at least might be counted upon to pay its way.

Then came the motor-car, the motor-bus, the motor-truck. The defection was first felt in the little branch lines. The old-fashioned operating organization of the road went at the problem in the old-fashioned operating way. It began to lop off trains; in a few cases, all service, even up to the actual abandonment of branches. But the cancer only spread deeper, and soon even the main stems showed its effects. No more full cream. The hotel-keepers of Northern New England became indifferent; their clerks could no longer inform you, offhand, as to the train schedules. One big house up in the White Mountains, which for years had received more than 90% of its patrons by rail, now received less than 8%. Only skimmed milk was left.

The logical end to the process of saving such a situation by the elimination of trains is, of course, the entire abandonment of the road. But, to the Boston and Maine people this was quite unthinkable. Instead, that old-fashioned organization began to develop a new kind of railroad salesmanship. It went to its old public with

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new and attractive offers. Did a man really prefer to travel by motor-bus, to ship his goods by truck? Very well then. The Boston & Maine would go into the highway transport business, correlating it as far as possible with its train service. An overnight service, truck-rail-truck, from upper New England to Boston and New York, was introduced. Its busses were modern, swift, comfortable. They came into immediate popularity.

But the road did not stop there. It gave thought to making the passenger trains that remained more attractive. It brought new coaches and new dining-cars. It dolled up its locomotives; named its trains; advertised in every possible way. It tore down its grimy old chief station in Boston, and built a new North Station, clean, modern and efficient, with a hotel and office building and a Madison Square Garden attached, to help meet carrying expenses.

It revised its rates and discovered new possibilities in the excursion business. Fortunately for it, its lines ran to Montreal—and Montreal, thanks to Prohibition, had become a tourist center of the first order. There anyone could get the stuff—high percentage, good quality, freely served. Niagara Falls and Atlantic City were going downhill. One could get liquor a-plenty at both places, but the quality was apt to be dubious and the prices top-heavy. At Montreal it was legal, pure, abundant and cheap. So Montreal edged up on Niagara Falls and Atlantic City and then went well ahead of them.

The Boston & Maine sought—and obtained—the ensuing business. Its excursions to Canada began to be limited only by the amount of rolling-stock available for the trains. Next came the territory south of the border. On the theory that the best time to build up business is in the off season, a play was made to get folks to go up from Boston for week-ends at Hanover and other popular points in Northern New England—in the dead of Winter. And a tremendously successful play it proved to be. Last Summer the process was reversed, and the Boston & Maine began bringing trainloads of folk down to Boston from the hinterland. This was also a considerable success.

Naturally enough, it raised up imitators. Now all the railroads aroundabout New York run Sunday excursions into town. They, too, reach up toward Montreal. Last Summer, in the West, the Northern Pacific ran a boat-train excursion to Duluth from the Twin Cities. Nearly 4000 people crowded into the sixty coaches that could be scraped together for the party, and about 4000 more, with their money in their hands, were left behind.

II

Excursions and excursion-rates used to make no impress at Pullman G.H.Q., but now a great light has shown there. Too many good Pullmans are gathering dust on side-tracks. So Pullman has lately gone into the excursion business with a vengeance. Special round-trip rates and all the rest of it. Three nights up to Montreal and back—and use the sleeper as your hotel, all at an attractive rate (including the railroad fare). Four days up to Rochester, Minn., from Chicago—"time enough to see your friends in the hospitals or go there yourself", the advertising dodgers put it. Pretty soon, perhaps, the Brothers Mayo will be forced into the combine, and one will hear of tonsil operations at a flat rate, with the railroad fare, the Pullman and meals included.

But there still remain many Americans who are not excursionists—regular folks who go, now and then, from town to

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town, and have no particular yen for the highway, or the air paths overhead. Old-fashioned folk who still like to ride upon the cars, on regular errands bent. What is to be done about *them*? In answer, the railroads have bucked up their through passenger services pretty handsomely within the past few years. A good many trains have been either consolidated or completely removed from the time-cards, but the running times of the remaining ones have been quickened materially, new equipment has been provided, and a definite effort has been made to hold that sort of passenger traffic which still remains fairly loyal to the iron horse—the long haul business. And, in some parts of the country especially, there has been no small slashing of passenger rates.

A stiff hurdle remains in the Pullman rates. Take, for instance, the charges for a compartment between Chicago and the Pacific Coast. The modern traveler "of the more discriminating sort," as the steamship advertising describes him, is hardly satisfied with the old-fashioned type of open berth. Its system of sleeping on a shelf back of swaying green curtains is too reminiscent of the days when there were but two cabins in steamboats—decorously divided sexually—in which men and women travelers similarly sequestered themselves for the night—also on shelves, back of swaying curtains. We do grow more civilized, slowly but surely, and the open-berth sleeping car begins to date.

Whenever they can, railroad patrons turn from it to some sort of individual room accommodation. On most American railroads it is still a rather expensive turning, but on many relatively short runs, such as those between New York and Washington, Boston and Montreal, Pittsburgh and Chicago, Chicago and Cleveland, and Detroit and St. Louis, single-room cars are now being operated, and with a surcharge of but one-tenth over the regular fare.

So far there are no such single-room cars on the transcontinental runs between Chicago and the West Coast. The cheapest individual room available on these 56-hour runs is the so-called compartment, which, in reality, is simply a Pullman section that has been barred from the aisle and the outer world by a stout door and provided with its own lavatory. The Pullman charge (including the rail surcharge) for one of these compartments is $66.75 from Chicago to the Coast. For three nights of occupancy this is surely a stiff price.

Yet it is not all. In case single occupancy is desired, a half-fare extra railroad ticket is demanded—a matter of an additional $35 or so. The drawing-room offers somewhat more ample accommodation than the compartment, but there is an even higher Pullman charge for its use; and a full extra railroad ticket is demanded. This results in its being used, almost invariably, by two or three persons. A compartment at $100 for three nights is about as far as the single traveler will go.

A few weeks ago I traveled in a "nite-coach" on the State highway that stretches its sinewy 450 miles between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The vehicle makes practically the same time as the best railroad trains between those two towns—thirteen hours. I paid a silver dollar for my berth. It takes hard times to induce a man as big as I am (fourteen stone, six) to crawl into a berth about twenty-four inches high and twenty-four inches wide—there actually are four tiers of them in the nite-coaches, two more than in the Pullmans, with all their greater clearance and height—for a thirteen-hour, high-speed journey. Yet that night twenty-four of us —including a half-dozen women—did it. For a dollar apiece.

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Personally, I would have been much more comfortable if I had sat up all night in the comfortable easy chairs of the *de luxe* regular coaches—or stages as you must call them when you get west of the Missouri. But others must have felt differently. For almost every night these nite-coaches between Los Angeles and San Francisco and Portland are filled to their capacity, which is very close to that of the standard Pullman. More of them are being built. Soon they will invade the East.

Why should these uncomfortable, new-fashioned sleeping-cars of the highway be taking away business from the comfortable, old-fashioned Pullman? There is just one answer. The one-way bus fare between the city of the saints and the roosting place of the angels is only $10; the railroad fare is $14. Not so much of a spread there. But the bus berth costs only a dollar, and the Pullman berth $4.50 for a lower and $3.60 for an upper, including the surcharge. A big spread there. Too big a spread.

Along the whole Pacific Coast the railroad struggles against three powerful forms of public passenger carrying—highway, waterway and airway—as well as against the privately owned and operated automobile. In Portland I was able to engage a fine new eight-cylinder motor-car to drive down to San Francisco at twelve cents a mile (gas and oil included), and with a generous time allowance for the trip. With three railroad fares at the present nation-wide standard of 3.6 cents a mile, here was a great saving, even with no allowance for Pullman fares and surcharges. No wonder the drive-it-yourself business has become a huge transport service, with large fleets of cars, completely interchangeable between central bases, maintained across the land. Still another burden upon the shoulders of the poor old railroad!

III

A man of my acquaintance—not a railroad man—, with all these things in mind, has worked out what he says is an ideal system of fares for the American roads. He would create three classes of tickets—very similar to the European system, although probably not using the same nomenclature. For riding in a day coach he would charge two cents a mile; in Pullman accommodations of the second grade (by this he means the average open-berth sleeping car on the average type of through or local train) three cents a mile; and for Pullman accommodations of the best grade (rooms in the best trains, and, in the case of certain *de luxe* expresses, also open berths as well) three-and-a-half or four cents a mile—all, of course, in addition to the Pullman charges for the accommodations actually occupied.

But no surcharges. The sinister influences that, at the end of the McAdoo overlordship of the American railroad system, wished the passenger surcharge upon it, could have done it no greater disservice. Both the plan and the very name are unspeakable. No merchant, no tavern-keeper, possessing any sense of salesmanship would ever have used such a damning word as "surcharge." The railroad executives recognize the blunder, and are seeking a way out of it.

In the schedule of charges that I have just outlined, "Pullman accommodations of the second grade" would mean any open-berth sleeper (as well as a seat in a parlor-car), save those operated in the very fast trains of the *de luxe* type—such as the Yankee Clipper, the Century, the Congressional, the Capitol, the Overland, the North Coast, or the Chief. "Pullman accommodations of the best grade" would be any form of Pullman room or berth in this

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luxurious type of train. But no surcharge, and no extra ticket for the single occupancy of a room.

With such a system, the fare on the super trains between New York and Chicago would be (at four cents a mile) approximately $36.50, in addition to Pullman accommodations ranging from $5 for a lower berth to $12 or $15 for a room. To ride in an ordinarily good train between the same two cities would cost about $27.50; in addition of course to Pullman charges—the same as in the finer and faster *de luxe* trains. The man willing to forego Pullman luxury and use a day coach (not uncomfortable in these days) would pay about $18.25.

The corresponding range of fares between Chicago and the Pacific Coast would run about $40, $60 and either $70 or $80, with Pullman accommodations, where used, ranging from about $15 for a lower berth to $35 for a compartment and $45 for a drawing-room.

But to this plan another man of my acquaintance—this one a well-seasoned railroader—takes violent exception. He protests that the spread between the lowest fare and the highest is entirely too great.

"You would drive the people out of the Pullman cars and put the good old Pullman Company out of business," he says.

The last desire I have in the world is to put the good old Pullman Company out of business. I am most sympathetic with the Pullman folks and their problems and perplexities, particularly at this moment. Also with their real effort, in recent years, to improve their cars. Perhaps the best solution of their problem would be for the railroads to take over the Pullman Company—the operating end of it, not the manufacturing—and operate it as a self-supporting non-profit service, very much as the newspapers do with their Associated Press or the railroads themselves with their interlocking express service.

For ten years past the Pullman folks have been the most violent protestors against the surcharge system. The fact that this super-tax is included in their ticket charge, so that the average traveler regards it as a burden placed upon him by the Pullman organization itself, has not made their way easier. They are most anxious to see the surcharge removed.

But to return to my railroad friend.

"The trouble is," he says, and there is much real meat in this, "that we attack this entire vexed question of passenger fares from the wrong end. We conjure up arbitrary figures—frequently imaginary ones—and juggle with them; and forget completely that the dominating factor in fixing American passenger fares in the future must be our competitors upon the highway, the waterway, and the airway—chiefly the airway.

"What is the busman going to charge you to go from New York to Boston or to Chicago? That is the real question. Go further: What will it cost the average man to run his motor-car out upon the highroad to any point? Can we make an attractive railroad fare and educate him to use the train and not the gasoline trail, sometimes at least, when he journeys from home?"

I think that I understand what this man means. I live in the city of New York. A good many friends and acquaintances live up-State—Albany, Watertown, Rochester, Buffalo—all the way from 140 to 400 miles or more distant from Broadway and Forty-second street. In every one of these instances there is excellent train service to and from New York. Yet in too many cases these folk, when they come to town, use their motor-cars, not the railroad. They will drive to the Harlem river in eight or

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ten hours from even such remote places as Boston and Watertown and Rochester; and give little thought to the cost of gasoline and oil, or to the wear and tear upon their car and tires. Offhand, they dismiss the railroad charges as prohibitive. Perhaps they are. Certain it is that when the railroad offers one of its occasional low-priced round-trip excursions to the big city and back, the cars—day coaches and Pullmans—are well filled, and with folk who own and operate motor-cars of their own. The railroad will certainly not run amuck if it seeks honestly to adjust its fares so as to induce these up-State folks to forsake their motor-cars for the longer runs, and still preserve for itself some decent measure of passenger revenue.

The problem has vast ramifications—and complications. Of late the Interstate Commerce Commission has interested itself in it. It has inquired privately of the presidents of some of the larger roads what they would suggest to meet the increasingly bad situation. One of the pet theories of the I.C.C. has always been that the passenger part of railroad earnings should bear its fair share of supporting the carriers. Because of this it has encouraged the surcharge and the extra ticket charges for accommodations of the better sort. Now it seeks again to bring passenger revenues up to a point where they will produce some fair proportion of the necessary totals, and not throw practically the entire burden of maintaining the roads upon the freight receipts.

But it is not enough to make sure that the earning power of the roads from passenger revenues is not impaired. That is only a negative way of looking at it. The real object should be to increase these revenues radically. If the present standard fare of 3.6 cents a mile is cut to 2 cents, it takes no large arithmetic to discover that riding must be increased 80% to maintain even the present revenue.

On the one hand, for both short haul and local traffic, the railroad executives are confronted with the competition of the highway—slightly lessened in these days of Depression, but still portentous. On the other—the profitable long haul—the airplane now threatens them with increasing vigor. Riding in the airways steadily increases. Seventy-five or eighty people now fly each day between New York and Chicago and pay a fraction less than $35 for the privilege. To ride on the best trains between those two cities costs—with nothing more than a Pullman lower berth—a fraction over $50. The airplane fares to the Pacific Coast are at least no more than the railroad charges (plus a minimum Pullman fare), if they are not actually lower.

In the beginning, when the railroads made an effort to correlate their service with that of the air lanes, there was a gentleman's agreement between them and the air transport companies that airplane fares should always remain a fraction higher than those of the rail. But the airplane companies, fattening themselves at the public treasury—under the guise of mail subsidies—soon grew cocky and powerful themselves, and these agreements went glimmering. Most of the airplane schedules then came out of the railroad time-tables. Open warfare again.

IV

That fares will be reduced, that a more scientific basic rate structure will be adopted (such as was done successfully in an intricate case with the express companies, nearly twenty years ago), that the ridiculous surcharge will be scrapped, and that Pullman charges will be brought back to pre-war levels (like those of hotel

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rooms in almost every corner of the country)—all this now seems to be certain. It is an interesting gamble. But it is no sure panacea.

If the Interstate Commerce Commission will go along with the railroad people—and there is every present evidence that it will—there will be a distinct advance toward the solution of the problem. But its capacities in that direction are limited. It and its confrères—the State regulatory boards—have little or no power over highway carriers. The rail operators, beset by bus competition, lower their rates in an honest effort to get back the business that has been stolen from them. But to change their tariffs they must file a thirty-day advance notice. That is the law. But no law compels the bus operator to file such advance notices. He can—and often does—change his rates of fare overnight, and as many nights as he pleases. Gradually, however, law and order are overtaking him. The whole present trend of State and Federal legislation is toward making him comply with the same laws and practices as govern his big competitor of the steel highway.

While you have a picture of the modern bus in your mind, imagine it shorn of its rubber tires and placed upon flanged wheels upon a railroad's steel rails. Taken out of the way of the individual driver upon the State highway. Widened and lengthened. More elbow room and more leg room. Lavatory. Best of all, the very real safety of that protective steel flange. The man in the forward end of the bus is now no longer primarily a pilot. His vehicle is steered for him automatically, just as its swift progress is protected—automatically—by intricate and ingenious systems of switches and signals. He merely has to start and stop, apply his brake—when needful—and perform certain other small chores. The safety of the motor bus has been elevated to that of the railroad train.

Moreover, upon the steel highway it becomes possible to add multiple units of these same busses, and so create a train—of two cars, or even three or four. Facilities for eating and drinking can be added. Speed can be gained. And cleanliness. And comfort. And flexibility. With vehicles of this sort introduced across the land, with fares readjusted to a point where they spell both attractiveness to the potential traveler and a fair degree of revenue to the carrier, passenger traffic should begin to return to the railroad in increasing volume.

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THE ACE REPORTER OF THE AIR

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

BETWEEN 1918 and 1928 Floyd Phillips Gibbons covered ten wars, some of them a shade obscure historically but all of them vividly gory according to the despatches he filed. He lost an eye while seeking a close-up of the Belleau Wood scrap for the Chicago *Tribune*. He is an officer of the Legion of Honor and wears the Croix de Guerre rosettes of France and Italy. Club ladies crowd and jostle each other when he is on a lecture tour, and he is known to millions of radio addicts as the Headline Hunter. But despite these high achievements, he was nominated for oblivion, in *Vanity Fair* for last June, with the following sardonic citation:

> . . . because in twenty-five years of public battening on war he has always foregone the opportunity to mold public opinion toward peace, preferring to see war as a "show"; because he is a professional hero, patriot and jingoist; because he recently continued his headline hunting at Shanghai, where he again exploited human tragedy.

It is, perhaps, unjust to criticize Mr. Gibbons for not joining the American Committee for the Outlawing of War. No one expects Max Steuer to demand that criminal trials shall cease, or John W. Davis to urge an end of corporation litigation. Ever since 1914, when the Mexican trouble started, Mr. Gibbons has been sniffing gunpowder in a non-combatant capacity, with a large C on his brassard. Nevertheless, he insists that he does not like war. In the "Red Napoleon," a fantastic tome which he dashed off during a momentary lull in 1928, he described his repugnance to slaughter at considerable length. He said that he could not compute the hundreds of men he had seen killed—shot, burned and blown to bits—and that he was thoroughly sick of the spectacle.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Gibbons has diligently added new lustre to the already shining rôle of battle reporter, and in schools of journalism throughout the land there are eager students who hope, some day, to emulate his deeds. He has listed the following as among the wars he has chronicled since 1918: the World War, the Polish-Russian War, the War in the Near East, the War in China, the War in Morocco, the Revolution in Poland and the War in Nicaragua.

Unfortunately, the period between late 1928 and the close of 1931 was lamentably peaceful, and he could not locate a war which justified another Chicago *Tribune* expense account. Life, to him, thus became dull indeed. But time was to show that this was just as well. Great forces, unseen and unpredictable, were sweeping him onward toward an eminence he had not dreamed of. The bull market was in full swing and with it the radio craze. The nation's manufacturers of receiving sets speeded production to unprecedented heights. They foresaw a day swiftly approaching when every home would have

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three radio sets: one for grandma, another for pa and ma, a third for the kiddies. To stimulate sales they offered a multitude of new broadcasting entertainers. The most successful of these were Amos 'n' Andy, to whose tribulations the nation listened feverishly every night. A close second was Floyd Gibbons, who christened himself the Headline Hunter and became the Ace Reporter of the Air.

From his ensuing experiences with the invisible audiences of the radio Mr. Gibbons apparently evolved a great psychological truth. This was that it is quite impossible to underestimate the public taste or the mass appetite for the silly. He discovered that he was speaking to an audience on an even lower level of intellect than that of the motion picture.

II

As a newspaper man in Minneapolis and Chicago and then as correspondent abroad, Mr. Gibbons wrote competently although without special distinction. His flair was for getting news rather than for writing it, but the despatches he turned in were terse and moderately graphic. The radio changed all that. During the closing months of 1931 the situation in the Far East was causing cable editors considerable anguish. The Japanese were on the march, but not much news was coming in. Mr. Gibbons had severed his connection with the *Tribune* when he joined the National Broadcasting Company, but it was impossible for him to stay away from a war. So he signed up with the Hearst news services and set out for the East.

Along with his riding breeches, boots and the other paraphernalia of the accredited correspondent he carried his new conviction that the jargon of radio broadcasting had a popular appeal sadly missing in the old-style news writing. He began most of his despatches with the "Hello Everybody!" which had become familiar to his radio audiences. He called his readers "boys and girls" and he said that their Floydy was very much on the job, that he was risking his neck so that they might know all about the invading Nipponese and the stout defense of the Chinese. A cable from Shanghai on January 30 declared that the fighting there was only a promise of better things to come.[1]

> [This cable opened with the usual "Hello Everybody!" and described Mr. Gibbons, who spoke of himself as "your Headline Hunter," lifting his "steel-helmeted head" above the sand-bags in the United States Marines' dug-out on Soochow creek, and observing the artillery battle along the Whangpoo river. It expressed the opinion that a new boil was a-gathering upon poor old Mother Earth's neck.]

Sure enough, this boil kept a-gathering and Floydy's hot despatches kept a-pouring into the offices of the International News Service and the Universal Service. At the height of the excitement, however, the Lindbergh kidnapping grabbed the front pages to the exclusion of everything else, and he was silent for more than two

[1] At this point in Mr. Pringle's MS. there appears a sixty-seven word extract from the aforesaid cable, but when THE AMERICAN MERCURY applied to the King Features Syndicate, Inc., a Hearst subsidiary and owner of the copyright, for permission to print it the following letter was received:

> In reply to your letter of November 3, addressed to Mr. Connolly, I beg to inform you that permission is granted to reproduce quotations from Mr. Floyd Gibbons' articles in the Hearst newspapers providing the article written about him is of a favorable nature. If the article is unfavorable, permission is not given.
>
> BRADLEY KELLY

Inasmuch as THE AMERICAN MERCURY was unable to guarantee that Mr. Pringle's view of this distinguished Hearst author would meet a definition of "favorable" framed in the Hearst offices, it became impossible to print the extract, and a summary is now offered instead. Similar summaries in several other places follow.

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weeks. On March 17—"the first real yip you've had out of me since they grabbed the baby"—he explained that "this here Asiatic fracas [had] just naturally folded up like an empty wallet":

> [The rest of this cable was to the effect that the generals and admirals in action at Shanghai were made unhappy by seeing their operations displaced on the front pages by the kidnaping, and expressed the hope that the tousled head of young Lindbergh would soon be "back on Anne's arm."]

Mr. Gibbons followed with a few short despatches before returning to the United States via Honolulu late in March; and in them set forth a growing alarm that the folks back home were not fully aware of the Yellow Peril. It was an apprehension that had been long held also by Mr. Gibsons' employer, Mr. Hearst. Mr. Gibbons' own first hint of it, a week or so before sailing for home, was as cryptic as the mumblings of a Delphic oracle:

> [This cable began as usual with "Hello Everybody!" and gave the text of a message sent by Mr. Gibbons to the Hon. Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War. The introduction to it described Mr. Hurley as "my very dear friend." The essence of the message was that the 31st United States Infantry should be pulled out of Shanghai as soon as possible. It ended with the cryptic senence "I can't say more now."]

If this public notice disturbed Mr. Hurley there is no record of it, although, as a matter of fact, the 31st was recalled. By the time Mr. Gibbons returned from China and, presumably, whispered the rest of the message into Pat's ear, the bustling Secretary of War had more pressing problems on his hands. He was wondering how he could get rid of the Bonus Expeditionary Force, which had camped in Washington and was proving excessively obnoxious to the Hoover administration. He was wondering whether his efforts to reëlect Mr. Hoover would be successful or whether he would have to leave the fascinating social life of the capital and return to the dust and obscurity of Oklahoma.

Subsequent despatches made it clear that Mr. Gibbons feared the worst. The United States, he felt, might become involved in the Far East at any moment.

> [The essence of the most important of these despatches was that it "did happen thirty-four years ago today in Havana harbor," and that the subsequent war between the United States and Spain "kicked" the United States into possession of "a lot of Far Eastern islands," and made it one of the great Powers in the Pacific.]

Mr. Gibbons gave evidence of his grasp of history in writing this warning; not quite enough history, however. Had he searched the halls of his memory a little more carefully he would have remembered that Mr. Hearst, his boss, had been a principal advocate of the war with Spain, and that with the assistance of Joseph Pulitzer he had delivered the kick which forced Uncle Sam to grab the Philippine Islands.

The next thunderings from Floydy related to the Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Fortesque, her son-in-law, Lieutenant Massie, and the two simple seamen who had assisted in avenging Mrs. Massie were on trial. Mr. Gibbons, pausing briefly, wrote a demand for the termination in Honolulu of the alliance between "the white politicians and the yellow ones". America's slogans, he said, should be:

> [The first of these slogans was borrowed from Perry: "Don't give up the ship!" The second was an exhortation to American he-men to protect the white women in Hawaii. The third exhorted them to save the Islands from the Asiatic politicians whose grip was upon them.]

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His published reaction when word reached him, after leaving the islands, that the four defendants had been convicted was a model of moral literature. Pardons had not yet been granted and sentences of ten years had been imposed. "To the limit! The Outside Limit!" Mr. Gibbons cried. By the Almighty, were we going to stand by supinely and let such things happen? No! A thousand times, no! He continued:

> [The rest was a demand upon the "boys and girls who automatically line up on the side of right and decency" to throw their influence against "this frightful miscarriage of justice." Mr. Gibbons went on to argue that the name of the Hawaiian Islands should be changed to the Naval Islands, and that the Navy and the Army should be thrown into them to mount guard over the great *blocs* of Chinese and Koreans who now regulate their affairs.]

III

The parents of Mr. Gibbons intended to make a lawyer of their son. He was born in Washington on July 16, 1887, and emigrated to Des Moines, Iowa, with his family at an early age. He attended the local schools and continued a somewhat sporadic education in Minneapolis, the next town to which his mother and father moved. He was dubious about the law, which seemed a dull calling, but he obediently attended Georgetown University in the city of his birth. His education was terminated, it appears, at the polite suggestion of the faculty. Young Floyd then turned his steps toward Minneapolis and called upon William G. Shepherd, at that time city editor of the *News*, to ask for a job. Mr. Shepherd was sympathetic when the tall, snub-nosed youth told of the conspiracy to force him into the law. He yearned, he said, to be a journalist.

Hired as a reporter, his first assignment was the Federal Building, one of the dullest of the routine beats in any city. But he appeared on the second or third day with an excellent yarn which upbraided the local weather man for making an erroneous prediction of fair weather. Gibbons had talked with a number of people who had failed to carry umbrellas and whose clothes had been spoiled by the rain. Shepherd thought it very good stuff, and in a few days Gibbons came back with another yarn razzing the weather prophet. Within a few weeks these stories had evolved into a front-page feature called "The Old Weather Crow". Its spoofing of errors in the local weather predictions brought an official protest from Washington, which naturally delighted Shepherd.

Floyd was a good reporter. He was only twenty years old. He had a fresh, naïve viewpoint which enabled him to sniff out yarns where older, more blasé reporters missed them. The morning parade in police court was not, to him, merely a procession of blowsy bums; every prisoner fascinated him. Those were the gaudy days when July 4 was still observed, in Minneapolis and elsewhere, in the manner decreed by the Founding Fathers. That is to say, everyone got plastered at the earliest possible moment and made merry until, finally, the booze they consumed had a saddening effect. Then they hung tomato cans on the Soldiers and Sailors Monument or slugged a policeman. The police line-up on the following morning was the longest of the year. Even the magistrate sometimes had a hang-over.

When July 5 came Mr. Gibbons was on hand with a pencil and copy paper. Out of the wealth of material he chose, for the edification of the *News* readers, the saga of a lugubrious Swede who sadly

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offered a plea of guilty to the charge of disorderly conduct. The defendant told the court that he had celebrated Independence Day with patriotism and energy ever since arriving in the land of the free. It was true, he confessed, that the climax had always been extra-legal in one form or another and that he had usually spent the night in the lock-up. This year, however, he had intended to avoid jail.

On the morning of July 4 he had purchased a case of beer, had taken it to his room, had locked the door and thrown the key over the transom. Then he had settled down to drink the beer and wave, from time to time, a small American flag. But one of the beer bottles, placed on the window sill to be chilled, had inadvertently been knocked to the pavement and had narrowly missed a pedestrian. This citizen had hurled epithets in the direction of the Swede's window and one thing led to another until the insults could be avenged only by throwing bottle after bottle of beer at the fellow's head. Finally, the police arrived and broke down the door. That night the Scandinavian again slept in the jug.

Gibbons turned in a multitude of similarly colorful and amusing stories. His salary increased until he was one of the best paid reporters in town. He had only one fault. He sometimes grew so interested in what he was covering that he forgot to come into the office in time for his edition. Shepherd once fired him for this offense, but reinstated him soon after. It was apparent that Minneapolis was too small for so talented a journalist.

In 1912 he appeared at the office of the Chicago *Tribune* and asked for a job. He had been, at this time, through several months of adversity, which included a period on a Socialist paper in Chicago. He was shabbily dressed and needed a shave, but he argued his case eloquently. He was given a place and promptly wheedled a salary advance out of the editor. Two hours later he reappeared, a glistening picture of What the Well Dressed Reporter Should Wear. He had on a suit with large checks, a high stiff collar and a gay cravat. He was shaved, barbered and anointed.

This marked the start of a striking talent for doing things with a flourish, a talent which subsequently aroused Mr. Gibbons' fellow war correspondents to jealous rage. Before very long he was one of the star men on the *Tribune,* and by 1914 he was undergoing his baptism of fire on the Arizona-Sonora border. This was a curtain raiser for service with Pancho Villa and with Pershing's unsuccessful expedition to capture the brigand who had defied Woodrow Wilson. Most of the journalists on the border were soon sick of the assignment, of the heat and the absence of real news. But Gibbons was in a chronic state of unquenchable excitement. He bought himself an outfit consisting of a wide-brimmed Stetson, riding breeches and boots. He worked furiously.

As the expedition dragged on, the other correspondents made excuses to journey up to El Paso and comparative civilization whenever possible. They rode on a limited train which boasted club-cars and a shower-bath. They reveled in the luxury, put on their best suits and dined at the leading hotel. But Gibbons rarely joined in these Lucretian relaxations. He did appear in the dining-room on one occasion, but he was still wearing his cowboy hat. Two pistols were stuck in his belt. He slapped his breeches with his gloves as he strode to a table, and from them arose a cloud of alkali dust which made the waiters sneeze.

Those were happy days. Carnage raged throughout the world and Mr. Gibbons

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had only to choose which war to cover. It was obvious even before Mr. Wilson was inaugurated for his second term, and despite the campaign slogan, "He Kept Us Out of War", that the United States could not remain out of the European mess much longer. The *Tribune* decided to have Gibbons on the scene early, and he sailed on the S.S. *Laconia* on February 17, 1917. He showed the vast disregard for his personal safety which is characteristic of the traditional war correspondent. He rejected a chance to sail on the vessel which was taking the German Ambassador back to Berlin and thus had guarantees of safety. The *Laconia*, on the contrary, was armed and carried munitions in her hold—and the German submarine campaign was in full sway. Mr. Gibbons knew there was an excellent prospect of being torpedoed and this journalistic hope was fulfilled on the night of February 25 off the Irish coast. He spent a night in an open boat, was landed at Queenstown and filed a 4,000 word story which was solemnly read into the *Congressional Record*. No doubt it hastened the entrance of the United States into the war.

IV

London and Paris were soon swarming with American journalists. They wrote strong pieces about Pershing's arrival, about the valiant efforts of our French and English comrades, about the gratitude of the Allies now that Uncle Sam had finally come in. It meant, they said, a New Era in World Affairs. When the Kaiser's goose had been cooked, which would be promptly, France and England, not to mention Italy, would join with the United States in furling the flags of battle, in establishing a federation for peace. The sky was tinted with rose colors.

In their hearts, though, some of the war scribes brooded over the dashing Floyd Gibbons. He seemed to have an inside track everywhere. His uniform was the snappiest in London or Paris. He darted in and out of the American army headquarters and was often saluted by mistake. He swept down the boulevards in an enormous army car, a daily occurrence which was the greatest of all the irritants. He was, moreover, a truly soldierly figure. He was six feet tall. His brown hair bristled with energy. His blue eyes gleamed as he sat back in the army car, with the top down, and leaned with both his hands on his cane. He seemed to be very much in the confidence of the mighty. He careened along, if only to mail an expense account, as though Pershing, Foch and all the other brass hats were waiting for him to endorse their plans to stop the thrust of the German armies.

He went up with the American troops at Belleau Wood, insisting on going beyond the safe areas, and was hit twice. One piece of shell knocked out his left eye. After being in hospital for several months he was decorated by the governments of France and Italy, an honor which caused ungenerous grumbling among certain officers of the A. E. F., who thought that war correspondents were nuisances at best. Ever since then Mr. Gibbons has worn a patch over the eye and now it is a valuable trademark, like the Victrola dog. As a matter of fact, he is forced to wear it; the patch may be an asset but it is not an affectation, for the shell tore away part of the bone under the eye.

After he was wounded Mr. Gibbons found the World War a shade anticlimactic. Short of being killed, in person, there were no further thrills to be found. Nor could he find adequate excitement in other places. He scurried across the face

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of Europe, but revolutions in Germany and trouble on the Polish-Russian frontier were hard to elaborate into real battles. He was put in charge of the *Tribune's* foreign staff and went into Russia during the famine. He hopped over to Ireland whenever the bricks started to fly. But he was not really busy.

In 1925 he was given an assignment which will long stand as the silliest in the annals of American journalism. A lady named E. M. Hull had written a book, "The Sheik," which caused palpitations in the hearts of sex-starved American women. Then Rudolph Valentino flashed across Hollywood's purple sky. A new craze was on; one-time mammy singers put on sheets and spouted ballads about hot sands and hotter love. The sheik of the deserts became the chief topic of conversation at bridge parties. During the uproar Gibbons received this cable from his paper:

> [The cable ordered him to "go down to the desert and see what it is all about." He was instructed to live with the sheiks, to size up the women of the desert tribes, and to estimate as accurately as possible the actual sex appeal of the former. He was further instructed to cross the Sahara by camel and carry the flag to Timbuctoo by camel, "something no other American has ever done."]

The French military authorities were somewhat surprised when Mr. Gibbons, obeying instructions, organized a camel caravan and started out with it across the burning sands. Excellent motors were available for large stretches of the journey, and a French editor or two made caustic remarks about the crazy American expedition. But Mr. Gibbons carried "the American flag to Timbuctoo by camel" and was able to write long accounts of his sufferings from thirst and fever and to report that he had lost thirty-five pounds *en route* to his goal.

He reported, too, that sheiks were vastly over-rated. They were dirty and smelled like goats. The manhood of America breathed easier.

V

In 1929 the entire world was at peace and even the Headline Hunter scanned the horizons in vain. He was not, however, baffled. Lacking a real war, he evolved an imaginary one, and it was bloodier, longer, more frightful and more costly than any since the beginning of time. He wrote about it in a novel, "Red Napoleon."

The book reveals the same dread of the Yellow Peril which subsequently marked his despatches from the Shanghai war zone. The villain of the story is a frightful individual called Karakhan of Kazan, who is a Tartar-Mongol and a Communist of the most crimson hue. He organizes an army of Red Asiatics after becoming military dictator of Russia and proceeds to conquer the world. He wipes up Europe without much difficulty after Great Britain goes Communist. He captures all of South America and begins an invasion of the United States by way of Canada. New England is promptly seized and New York is reduced to ruins. But Uncle Sam (thank God for Uncle Sam!) finally delivers an uppercut which even Karakhan of Kazan cannot take. He is defeated.

Mr. Gibbons is one of the heroes of his own sanguinary fantasy; he portrays himself as a war correspondent covering the slaughter. Realism is supplied by detailed descriptions of the various engagements, and there is even a diagram of the Naval Battle of the Windward Passage, on March 6, 1936, which terminates the fighting. Mr. Gibbons' imagination is, to put it mildly, pregnant. He has Al Smith—if Al has

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read the book it must fill him with melancholy—President of the United States; he defeated Hoover in 1932, it appears, on the Prohibition issue. Johnny Raskob is Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick is Secretary of Agriculture. Alas for prophecy!

Mr. Gibbons did not hesitate, either, to use the names of lesser celebrities when he described how and when New York was destroyed. Flo Ziegfeld and Al Jolson were crushed to death in the collapse of an office building, Heywood Broun was fatally poisoned by gas, Will Rogers lost his right arm during an air raid, Irvin S. Cobb was drowned when a Lackawanna ferry was sunk in the Hudson, and O. O. McIntyre was forced to do his daily column in a dugout underneath the ruins of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

In evolving this vision of the next war Mr. Gibbons concluded that radio would play an important part and so he consulted M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, on that phase of his story. Mr. Aylesworth was impressed by the force and vigor of his caller and invited him to do some broadcasting over the N. B. C. network. His first talks were largely autobiographical under the general title of "Hunting the Headline Around the World". Later, he described the arrival of the *Graf Zeppelin* at Lakehurst, using a portable microphone as he scurried over the field. He also covered some army maneuvers outside of Washington.

These programmes were not sponsored by advertisers converted to the idea that radio was a good medium; the N. B. C. itself paid Gibbons at first and his fees were modest. Soon he became enormously popular. He developed a faculty for talking faster than anyone else in the short history of radio. The flood of fan letters astonished studio officials. They did not explain it publicly, for obvious reasons, but privately they offered the opinion that Mr. Gibbons' appeal lay in the fact that he was forthright, masculine and concise. He was a pleasing relief from the treacle which clogged the radio channels, from the honeyed tones of the announcers, from the crooners and the whiners. He had been broadcasting for about six months when the *Literary Digest*, conducting its Prohibition poll in 1929, hired him to talk on the day's news for fifteen minutes every night.

Doing this, he won an immense following and became a major celebrity of the air. He speeded up his delivery until he was shooting forth words at a rate of 216 a minute. Advertisers competed for his services. Movie engagements, lecture tours and vaudeville appearances were arranged. His earnings averaged $10,000 a week for at least a year and he was busy from morning until night. His energy was inexhaustible. He hired assistants who handed him batches of clippings as soon as he left his bed in the morning. He ploughed through these clippings, read the afternoon editions, and then dictated 4,000 words for his broadcast. He finished it just in time to hop a taxi for the studio, peel off his coat, loosen his necktie, and bellow "Hello Everybody!" into the mike.

When the owners of the *Literary Digest* decided that he was asking too much money, other advertisers were glad to bid for his services. He publicized their products and, concurrently, increased his own fame. As that fame grew other sources of income appeared. One of them was the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting at Washington, for training embryo announcers, elocutionists and crooners in the new art. A recent advertisement of the school set forth that all the necessary

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talents could be acquired at home under the guidance of the Headline Hunter. Once it had been difficult to obtain the necessary training; aspirants did not know where to turn. But the new institution of learning offered "the type of training that has made fortunes for the Graham MacNamees, Amos and Andys, Oliver Palmers and Floyd Gibbonses."

VI

But Mr. Gibbons left all this behind when the war clouds gathered in the Far East. Except, perhaps, for the imaginary one set forth in his autobiographical-historical-prophetical "Red Napoleon", he probably enjoyed the Shanghai fracas more than any of his other wars. His fame by this time was established beyond dispute. Slightly confused Oriental dignitaries received him with low bows and honeyed words. He could write anything he liked. His cable bills were vast. He dashed about in rakish motor cars as of old, or, on the yellow Chinese rivers, in roaring speedboats. In Shanghai, he was the big shot among the correspondents. He returned to the United States to find himself regarded, in the Hearst papers at least, as a seer. Almost any outstanding news event called for an explanatory statement from him. When word came that the Lindbergh baby was dead, he wrote:

> [The essence of this pronunciamento was that the words "poor little duffer" should be "graven on our hearts" as an epitaph for the Lindbergh baby.]

The job of sage is a perilous one, though, and one result of Mr. Gibbons' entrance into it was the end of his beautiful friendship with Pat Hurley. Mr. Gibbons covered the two national conventions and razzed the G. O. P. for failing to do anything for the veterans. He made a tart reference to the Bonus Expeditionary Force, which had proved so embarrassing to Mr. Hurley's Mr. Hoover, and it was an unpleasantly direct hit. But the open break between Pat and Floyd did not come until September. By that time the B. E. F. had been chased out of Washington with tanks and bayonets and its shacks burned by the gallant Army. The American Legion, in convention at Portland, Ore., began howling protests against the eviction and Pat journeyed out to soothe the Legionnaires with soft speeches. He insisted that the Army had not burned the shacks. But Floyd, who also spoke, was emphatic in his declaration that precisely that had happened. He also took a crack at the Hoover administration and indirectly at his one-time "very dear friend, Pat", for saying that a high percentage of the B. E. F. boys had criminal records. He pointed out, with devastating truth, that the Harding Cabinet, of which Mr. Hoover was a member, showed a higher percentage of crooks than the forlorn bonus petitioners:

> [The burden of this dispatch was that at least 10% of the members of the Harding Cabinet were convicted of some sort of grave crime or misdemeanor, and sent to the penitentiary.]

This discord distressed the officials of the National Broadcasting Company immeasurably. If there is anything that a broadcasting company dislikes it is to have its network used for cracks at politicians. There is always danger that these very politicians will pop up at the next session of Congress and demand crazy legislation —a tax, for instance, on broadcasting.

In this case the N. B. C. officials grew so excited that mistakes in judgment were made. They cancelled arrangements which called for Mr. Gibbons' appearance as radio announcer at the Legion banquet

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in Portland and this led to stormy accusations that he had been gagged, silenced and kicked off the air. Such was not the case; his formal address at the banquet was sent out according to schedule over the network. All that the N. B. C. did was to divorce itself from any implied endorsement of his remarks. Mr. Gibbons had not been sent to the coast by the company. He was there as the guest of the Legion itself.

It seemed, for several days, as if relations between the N. B. C. and Mr. Gibbons had been permanently broken off. It is, indeed, probably true that he will not be allowed, in the future, to serve as announcer in situations or at gatherings where controversial issues may arise. He will, however, continue to be one of the company's main assets. He is a star of the affiliated lecture bureau. He is on the air again this Winter, in a programme sponsored and paid for by a national advertiser.

He was one of the first to realize that the vogue which brought in more gold than he ever expected to see could not last forever and he has invested his earnings as shrewdly as the market has permitted. But his vogue has not passed yet. He will hang up new records for his gatling-gun delivery. The club ladies still adore him. But should the opportunity arise he will, of course, extract his uniforms from the moth balls and sally forth to battle again. When better wars are made, Floyd Gibbons will cover them.

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AMERICAN DELUSIONS ABOUT CHINA

BY HAMILTON BUTLER

THE success with which Chinese propagandists have bored for water in the field of American sentimentality, where American dollars and cents are not immediately involved, affords striking proof of how much less effort is needed to excite the American public over something happening in the Yellow Sea than is required to arouse it over the same thing when it happens in the Caribbean.

Although Japan's action at Shanghai last Winter did not differ in any essential from what other countries had done in the past to protect their nationals in China, the American reaction to it took a peculiarly violent form. Overnight, as it were, articulate opinion in this country became pure Sinophilism. College professors demanded a boycott of Japan as the aggressor in the dispute, though of its merits probably not one person in ten thousand in the United States was at all acquainted, while the professional fire-eaters could not have ranted more fiercely if Japan had landed marines in California and was shedding American blood on American soil.

The existence of two sides to the incident at Shanghai was hotly disputed by those who had had only one side presented to them. The possibility that Japan had as much provocation to seize Chapei as Woodrow Wilson had to take Vera Cruz in 1914 was brushed aside. The fact that the Treaty Powers had landed 16,000 troops in 1927 to protect the Settlement at Shanghai, after an American war vessel had been forced to bombard a section of Nanking to save American women and children from a savage soldiery in the uniform of the Chinese Nationalist Army, was ruled out as having no bearing on what was happening on the Whangpu. American under-dogism assumed its most ferocious pose. The Chinese St. Bernard could not be permitted to be devoured by the Japanese fox-terrier.

The premise behind this virulent attitude was that the Chinese could not possibly be in the wrong: whence it followed, as inevitably as the conclusions of the learned judge in Bardell vs. Pickwick, that the Japanese could not be in the right. The fallacy lay in attributing to all Chinese the estimable qualities of certain classes in China, a common error of uncritical generalization. A good deal of popular misinformation about both the Chinese and the Japanese will have to be scrapped before Americans generally can approach, with an open and judicial mind, a situation in the Far East that is capable of diplomatic bungling to our national discomfiture.

The Chinese, in truth, are not so inscrutable as is often alleged—and not infrequently pleaded in extenuation of acts which are inexplicable by Occidental rules of conduct. All they have done or said or thought for five thousand years is meticulously recorded in their history. Anyone can read it understandingly who reads it

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backward, as they do. Another race is not comprehended by putting it in our place and expecting it to act and react as we do: we must put ourselves in its place and reason from its premises. A people whose women wear trousers and whose men wear skirts, who cover their heads indoors and go bareheaded without, who seat the guest of honor on the left of the host and shake their own hands instead of his, would hardly have arrived at such different ends by the same mental routes that we follow. The Chinese mind is an open book only to one who catches the rhythm of the racial symphony.

The Chinese are not all honest, as many Americans seem to believe. They have no such flattering opinion of themselves: if they had, their codes would not be encumbered with penalties to punish or discourage dishonesty in monetary and other matters. The legend of Chinese super-honesty appears to have originated in the early days, when to cheat a foreign-devil might breed bombardment and consequently was discountenanced by regulations whose severity was sufficient to daunt the most unscrupulous.

The middle class and the peasantry, which exemplify the national virtues, are about as honest as the corresponding classes in the United States and elsewhere. Above these great strata of probity is a scum of official corruption and dishonesty, which it would be difficult to parallel anywhere else in the world, while below them is a thick sediment of piracy and brigandage and miscellaneous thieving, which can be called honest only if it be honest for men to steal who are too lazy to work or cannot find honest work to do. Chinese honesty falls well within Archbishop Whately's observation that while honesty is the best policy, anyone who acts on that principle is not an honest man. The conception of honesty for honesty's sake is as rare in China as in America.

Among the obstacles to the political and economic regeneration of the country that the Lytton Commission discovered in its recent study of the subject, was a "traditional financial system under which the whole of the revenue did not reach the national treasury." That is a generous way of saying that for ages taxes in China have been levied on the basis of all the traffic will bear, and that the proceeds therefrom have suffered at the hands of every official through whom they have passed upward, from the county magistrates to the exchequer. The only honest fiscal administration China has had in recent times has been provided by the Chinese Maritime Customs, a foreign-controlled body built up by Sir Robert Hart, which the Chinese have been trying for years to get into their own hands. So long as the customs revenue is security for loans advanced to China by British subjects, Great Britain declines to give up this guarantee that the revenue will be honestly administered. That shows what a nation which has been dealing with China longer than we have thinks of the trustworthiness of Chinese officials.

China is badly in need of foreign capital—and is embarrassed in obtaining it by the insistence of foreign lenders on a degree of foreign supervision of security that is distasteful to the Nanking oligarchy's aggressively anti-foreign constituency. The venality of its courts is a principal reason why the Treaty Powers still refuse to give up their extraterritorial rights and expose the persons and property of their nationals in China to the vagaries of native tribunals. Graft did not go out with the Manchus. Chiang K'ai-shek, if the word of a fellow-member of the Kuomintang may be admitted in testimony, amassed a

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large sum for himself on the first leg of his northern expedition in 1926-27, while Sun Yat-sen's own son retired from the mayoralty of Canton as "the richest man in China." Continuing the testimony: "Corruption and nepotism are so rampant in Nanking that the Nanking oligarchy has become the laughing-stock of all politically informed people."

The Chinese, finally, are not the meek, unoffending, unprovocative race they have been represented to be. They are actually arrogant, cruel and treacherous. When Lord Macartney visited Peking in 1793, as the head of a ceremonial mission, a banner was flown from the masthead of the boat in which he approached the capital, with this strange device in Chinese characters upon it: "Tribute Bearers from Great England." Great Britain has been blamed for the Opium and Arrow Wars of the last century, but Chinese arrogance provoked both of them. At the time of the Arrow affair, Viceroy Yeh Ming-ch'en was captured and deported from Canton to Calcutta. Asked if he did not find travelling abroad instructive, Yeh retorted that "a man with the Thirteen Classics in his stomach" could learn in China all he needed to know.

Yeh's countrymen have since learned to conceal a hauteur they have not been able to exorcise. The assertiveness of the Japanese is largely superficial, a sort of defense mechanism: underneath it there is a real admiration of the West, which Japan has paid the compliment of imitation. But underneath the sham humility of the Chinese is only contempt for Western civilization, American as well as European.

The death of several hundred civilians in the fighting around Shanghai last Winter was chalked up in this country against Japan, although probably as many of the victims were killed by Chinese as by Japanese fire. The Chinese, except for propaganda purposes, are callous to such incidents. Their warfare is exterminatory. The Taiping, Nienfei and Mohammedan rebellions of the middle of the last century, which witnessed the slaughter of cityful after cityful of people, without regard to age or sex, were estimated by W. A. P. Martin to have cost 50,000,000 lives. The Boxer uprising in 1900 was turned into a movement to wipe out all foreigners: as a result of the government's setting a price on the heads of foreign men, women and children, more than 230 missionaries and members of their families were put to death, with a refinement of cruelty in many cases that would have shamed a Comanche.

II

The private and civil wars that have been going on in China for twenty years have moistened its soil with the blood of hundreds of thousands of Chinese and starved other millions to death. The revolution that ushered in this era of wholesale murder was promoted by terrorism and assassination. Sun Yat-sen's Tung Meng Hui had its "assassination department." Among the services to the party for which Wang Ching-wei was rewarded with Sun's mantle, when the latter died in 1925, was his attempt in 1910 to murder the Prince Regent in cold blood. When Dr. Charles W. Eliot visited Canton during the revolution of 1911-12, a group of young Chinese revolutionaries, who had studied at Harvard, shocked him speechless by discussing, at the tiffin to which they invited him, their past and future bombings of political opponents, with the sang-froid of American ward-heelers planning to stuff ballot-boxes. The inclination to kill still lies close to the skin in China. The Nanking out-

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rage of 1927 was another Boxer crusade in miniature. Chiang K'ai-shek is openly charged by Leftists in the Kuomintang with having procured the assassination of two of their leaders in Shanghai as recently as 1930.

Apologists for the reign of disorder in China, which has not only encouraged but compelled Japan to intervene to protect its interests, are fond of saying: "Give China time! The United States was not built in a day." The analogy is strained. Within six years after peace with George III was signed a Constitution had been adopted in this country, a more perfect Union formed, and a government instituted that has never ceased to function. The men who created the United States could do that because they had behind them generations of training in self-government on more than a township scale and because they had faith in the capacity and integrity of their leaders. George Washington did not amass a fortune on his northern expedition with the Continental Army.

The Chinese have no faith in their leaders and for five millennia they have been trained to mind their knitting and leave government to despots. Consequently, they are embarrassed by the "freedom" which the professional revolutionaries thrust upon them two decades ago, after ousting a dynasty that had given China, as competent students of Chinese history admit, the best government it ever had. After due allowance is made for the greater difficulty of organizing a country of 400,000,000 people than organizing one of less than 4,000,000, which is all the population the United States had when the Constitution was adopted, all guesses at the length of time it will take China to reintegrate on a democratic basis remain conditioned by a number of factors, among which its political background is not the least significant.

The Chinese Republic exists only in name. China has not had for twenty-four hours out of the twenty-one years that have elapsed since the revolution of 1911 went off half-cocked at Hankow, a government whose authority was recognized in all parts of it. At one time it had four governments—at Canton, Wuhan, Nanking and Peking! They all and each claimed to speak for China, albeit to very different purposes.

At this writing Chiang K'ai-shek and a rather small group of influential followers are maintaining a so-called Central Government at Nanking. But the South still has its own government in Canton, Shantung in the east and Szechuan in the west are in rebellion against Nanking, and Manchuria in the north has broken away and set up in business for itself. Chiang himself is reported to be in the field, with 600,000 men, attempting to overtake the Communists who have been sovietizing provinces under his very nose. The administrative disintegration of the country had reached, a few months ago, a point at which Nanking confessed its inability to control it, wished the seceding provinces godspeed, and hoped to see them home again when they had learned the error of their ways! That's China.

Add to this condition of political decomposition in China Proper the marginal defection of Outer Mongolia, Tibet and Manchuria—and you will begin to realize the difficulty Japan and other foreign countries have had in trying to find in China a government that would stand up long enough to be talked to. At the Versailles Conference in 1919 and the Washington Conference in 1921-22, China was represented by delegations whose right to speak in its name was challenged by rival "governments" functioning within its borders. After the first plenary session of the Tariff

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Conference had been held in Peking in 1925, all but two of the Chinese delegates had to withdraw because the government that had appointed them had "disintegrated."

The opportunities such a situation provides for intrigue and doublecrossing and the repudiation of engagements are not unknown in Western chancelleries any more than in Japan, whose vital interests in China demand a firm and consistent policy in dealing with that country.

A not unfriendly critic of China makes this comment:

> With continued civil war, the growth of banditry and the spread of Communistic ideas, China in 1931 is less able to protect the lives and property of, and administer justice to, the aliens within her borders than she was in 1843. More modern and nearly complete codes of laws she has, as well as modern-trained lawyers, but honest and independent administration of the laws she has not, as was clearly indicated in the report of the Extraterritorial Commission of 1926, and as conditions since the publication of that report have amply demonstrated.

III

The reasons why hundreds of millions of estimable Chinese have permitted a handful of politicos to get them into their present sorry mess, will be the more readily grasped if we remember that China is not, like the United States, Germany or Great Britain, a single country, with a fairly homogeneous population governed under a constitution written or approved by the people. Splashing the words Chinese Republic across the map of Asia from Vladivostok to Lake Balkhash is misleading. China Proper embraces only about a third of the vast territory it claims. The remaining two-thirds consists of Tibet, Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia and Manchuria, a motley collection of ells added to the ancestral mansion by alien rulers of China itself.

They have stood to China in different degrees of political relationship, and with the exception of Manchuria, which recent migration has made 95% Chinese, all of these outlying divisions of the Chinese Republic are inhabited by distinct races, with their own languages, customs and traditions. Already Manchuria has declared its independence and is maintaining it, with the same sort of encouragement from Japan that the United States has given to various Republics in this hemisphere. Outer Mongolia also declared its independence, and is today, to all intents and purposes, a unit in the galaxy of Soviet Socialistic Republics. Great Britain has not discouraged Tibet's disposition to lean toward India. The cartographical claims of the Chinese Republic thus shrink surprisingly when they are subjected to the test of political realities.

The population of China Proper (formerly known as the Eighteen Provinces) admits almost as little generalization. The Southern Chinese are mercurial and quick-witted, which makes them sharp traders and successful bankers and money changers. They are politically radical and intellectually shallow and unstable. The Northern Chinese, as a result of intermixture with their Mongol and Manchu neighbors, are physically larger than their countrymen of the South and intellectually more conservative and profound. They are the backbone of the race. The Yangtze river forms an ethnical, as well as a political Mason and Dixon line, along which the Chinese have split, time and again. The provinces south of it ignored Li Hung-chang's war with Japan in 1894-95 and kept out of the trouble stirred up by the Boxers in Shantung, Chihli and Shansi in

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1900. The provinces north of the Yangtze minded their own business in 1904-05, when the Cantonese boycotted American trade. Why should they become excited over the immigration question, when only Southerners wanted to go to the United States anyway?

A sectionalism, already so clearly defined and deeply rooted, was bound to bear bitter fruit when the cohesive authority of the Throne was removed. The failure of China to pull itself together in the face of Japan's aggressive action must be a keen disappointment to those young intellectuals who welcomed the Shanghai episode as certain to bring 400,000,000 Chinese to their feet as one man. The cleavage between the social and political aspirations of the South and the North, which was largely responsible for the revolution and the disintegration and disorder that has followed directly from that event, will be a long time in disappearing.

A question that has puzzled many is how the Chinese have been able to maintain their racial identity for fifty centuries at least, with no more national consciousness than their history reveals. China has broken up many times, but the Chinese people have gone on multiplying their numbers, tending their shops, tilling their ancestral acres, as if nothing had happened. The explanation is their family concept.

The Chinese differ from the Japanese in no respect more diametrically than in this. The state is everything in Japan; the family is everything in China. Good and evil, strength and weakness have been its issue: for from the same root have sprung the beautiful flower of Chinese family life and the deadly nightshade of nepotism, which has been the bane of government throughout Chinese history. The Soong dynasty at Nanking—T. V. Soong and his two brothers-in-law, Chauncey K'ung and Chiang K'ai-shek, who put away his third wife and abandoned his ancestral gods to marry into the best political society—shows that nepotism did not depart with the Manchus, any more than other forms of official dishonesty.

Whenever China has broken up in the past it has been mended by a strong-arm conqueror. The task Sun Yat-sen bequeathed to his followers is to bind it up with popular government. A strong nationalist sentiment must be developed if their experiment is to be successful. After twenty years they have little to show for a vast expenditure of effort. The nationalist movement promoted by the Kuomintang is unlikely to burn itself into the race's core for many years to come. Anti-foreign propaganda is the basis of it—and not one Chinese in a thousand knows anything about extrality or cares about treaties or treaty-ports, as long as he can get enough to fill his belly. The chief result of attempting "to kindle patriotism with the flame of hatred" of foreigners has been to incite student mobs to attack officials and others whose xenophobia was too lukewarm to suit the younger generation.

That sort of thing is likely to add to China's woes, without increasing its national solidarity. The Japanese got out from under extraterritoriality by setting their judicial and administrative houses in order. The Chinese could do the same thing, but apparently their semi-Westernized leaders of the moment think it beneath the "national dignity" to follow so rational an example. They are bent on making disorder the bar with which they hope to pry the shackles of "unequal treaties" from their country. The United States, Great Britain and France have not been noticeably moved by this procedure; Japan has been aroused by it.

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IV

The "government" at Nanking consists of General Chiang K'ai-shek and a little clique of Kuomintang Centrists. The foreign Powers have recognized it for want of anything more stable in the form of government in China to negotiate with. The only "constitutional" authority it has was derived from the National Congress of the Kuomintang held in March, 1929, which Chiang had used his military power to pack with delegates sympathetic with his ambitions. As this congress was about to convene, Wang Ching-wei and a dozen other prominent members of the Left issued a manifesto in which these significant words were used:

> It is most unfortunate that after the Northern Expedition is successfully concluded, the party should suddenly sink into a state of deplorable decadence. The opportunists and the mandarins have made strong inroads into the party in the meantime and, entrenched in strategic positions, have reaped the benefits of the Revolution. The political power wrested from the Northern militarists is held by no worthier personalities: the Revolution has effected nothing better than the replacement of one set of tyrants by another set of despots. The wishes, welfare and aspirations of the people do not any longer count; their freedom, life and property are in constant danger. The lives of thousands of our comrades lost in the Revolution, the millions and millions of dollars, the sweat and blood of our poverty-stricken people spent in the Expedition, have only contributed to the welfare of the wily few, well versed in the dubious art of political intrigue.

The Kuomintang itself, although titularly the People's or National party, contains only a very small fraction (about .0625%) of the population for which it presumes to speak. At the time of the Northern Expedition of 1926 it had not more than 250,000 members, approximately one for every 1,600 of China's 400,000,000 people. At different times it has been dominated by Northern conservatives, Southern radicals, Communists, and, as now, Centrists. The very limited amount of power Chiang K'ai-shek possesses is derived from an army of decidedly uncertain loyalty and the moral support given him by the foreign Powers. The latter source of strength is also a source of weakness: for Chiang's appeal to the Japanese to remain in Shantung in April, 1929, after they were packed up to leave, and his hands-off policy at Shanghai in 1932, when he let General Ts'ai T'ing-kai's army take Japan's wallop on the jaw, aroused the bitter enmity of the extreme anti-foreignists in his own party.

The Kuomintang intended to set up in China what the Communist party has set up in Soviet Russia, a party dictatorship. What has eventuated at Nanking is a military dictatorship by one faction of the Kuomintang, while another faction has gathered in the Cave of Adullam at Canton. The Chinese revolution had its Lenin in Sun Yat-sen. As yet it has thrown up no Stalin. The bitter dissensions in its own ranks are reflected in the country at large, where military satraps govern the provinces that are not in open rebellion against the Central government, very much as they please.

As a result of its administrative weakness or incapacity the Kuomintang has resorted to boycotts, terrorism and mob violence as instruments of party policy. The general strike and boycott against Hongkong and Shameen, which started in 1925 and lasted for fifteen months, was engineered by Kuomintang leaders and the strikers were financially supported by Sun Yat-sen's government in Canton. The Lytton Report shows the Kuomintang also to have been the "organizing, driving, coördi-

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nating and supervising" agency in the anti-Japanese boycott that has been going on in China ever since 1915, and which flared up again last Winter, with such unfortunate consequences at Shanghai.

A still more ominous result of the Kuomintang's bedevilment of China is the spread of Communist activities in large areas, where the population has been impoverished by the tramp of armies unleashed by the revolution and the tax collectors who have followed in their wake. The Lytton Commission found Communism in China to be "an actual rival of the National government." The provinces of Kiangsi and Fukien and parts of Kwangtung have been widely sovietized, while Communist influence is felt virtually throughout China south of the Yangtze and in several of the provinces north of the river. The process of sovietization is thus described:

> When a district has been occupied by a Red army efforts are made to sovietize it, if the occupation appears to be of a more or less permanent nature . . . A Communist government is established . . . The programme of action consists in the cancellation of debts, the distribution among landless proletarians and small farmers of land forcibly seized, either from large private owners or from religious institutions, such as temples, monasteries and churches. Taxation is simplified: the peasants have to contribute a certain part of the produce of their lands . . . Thus the poorest farmers derive considerable benefit from Communism, whereas the rich and middle-class landowners, merchants and local gentry are completely ruined, either by immediate expropriation or by levies and fines; and in applying its agrarian programme the Communist party expects to gain the support of the masses.

The Chinese Communists have not followed their Moscow friends sled-length into agricultural collectivism. They simply take the land away from the big fellows and give it to the little fellows. Similarly, with the contents of looted banks and godowns an exchange of personal property is effected, without challenging the principle of private ownership. They have a special dispensation for this purpose from Moscow, where it is understood that China is not yet ready for the Marxian class war and is better left to ripen and fall of its own weight into the Soviet lap. The ripening process continues, while the very same Americans who profess to abhor Communism in Moscow applaud the régime in China under which it obtained a foothold there.

The political economy of the Kuomintang is based on state socialism of an advanced order. Sun Yat-sen was responsible for the appointment of Borodin as adviser to the party in 1923, and in the following year, when he reorganized the Kuomintang, Sun admitted the nascent Chinese Communist party to the fold, against stiff opposition by his more conservative colleagues. The two groups, theoretically, were to work together to overthrow capitalism and foreign imperialism, along the separate and somewhat divergent lines they had mapped out for themselves.

The Communist tail, as things turned out, was soon wagging the Kuomintang dog. The third plenary session of the Central Executive Committee, which was held in Hankow in March, 1927, was completely dominated by the Communists and their allies on the extreme Left of the Kuomintang. Chiang K'ai-shek then made the front pages by "purifying" the party of Communists, arresting their leaders in Shanghai, and causing the slaughter of thousands of workers. A native historian of the Kuomintang, who leans to the Left, attributes this action by Chiang, who formerly had been on excellent terms with

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the Communists, to the fact that the agrarian reforms instituted by the Communists in districts from which many of his subordinate officers came threatened to demoralize his army, which constituted the strongest instrument of his political ambitions.

Chiang's purge came too late. The seeds had been too widely sown. Although Borodin was handed his hat and the Chinese Communist party was proscribed, a harvest was in the making that China has not yet reaped in full. One whole army and a division of another marched on Nanchang when the break came, and there set up a short-lived Communist government. The suppression of this revolt sent flaming brands of Communism flying throughout Kiangsi. The fires they lighted are still burning. Armies can destroy weaker armies: ideas are not so readily disposed of. Chiang has been quoted as admitting that the suppression of the Communist movement is only three-tenths a military problem. The other seven-tenths must be accomplished by the politicians. A similar view appears to be taken by Dr. Hu Shih, China's foremost literary and philosophical reformer, who writes:

> The Communists have stolen a march on the Kuomintang by abandoning the public ownership of land and accomplishing the distribution which the Kuomintang led the peasants to expect. Some people argue that it is very dangerous to recognize and legalize the existing land divisions in the Communist areas and say that peasants in non-Communist zones would immediately want a redivision. The danger cannot be avoided. Are the people of China to wait until the Communists control more provinces, until all the landowners have been killed or driven away, or will the government act upon essentials now?

The disappointment of the peasants by the reactionaries in the Kuomintang has driven them into Communism at a rate which Dr. Hu Shih is convinced threatens the very existence of the rural economic life of China, a calamity in comparison with which "the destruction of great cities like Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin and Canton by the Japanese would be a mere fleabite." About 80% of China's 400,000,000 people are farmers, very few of them "gentlemen" farmers. What an apple for Moscow to watch and help ripen!

V

Americans can afford to sentimentalize while chaos multiplies in China. They are not vitally interested in what happens so far from their own door. They have only about $200,000,000 tied up out there, a mere bagatelle when set alongside their total wealth. They trade with China to the extent of about $200,000,000 a year, also a trifling sum in comparison to their total trade. China could crawl back into its shell tomorrow without critically affecting this country.

The Japanese are in a different position. They have nearer $2,000,000,000 invested in China and their trade with that country is the back-log of their industrial fire. Shut out, to a large extent, from the New World and from Australia and the Philippines, they have been compelled to put most of their eggs in one basket, China and its Manchurian appendage. They cannot afford to sentimentalize while ruffians smash those eggs. Circumstances force them to act. They are, as our ancestors were when they overran this continent, victims of a "manifest destiny" that shapes their course, whether they like it or not.

The Japanese would like to live on good terms with the Chinese. They stand to profit most from cordial coöperation with a strong China, able to maintain order in

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its own house. Although Kublai Khan attempted to invade Japan in the Thirteenth Century, a compliment which Hideyoshi returned two hundred years later, and although more recently China has acted rather cavalierly toward Japan, a deep sentiment of kinship animates the two races. The Japanese learned much from China many years ago. They are trying to teach it something now. They spent a billion dollars in driving the Czar out of Manchuria—and thus saving for China a territory in which more than 20,000,000 Chinese immigrants have since found homes. They went into the World War primarily to wrest back from Germany a foothold in Shantung which China had been weak enough to give away a decade and a half earlier. They would like to act toward China as its protector against Occidental aggression. All they have asked in the past is that they be given preferred treatment in the development of definite areas and that the treaties and agreements guaranteeing this privilege be carried out in good faith.

Among the objects set forth in the first manifesto of the Tung Meng Hui, a precursor of the Kuomintang, was "an alliance between the peoples of China and Japan." Sun Yat-sen was intelligent enough to see that Japan would not be the only beneficiary of such an understanding. The anti-foreign extremists who have come after him and set about impregnating China with national consciousness are differently minded. They have bracketed the Japanese with other foreigners and are as determined to make it quite as hot for Japanese imperialism as for Occidental imperialism. Japan's more extensive interests in China and Manchuria have made it proportionately more vulnerable than other foreign countries to the underhanded attacks by which the Kuomintang hopes to recover concessions which the generality of Chinese are not sufficiently interested in to fight to retake. The favorite weapons of the Kuomintang are the boycott and the subsidization and encouragement of mob violence and irregular warfare. They can be wielded with damaging effect, while those who employ them can hide behind the skirts of the League of Nations and invoke the Covenant to protect them from retaliation by the injured party in the only form they deserve or understand.

The special interests of Japan in Manchuria and China have been recognized time and again by our own government. John Hay, when he thought we ought to have a naval station in Fukien, asked Japan if we might have one. The Root-Takahira and Lansing-Ishii notes admitted the justice of Japan's claims. The agreement between Viscount Ishii and Secretary Lansing was washed out at the Washington Conference only if scraps of paper are more potent than irresistible economic forces. What Japan wants in China is a safe source of foodstuffs and raw materials for its industries, an assured market for its products, and a field for the reasonably secure investment of any surplus capital it may have. So long as Chang Tso-lin maintained a decent degree of order in Manchuria Japan endorsed his régime. There was no intervention. The trouble started when Chang's fly-by-night son began fiddling with Nanking, while brigands burned and looted in Manchuria. The boast of Kuomintang "statesmen" that they can keep Manchuria in turmoil until Japan bankrupts itself trying to pacify that extensive territory hardly encourages further watchful waiting on Japan's part.

An easy way for Americans to visualize Japan's side of the case is for them to picture themselves cooped up in the West

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Indies, with a rapidly increasing population that can be supported only by industrial development. They are denied the vast continent of Asia because they are white. South America is as full of people as India, Africa has been preëmpted by other races and Europe is already overcrowded. Their only hope of expansion lies on the mainland of North America, which is inhabited by a numerous people distantly related to them, whose forests and mines and fields produce the very materials the Americans need so vitally, with whom a mutually profitable exchange of commodities is possible. American capital has been admitted to this promising field of investment and treaties entered into by the government on the mainland to protect the interests thus acquired. Suddenly there is a revolution. The government is overthrown and for twenty years chaos ensues. The country is overrun by private armies, agreements are broken, American citizens are murdered, American investments are depreciated, and, finally, American trade is subjected to a boycott.

Would Americans, if they were thus situated—and that is a fair picture of Japan's situation—show any more forbearance toward the elements of disorder in this hypothetical neighborhood than Japan has shown with respect to China? When Theodore Roosevelt wanted to build the Panama Canal he "took the Canal Zone—and let Congress debate," as he himself declared. When we have thought our interests in Cuba demanded intervention to preserve order, we have intervened. We have not hesitated to land marines and occupy Haiti or the Dominican Republic or Nicaragua, all miniature Manchurias. We have taken what we wanted from Mexico, when we wanted it. As recently as 1919 a subcommittee of the House of Representatives in Washington advised the military occupation of that country if its government did not accede to our demands respecting its rights-recovery movement.

Ambassador Castle made this significant statement, as he was leaving Japan shortly after the Washington Conference:

> What America must learn and can far more easily learn in this era of post-conference trust and good will is that just because Japan's interests here are vital, that just because Japan's trade with China is of paramount importance, Japan must be and will be the guardian of peace in the Pacific.

A good deal of the "trust and good will" to which he referred has been dissipated during the decade that has elapsed since the Washington Conference. Americans have allowed themselves to be fooled by Chinese propaganda into thinking that they will profit from acting as China's cat's-paw. The Chinese have no more love for Americans than they have for the Japanese or any other people alien to themselves. The bitter anti-foreignism now being taught in their schools is indiscriminate and impartial. They boycotted American trade in 1905 as cheerfully as they did British trade in 1925 and as they have more recently boycotted Japanese trade. When they set out to murder foreigners, as in the Boxer uprising, they make no distinctions of nationality, age or sex. The only exception they make in our direction is in connection with extraterritoriality: they pursue this subject in Washington with a special persistence that clearly indicates that they look upon this country as particularly easy.

The Chinese have a sense of humor. They laugh easily. The spectacle of Americans fuming over Japan's doing in its own backyard what we insist upon the right to do in ours affords them an opportunity to indulge one of their most natural propensities.

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THE SOAP-BOX

ON MILITARY GENTS

In his article, "Officers and Gentlemen," in The American Mercury for November, Mr. Hoffman Nickerson maintains that what he calls "the instinct to honor the soldier" is "rationally and permanently human" (though, alas, seldom manifest in a degree wholly commensurate with the deserts of its gallant object). I have no quarrel with his contention; but surely he errs in attributing this "instinct" simply to the fact that the soldier's is a risky trade (sometimes). We do not honor coal-miners, or lead-workers, or coolies laboring in some tropical swamp, though these men may be, and often are, poorer insurance risks than the general run of soldiers, even in war-time.

It seems to me that the admiration that gushes upon the contemporary Achilles undoubtedly stems from a different source —or rather, two sources. The first, of course, is simple and obvious—he wears an eye-filling uniform. His second claim to adoration, however, is more exclusive, and is not shared with movie ushers and Odd Fellows. As any professional soldier can tell you (and undoubtedly will unless gagged) it is he, and he alone, who, in the dire hour of peril, stands like a silver-plated Gibraltar between the pusillanimous civilian and all the grisly horrors of Armageddon.

His is the strong right arm that foils the hellish appetence of the Hun. He it is upon whom we all rely to save our lives, our women and our sacred altars from the red hand of the barbarian. He is the Heroic Defender of all that we hold most dear; and as such he merits, he expects, and he receives the worshipful acclamation of all the rest of us poor contemptible creatures.

Amen. No one but a goddam, yellow-bellied skunk of a pacifist would ever dream of remarking that nowadays the brutal vandal, the disemboweler of babies, the foul ravisher of virgins, against whom our star-spangled hero stands ever-ready to oppose his dauntless breast, is, naturally, another professional soldier—which is to say, our Roland in a different colored uniform.

Due to the Depression, the Scilly Islanders, I am credibly informed, are no longer able, as of yore, to support themselves by taking in one another's washings. The essential principle of their economy has not, however, been lost to mankind; it has been taken over by the military gentry who employ it to maintain themselves in the glory to which they have become accustomed. Thus a precious racial heritage is saved from extinction; thus a noble tradition is preserved; thus damn-foolishness is kept alive, and doth not perish utterly from the earth.

Route 2 J. E. Keith
Ann Arbor, Mich.

CAVEAT FROM LOUISVILLE

Have heard The American Mercury spoken of as a quality magazine as distinguished from the Billingsgate variety that do not find their way into public libraries or homes of refinement and discrimination.

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Turning recently to the October issue I read a part of an article entitled "Report of a Returned New Yorker" by Bob Brown. It is earnestly to be desired that Americans of the Bob Brown type, having renounced their native land for many years, might never come back. This article would have been entertaining and amusing to a degree had the writer, in common with writers who write for pulp magazines *not* regarded as quality, told his story without indulging in vulgarity and profanity, even going so far as to blaspheme the name of Christ.

Also, there are possibly readers of your publication who do not care to read crass and stupid liquor propaganda under the guise of literature or fiction material. Certainly no discriminating American home would permit knowingly a magazine with an article such as the one mentioned to pass its doors to come into the hands of sons and daughters. That the Editor should accept and print an article with expressions contained in this article suggests that he is unfit for his job or is deliberately taking the chances of affronting many of his reading public.

I am passing a copy of this letter on to the librarian of the Louisville Public Library.

Box 1042
Louisville, Ky. H. P. Hoskins

*** Brother Hoskins's protest deserves the prayerful consideration of all Christian people, including the librarian of the Louisville Public Library. Unluckily, he does an unwitting injustice to Brother Brown, who is a baptized man and has been engaged in good works, both at home and in foreign parts, for many years. Only his modesty, indeed, prevents it being generally known that he was the founder of the First Presbyterian Church of Port Said, Egypt.

THE PEAK OF PUNISHMENT

I believe that in every important mental or physical process common to humanity there is an apex, a peak, a point of culmination. Everything leading to that dramatically suspended moment is definitely separated from everything that follows it in both mental and moral consideration. At the actual moment of the complete explosion of a thought, act, or whatever it may be, the entire consciousness of the individual is in as completely exposed a state as is a sensitized camera film behind an open lens. In other words, the point of culmination is the point of impression.

Where is the point of impression in the punishment of so-called criminals? Naturally, at a different *locus in mens* for every individual. The rising curve plotting the progress of John Doe's reaction to incarceration may reach its apex much more suddenly than that of Richard Roe. A thousand unseen forces shape and lift that curve. Forces of heredity and environment, incidental influence, direct influence, shock, the degree of natural resistance, the degree of mental detachment, the ability to withdraw from contact or surrounding, all contribute in different ways to the abruptness or lethargy of that curve.

There are those for whom this peak of punishment comes even at the moment of arrest. It is the fixation of shock. These are the highly developed mental types of so-called felons. For them all the legal process, the detectives, the district attorneys, the courts, the judges, are "needless Alexandrines" that "drag their slow length along." Individuals of this type could be taken in that terrible moment of fierce impression before a Board of Paroles, and

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receive the dictated conditions of parole in a mental state that would be complete assurance of their rehabilitation. For other types, all the way up and down the scale of intellect, the point of punishment comes at other times.

That is why, it seems to me, the overseers of the daily lives of imprisoned persons should be trained psychologists. They should know the reactions of every individual under their care, so that they may report to the Board of Paroles the readiness of John Doe or Richard Roe for that time of parole—so that they may assist in returning to society an individual truly impressed, truly given the impetus toward rebuilding.

The felony committed by an individual should carry no fixed sentence. His actions should be studied for his reactions, and his "return to circulation" should occur at the time when the peak of punishment occurs—sooner or later, according to the man.

San Quentin Prison ROBERTA HALL

LET US GIVE JEFFERSON ANOTHER CHANCE

AFTER generations of fatly wandering in the wilderness and forgetting our political heritage, suddenly it is thrown back in our faces. Surveying our current mess, a number of intelligent gentlemen are more or less openly advocating that we scrap the Constitution and try again, the latest being Mr. Masters in the November Soap-Box and Mr. Merwin in the *Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly*.

The nub of the matter is the same old tug between Hamilton and Jefferson. In 1833 Jeffersonianism went completely gaga, passed the Nullification Act, and in 1861 started to take its beating. It has, I think, lost all of its fanaticism since. In 1918 Hamiltonianism went fantee, not only with the Noble Experiment, but also with the equally pernicious—if carried out to any extent at all—Maternity Act. Now we have griping pains in the region of the pocket-book.

Political parties do not seem to help at present; as the voter has a choice only between the conservative Hamiltonian on the elephant and the radical Hamiltonian on the jackass. But there is a ray of hope showing, nevertheless, aside from the proposals to rub it all out and start over. The non-partisan National Economy League contains several prominent gentlemen of both parties, and their utterances prove that, whatever their political tags, they are all fairly sane Jeffersonians, whether they know it or not. If they started now to elect assemblymen or even aldermen, by 1934 they might wangle a Congressman or two, and by 1936 they might have considerable effect, weary as we all are from reaching into our change-pockets for taxes.

As for the Constitution, I doubt whether a new convention, having scrapped everything, could do much better than the original document plus the Bill of Rights for a starter. Of course, it will not be possible to wipe out the Nineteenth Amendment, but it would help a bit to wipe out all the rest of them after the Tenth. But the question really is not what the Constitution says, but how we apply it. The Hamiltonians have had a fair trial and are now convicted. All the old parties are now Hamiltonian, even the Communists.

Why not give old T.J.'s theories another chance, with due watchfulness for a recurrence of extremists, and see if we can recover his proud boast that "no farmer nor domestic trader has ever seen the Federal tax-collector"?

Philadelphia MILES MARTINDALE

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THE SECOND COMING

THE Second Coming of Christ is never spoken of in the Bible in connection with what might be called the geological "end of the world" but rather in connection with "the end or consummation of the Age." Writing to the Church at Thessalonia Paul said:

> This we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not precede them which sleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore strengthen one another with these words.

In clear and concise language the Old Testament speaks of two Advents. The first prophesied His Incarnation, now an historic fact. So specific were these prophecies that (1) The manner of His birth was indicated—born of a Virgin. Isaiah VII, 14; Matthew I, 18-25. (2) The place—Bethlehem. Micah V, 8; Matthew II, 5-6. (3) The character of His life—tender, gracious and beautiful. Isaiah XLII, 1-4. (4) Betrayal and the price paid—thirty pieces of silver. Zechariah XI, 12-13. Dice cast for His garments at death. Psalm XXII, 18. (5) Burial with the rich. Isaiah LIII, 9.

These prophecies, and many, many more spoken hundreds of years before His Incarnation, were fulfilled with microscopic accuracy.

In both the Old and New Testaments, equally clear words are given about the future, or Second Advent. (1) The place is indicated as the Mount of Olives. Zechariah XIV, 4. Acts I, 11. (2) The manner—in great personal glory and majesty. Matthew XXIV, 29-30. Revelation I, 7. (3) Time—no man knows the day or hour. Matthew XXIV, 36-42. (4) Results: (a) the dead in Christ will be raised. I Corinthians XV, 52. I Thessalonians IV, 16. (b) The living in Christ will be caught up and transformed (that is to say, will never die) I Thessalonians IV, 17. I Corinthians XV, 51.

There are several reasons why Jesus Christ must return. (1) To fulfill these prophetic scriptures. He said, "I came not to destroy but to fulfill." (2) To maintain His word. He has promised to come again and He cannot deny Himself. (3) To finish His work; *i.e.*, to banish pain, sickness, sorrow, death and take the kingdoms of this world into His own hands.

Looking for that day of His coming, what shall be the Christian's attitude? Not to be idle or unconcerned with today's situations and needs. Rather to be expectant, having his heart full of faith and his hands full of work.

It is significant that scripture closes with this pregnant sentence, "Come Lord Jesus." In the light of today's conditions, world wide, many are in earnest prayer saying, "Even so come."

The second glorious, majestic, personal return of Jesus Christ in power and authority is fully believed by many of us to be the only supreme and final solution for the tangled affairs of today's world. We are not professing to know, much less understand, His programme, but as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways and thoughts infinitely higher than ours.

The times are out of joint. God has promised a Kingdom. A Kingdom of righteousness. A glorious earth, but with the personal visible presence of the King.

FRANCIS W. RUSSELL, D.D.

Palo Alto, Calif.

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"AN INDEX IS LACKING"

YOUR crusade for more and better indexes in current books gets support from a high authority. In his "Lives of the Chief Justices of England" (1845) Lord Campbell says:

> So essential did I consider an index to be to every book that I proposed to bring a bill into Parliament to deprive an author who publishes a book without an index of the privilege of copyright, and, moreover, to subject him for his offense to a pecuniary penalty.

Fond du Lac, Wis. ALBERT J. FRANCIS

CHICAGO ENGLISH

THERE is a reference in What Is Going On in the World to the fact that the Chicago newspapers, when they have to mention an Italian gunman, which is at least twenty times a day, always call him a Sicilian, apparently to save the feelings of the North Italians, many of whom are highly esteemed citizens. This custom seems to be peculiar to the town. Another like it is the custom of calling sexual perverts morons. Everywhere else in America the word moron means an adult with the mentality of a child of twelve years.

It does not connote depravity, but simply stupidity. One might call a policeman a moron without any intent to calumniate him. But in Chicago, for some unknown reason, the newspapers use moron to designate a person of aberrant sexual habits, and especially a man who attacks little girls. How they came to use the word in that sense I don't know, and several newspaper men whom I have consulted seem to be equally uninformed. Perhaps a Chicago dialect of the English language is growing up.

Chicago J. D. AYLSWORTH

WHY NOT REVIVE THE DEGREE OF J. U. D.?

TIME was when collegiate bachelors were persons of eminence in America. Later, as the mounting totals of masters of arts were annually assembled, the bachelors became as inconsequential as buck privates in a conscripted army. And now the masters in turn are being relegated to obscurity by a yearly swelling influx of doctors of philosophy. These last will soon be as ubiquitous as politicians and equally as undistinguished. The division and subdivision of life's interests, functions and problems into less and less important minutiæ, infinitesimal abstractions about which even the most inexpert degree hound can ferret out sufficient data to compose an acceptable dissertation, will soon result in a grand but uninspiring multiplication of doctors of philosophy. The significance of the degree will then be reduced to the level of a high-school diploma. When Ph.D.'s thus become as impressive as cabbages, what label will the colleges then invent to stamp upon those whose delvings into fathomless irrelevancies are held to merit recognition?

Columbus, O. G. A. STEWARD

TUFTS ENLIGHTENS THE WORLD

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN, declaiming in The Music Room of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September last, Made An Ass of himself in the second paragraph of "On the Alleged Stealings of Great Composers." "*Rousseau* tells us how, &c.," he said, and cited the instance of the golden tooth of Silesia. Will you ask Mr. Newman to cite the chapter and verse of Rousseau's mention of it? It is *Fontenelle*, in his "Histoire des Oracles" who actually makes mention of it. Fontenelle (1657-1757) laughed at the credulity of Ossius and

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other scholars. Then, Bayle (1647-1706) in his Dictionnaire cited the exploded myth in the article on Ossius. Rousseau wasn't the type. Let Mr. Newman have one more glance at his Rousseau, and while he is at it, two more at his Wagner scores.

I say no more. An English magazine would scarcely allow Mr. Newman's type to publish in such a careless way. Americans, one might gather, know nothing of Rousseau but his "Confessions," and those by hearsay. Let him read a little French. THE AMERICAN MERCURY's editors might also profit from an un-American access of accuracy.

Somerville, Mass. JAMES BOYLE, *Tufts '35*

WAGNER AND BRASS BANDS

In the October issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY a Soap-boxer clouts Wagner, with an accompanying sneer at brass bands.

In the music of Wagner are the thunder of the surf, the illimitable reaches of the ocean, the craggy heights of tumbling mountains, the rumble of drunken roars reëchoing down the Halls of Valhalla. Wagner's music is for the coarse gods, not for thin-skinned groundlings. Of course it is music for brass bands; and I doubt very much—in spite of all protestations—that any of us are so far removed from Crô-Magnon that a brass band with full instrumentation does not tingle the spine when it blares out Wagner's "Valkyrie." "Valkyrie" is a mood that sends the animal strutting off on its hind legs with clanking armor; the "Moonlight" sonata of Beethoven simply brings him down to all fours and sends him howling to the moon.

Sir, in this age of beetling brows, while our hides still twitch from the last handful of fleas, Wagner is not over-rated.

CHARLES OVERILL
Sergeant, Band, 4th Inf.
Ft. George Wright, Wash.

THE SINGLE TAX IN A NUT SHELL

THE Lord giveth and the landlord taketh away.

Cleveland JOHN W. RAPER

ALAS, THE PRINTER DEMANDS CASH

IN THE Rio Grande Valley of Texas, on the border of Mexico, where I have my citrus orchard, I raise the finest grapefruit in the world. Money is scarce and I want to know if I can exchange grapefruit for subscriptions to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. This grapefruit is offered you in both the yellow and the pink varieties. One of the pink varieties is rose pink on the inside and is seedless; the other is pink on the inside and a blueish pink on the outside. This fruit is delicious and makes marvelous gifts. May I hear from you concerning this proposition?

Mercedes, Tex. MILDRED BRIDGES

QUERIES

19. HARRY THURSTON PECK.—Is there any good critico-biographical study of Harry Thurston Peck? It is years since I have seen a reference to him in the literary weeklies, and that preposterous magazine, *American Literature*, has ignored him completely since its founding three or four years ago. All this seems strange to me. A country that is so poor in literary critics as is the United States cannot afford to let the memory of so able a man as Peck sink into oblivion. He had taste and he had manners.

Portland, Me. A. L. COHEN

20. MR. WILKINSON.—Twice recently I have read that the most banal line ever written by an English poet of any pretensions is

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A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

But on neither occasion was the name of the poet mentioned, or the name of the poem. It occurs to me that some reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY may know both.

Winnipeg FERGUS HAMILTON

21. CARADOC EVANS.—What has become of Caradoc Evans? Has he written anything memorable since "My People"? If I had written "My People," I'd never feel sad again for the rest of my life.

Little Rock, Ark. B. J. YOUNG

REPLIES

1. THE MORON.—The verse beginning "There goes the happy moron" appeared as a comment under Books Received, in reference to a work on mental deficiency, in the *Journal of Heredity* some time in 1930. I quoted it in an article on the same subject in the *New Statesman & Nation.*

London, England. LOUIS HERRMAN

3. THE INVENTOR OF FLY PAPER.—Mr. Arthur J. Saunders is wrong when he says that fly paper was unknown in England in 1901. In my early days, gentlemen in silk hats be-wrapped with fly papers, with the sticky surfaces exposed, cried the suburban streets of London with a musical chart of "Catch'em-all-{alive / a-li-eve}-oh!!" They carried their stock with them and exchanged it for the odd pennies of householders on their line of march. The customary tune was something like this:

This was in the late nineties.

Montreal P. H. RUSSELL

6. COLLEGE YELLS.—College yells certainly began to be used before the middle 80's. I entered Yale in the Autumn of 1877, and I recollect hearing them at football and baseball games with several colleges. My belief is that the "three times three" yell (rah! rah! rah!—thrice repeated) was introduced at Harvard many years before this time. It had begun to be copied by Yale about the time I entered. The Princeton "rocket" yell, with its "sis-boom-bah" began about this same time. The present Yale Frog Chorus from Aristophanes began about the time of our graduation in 1881. I imagine, though I am not sure, that it was introduced by our class, as we had read "The Frogs" in our junior year.

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

St. Louis Public Library *Librarian*

7. *Blotto.*—It is my impression that *blotto* is just another of the hundreds of words expressing the much-abused state of intoxication. I've always heard it used alongside *boiled, cockeyed, plastered,* but in a more extreme sense signifying subsequent total unconsciousness. The derivation, I believe, is from *blot*: like a blotter, to soak up. If one is *blotto*, one is completely soaked-up, and passed out.

Buffalo, N. Y. S. J. HARTZBERG

8. WHITMAN & THE PROFESSORS.—The statement that "Walt Whitman was tabooed by all the college professors of English literature until 1900 or thereabout" is mainly true. Among distinguished American professors hostile to him were James Russell Lowell, Barrett Wendell, Charles F. Richardson, and Henry A. Beers. On the other hand Hiram Corson of Cornell and George Herbert Palmer of Harvard paid tribute to him. It is well known that the bulk of the teaching force in this country shied clear of Whitman during his lifetime. The facts are available, but widely scattered among biographies and reminiscences of the period. For instance, William Roscoe Thayer wrote in his "Personal Recollections of Walt Whitman" (*Scribner's Magazine,* June, 1919): "At Harvard, in my time, a professor might casually refer to 'Leaves of Grass', but when the student went to the library to consult the book, he found that it was catalogued with two blue stars, which meant that it was kept under lock and key in the inferno devoted to obscene productions". The most useful single work for Mr. Retalliata to consult on this subject would be Horace Traubel's three volumes, "With Walt Whitman in Camden".

Department of English, HAROLD BLODGETT
Dartmouth College

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Genesis of a Deity

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Edited by John Arnott MacCulloch & George Foot Moore. Vol. V. *Semitic.* By Stephen Herbert Langdon. $10. 6¼ x 9½; 454 pp. Boston: *The Archeological Institute of America (The Marshall Jones Company).*

THIS work is scarcely a titbit for the so-called general reader: it deals mainly with dark and deep matters, and there is no play of fun and fancy in the author's Oxford style. Nevertheless, it will reward that extra-enterprising general reader who ventures into it, for one of the things he will find is a biography of Yahweh, the venerable God of Christendom, Israel and Islam alike. For a life-long Democrat I am somewhat heavily read in the sacred sciences, but this is the first such biography that I have ever encountered. Even Hasting's Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, otherwise so full and frank on all theological subjects, including the most bitterly controverted, gets rid of Yahweh by burying Him in its article on Israel, where He appears suddenly without being accounted for. The other standard reference books take refuge in a discreet silence. If they mention Yahweh at all, it is only to explain that the original form of His name was YHWH, and that it was turned into Jehovah in the Eighth Century A.D. by giving YHWH the vowels of Adonai. But where Yahweh Himself came from they do not say. This lack is now supplied by Mr. Langdon, who is professor of Assyriology at Oxford and a man of great learning.

His study of the evidence leads him to believe that the original god of the Jews was not Yahweh at all, but Ilani (later written Elohim), and that this Ilani was picked up from the Babylonians in the dark backward and abysm of time, long before the Jews settled in Palestine. In those days they were a wandering tribe of great pugnacity, and the Babylonians got rid of their raids and forays by making mercenary soldiers of them, and allowing them to engage in trade. They lived this life for five or six centuries at least, and gradually became more or less Babylonianized. For one thing, they adopted a large part of the Babylonian mythology, and through them it has come down to us—the story of the Flood, that of the Tower of Babel, that of the Fall of Man, and so on. And for another thing, they abandoned the primitive gods who had contented them in the desert, and adopted the Babylonian sun-god, who was widely popular among the peoples of Asia Minor and passed under various names. What the Jews called him at the start is unknown, but in the Fifteenth and Fourteenth Centuries B.C., when they began to move westward toward the Mediterranean, they found that the Phoenicians and Arameans called him El, and this name they presently borrowed.

But El soon had a rival, for in the course of their wanderings in search of land the Jews entered Canaan, and there they found another god, Yahweh. This Yahweh, compared to El, was a somewhat primitive deity. He was not a splendid sun-god but a simple rain-god. El's prov-

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ince was the whole universe, but Yahweh confined Himself pretty strictly to Canaan. Nevertheless, there was something powerfully attractive about Him, for Canaan was a dry country, and a rain-god was of much more use in it than a sun-god. So the Jews, like the other Semitic tribes who followed them into Canaan, began to incline toward Him, and when they conquered the land and began their history as a settled people they made Him their tribal god. He remains so to this day, and Christians and Moslems in their turn have borrowed Him, but no reader of the Old Testament need be told that He never had it all His own way, even in the palmy days of Israel. On the contrary, He had to meet constant and serious competition from two sides. On the one side were the primitive Baalim or village gods to which the Jews of the remoter settlements were always returning, to the rage and despair of the prophets in practise in Jerusalem. And on the other side was the stately and elegant hierarchy of Babylonian gods, headed by the gorgeous El, for which the sophisticates of the cities, especially in the cosmopolitan North, always had a nostalgic hankering.

In the end the Jewish priests had to make a sort of compromise between Yahweh and El, and the two are amalgamated in the Old Testament into a joint god who is spoken of first under one name and then under the other. But the majority of Jews, at all events in the southern part of Palestine, always leaned toward Yahweh. He was a much more friendly and comfortable god, despite His frequent rages, than El. El was all right in the over-refined cities of the North, but down in the deserts of Judah the herdsmen and shepherds preferred a god who was more approachable and had a better understanding of the needs of simple men. In the Old Testament it is always Yahweh who appears in the most human and charming situations —wrestling with Jacob, taking the air in the Garden of Eden, suspicious and jealous of the builders of the Tower of Babel, gossiping with Moses, lunching with Abraham. There is nothing subtle about this Yahweh—nothing of the metaphysical elegance of El. He does not appear as the Word, but as a downright and even flat-footed old man—a sort of fatherly general superintendent of the Jews, very friendly when they obey His orders but cruel and vindictive when they try to fool Him.

The modern Jews, and the Christians and Moslems with them, have pretty well forgotten El. He survives only in a few refinements of ritual and in the books of learned divines. Yahweh has swallowed him—Yahweh, the honest old rain-god. He it is that the Jews trust to restore them to the land of their fathers, and He that the Catholics hope will be kind enough to make their stay in Purgatory short, and He that the Methodists count upon joyously to burn all the rest of us in white-hot flames forever. He has been successful among gods largely because of His very crudity. No training in divinity is needed to understand Him. At times, as beseems a god, He may retreat into inscrutability, but in general He is quite comprehensible, and even transparent. His principles, indeed, are so simple that they are taught in the Sunday-schools to children of five or six. As in ancient Palestine, He increases in humanness as He gets away from the cities, and throws off the uncomfortable vestments of El. In the South of this great Republic He returns to the primitive estate of a rain-god, and when there is a drought His votaries turn out exactly as the desert Jews used to turn out in Southern Palestine, to demand confidently that He do something about it.

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Mr. Langdon has a great deal to say in his book about the origin of other articles of the Jewish mythology, but his most interesting chapters have to do with Yahweh. It is a pity that they appear in an expensive book, and will thus not get much circulation. The question as to the origin of Yahweh is one that, at some time or other, every Christian, every Jew and every Moslem must ask. It is, indeed, common for the freshmen in Sunday-schools to flabbergast their professors by demanding, Where did God come from? Hitherto the only answer has been a harsh frown, and maybe a crack over the knuckles. But now the facts are available, at least to those who can read hard words.

The Siege of Nature

MEN AGAINST DEATH, by Paul de Kruif. $3.50. 5⅝ x 8½; 363 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

ANTONY VAN LEEUWENHOEK & HIS "LITTLE ANIMALS", by Clifford Dobell. $7.50. 7¼ x 9¾; 435 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

DR. DE KRUIF's skill at the business he here undertakes is well known, for his two previous books, "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters", have been very widely circulated. When he tells the story of a scientific discovery it is never merely the story of the discovery; it is also the story of the discoverer. He sees such enterprises as moving dramas, and in truth they often are. A scientist in his laboratory remains a man like the rest of us. He can hope and he can despair; his progress can be helped by a favorable postcard from a pretty girl, and it can be halted by a tax bill or a telephone call; above all, he must be victualled suitably and wined on occasion, or he will get nowhere. Dr. de Kruif has been a laboratory man himself, and he knows all the hazards and sorrows, the windfalls and elations of the trade. Thus when he tells the story of Dr. F. G. Banting, the young Canadian surgeon who isolated insulin and so brought hope to all the world's diabetics, he makes it far more than a chronicle of scientific achievement; it is also the heroic saga of an extraordinarily bold, resourceful, pertinacious and indomitable man. One does not see Banting and his even younger associate, Best, proceeding placidly from step to step, like mathematicians computing the path of a star; one sees two resolute explorers hacking their way through a dense jungle, and in it are not only plenty of thorns but also occasional wildcats.

It is plain that Dr. de Kruif admires Banting, and no wonder, for few men of his achievement have ever done their work under such unhappy circumstances. He had no laboratory, and no money to set up one: all he had was an idea, and even that was somewhat vague. His first and perhaps hardest job was to convince the famous Professor J. J. R. MacLeod of Toronto that this idea was not sheer nonsense. Professor MacLeod, like any other man in his place, took a lot of persuading, but in the end he gave Banting and young Best, who was a chemist, ten dogs and the use of "a miserable, grimy little cubbyhole of a room" for eight weeks. That was on May 16, 1921. The eight weeks passed and the ten dogs were sacrificed to science, but insulin was still far away. Eight weeks more. Banting hocked his surgical instruments, and negotiated some modest loans, and Best borrowed from Banting. A third eight weeks. Banting took a part-time job in Professor V. E. Henderson's laboratory, and Best took up a couple of button-holes in his belt. Professor MacLeod, meanwhile, was in Europe. When he returned there was nothing to show. The supply of dogs ran out. Best renewed it by methods

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that de Kruif delicately evades. Then of a sudden, in November, reluctant Nature yielded her secret. Insulin was isolated, and Dog No. 92, a diabetic to match *Saccharum officinarum* itself, was relieved.

De Kruif tells the story in detail, and with full appreciation of its suspense and surprises. The whole thing was played out in a smelly laboratory, with dogs barking and their fleas hopping, but not many better dramas are seen on battlefields. Neither Banting nor Best, I note, is listed in the latest edition of "Who's Who in America", though it has room for hundreds of Methodist and Baptist clergymen, movie stars, cow-town Congressmen, Young Humanists, editors of party newspapers, professors in one-building universities, female poets, and other such illuminati. Professor MacLeod is there, but not Banting, and not Best. There are five other Bestii: one is a Baptist clergyman who is also a Rotarian and a 32° Freemason; another is a graduate of an Eclectic medical college; a third is the author of "A Yankee Doodle Book for Young Americans", and a fourth is the author of "Prudence of the Parsonage", "Leave It to Doris", "Ginger and Speed" and "Good Times" (1932!). In 1923 Banting got half of the Nobel prize in medicine; the other half went to Dr. MacLeod. What Best has got the deponent saith not, nor is there any record of an extra bone for Dog No. 92.

Dr. de Kruif has many other good stories to tell. There is a chapter on Ignaz Philipp Semmelweis, the strange Hungarian who introduced cleanliness into obstetrics and was so violently denounced for it by his colleagues in Vienna that he fled to Budapest and went insane. Eighteen years afterward Lister did all of his work over again, induced the profession to accept it—and died a peer. There is a chapter, too, on Julius Wagner-Jauregg, who spent thirty years trying to convince his fellow alienists that malaria would cure the form of insanity which comes from syphilis—and lived to see them agree with him. There is one, again, on George R. Minot, the modest Bostonian who discovered that fried liver would cure anemia—and will get his Nobel prize, let us hope, in due course, as Wagner-Jauregg did in 1927, forty years after the publication of his first paper. Altogether, there are twelve chapters, not to mention a prologue, an epilogue, an index, and fourteen illustrations, including an extraordinarily fine portrait of Wagner-Jauregg. The book is well up to the level of "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters". I have long been in hopes that Dr. de Kruif will one day do a volume on the great pioneers of surgery. What a tale he could make of Ambroise Paré! And of Billroth!

Dr. Dobell's book, which is dedicated to de Kruif, is the end-product of long years of almost fabulous industry. The reports of Leeuwenhoek to the British Royal Society were published in its *Philosophical Transactions* more than two centuries ago, but in part they were badly translated and in part they were mutilated by editors. Dr. Dobell, who is protistologist to the British Medical Research Council and a distinguished authority on the protozoa, thought that it would be a good idea to take a look at the original MSS., most of which were in Leeuwenhoek's native Dutch. He found them readily enough, but reading them was something else again, for they were not only written in a somewhat archaic and extremely difficult form of Dutch; they were also in an almost undecipherable handwriting. But Dr. Dobell was not daunted, and for twenty years he went on with his inquiry, learning Dutch for the purpose and becoming expert in its dialects and paleography. At the same time

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he mastered everything that was in type about Leeuwenhoek's life, which was not much, and made contact with various Dutch antiquaries who knew more. He visited Holland frequently, conducted elaborate researches in Leeuwenhoek's ancient town of Delft, and in general did a great deal of hard exploring. The resultant record is now before us in a stout quarto which somehow suggests the sturdy volumes of the Seventeenth Century.

Leeuwenhoek was not the inventor of the microscope—in fact, he never used a microscope, but did all of his work with a simple magnifying-glass—but he was the real discoverer of the bacteria and protozoa, and many of the observations that he set down so carefully during his sixty years of work are still valid. It is amazing, considering the instruments he had, what he really saw. He was not only the first human being to see the spermatozoa; he was also the first to see nearly all the other classes of microscopic organisms. Dr. Dobell believes that he must have devised some scheme of dark-field illumination, for otherwise it is almost impossible to imagine him seeing some of the minute creatures he recorded. The fact that he did not describe this scheme in his communications to the Royal Society is no impediment to the theory, for there was a touch of secretiveness in him, and he liked to mystify. He was, in his later days, a famous character, and even kings came to see him, but he showed them only what he wanted to show them. No one ever found out how he made his lenses. He was, in private life, a business man, and he always had an objection to making too free with trade secrets.

Dr. Dobell has put the record of this memorable man into a very attractive form. Most scientists, setting themselves down to do justice to an immortal predecessor, would have produced something learned but unreadable. Dr. Dobell does much better. After a charming preface in which he describes the often amusing difficulties of his quest, he proceeds to paint Leeuwenhoek with bold strokes, and the result is a portrait that radiates life. We not only read the old boy's meticulous notes; we also see him peering through his magical glasses, day after day, year after year, attended by his spinster daughter, beset unpleasantly by the curious, and badgered from time to time by rheumatic joints, vague and mysterious bellyaches, and other cryptic reminders that God is Love. The book is packed with facts, and yet it makes very pleasant reading.

A Good Man in a Bad Trade

GROVER CLEVELAND: *A Study in Courage,* by Allan Nevins. $5. 6⅛ x 9¼; 832 pp. New York: *Dodd, Mead & Company.*

Dr. Nevins' sub-title is well chosen. We have had more brilliant Presidents than Cleveland, and one or two who were considerably more profound, but we have never had one, at least since Washington, whose fundamental character was solider and more admirable. Put beside him, even Lincoln begins to look a bit pliant and irresolute: as for Roosevelt and Wilson, they become limber mountebanks, worked by strings. There was never any string tied to old Grover. He got on in politics, not by knuckling to politicians, but by scorning and defying them, and when he found himself opposed in what he conceived to be sound and honest courses, not by politicians alone but by the sovereign people, he treated them to a massive dose of the same medicine. No more self-sufficient man is recorded in modern history. There were times, of course, when he had his doubts like the rest of us, but once he had

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made up his mind he stood immovable. No conceivable pressure could shake him; no conceivable seduction could weaken him. There was something almost inhuman about his fortitude, and to millions of his contemporaries it seemed more satanic than godlike. No President since Lincoln, not even the melancholy Hoover, has been more bitterly hated, or by more people. But Cleveland, though he certainly did not enjoy it—he was, indeed, singularly lacking in the shallower and more comforting sort of egoism—yet did not let it daunt him. He came into office his own man, and he went out without yielding anything of that character for an instant.

In his time it was common to ascribe a good part of this vast steadfastness to his mere bulk. He had a huge girth, shoulders like the Parthenon, a round, compact head, and the slow movements of any large animal. He was not very tall, but he looked, somehow, like an enormous natural object—say, the Jungfrau or Cape Horn. This aspect of the stupendous, almost of the terrific, was tempting to the primeval psychologists of that innocent day, and they succumbed to it easily. But in the years that have come and gone since then we have learned a great deal about fat men. It was proved, for example, by W. H. Taft that they could be knocked about and made to dance with great facility, and it has been proved by Hoover that their texture may be, not that of Alps, but that of chocolate éclairs. Cleveland, though he was also fat, was the complete antithesis of these gentlemen. There was far more to him than beam and tonnage. When enemies had at him they quickly found that his weight was the least of their difficulties; what really sent them sprawling was the fact that his whole huge carcass seemed to be made of iron. There was no give in him, no bounce, no softness. He sailed through American history like a steel ship loaded with monoliths of granite.

Mr. Nevins' account of him is appreciative but by no means fulsome. He had plenty of faults, and they are not concealed. He came of an excellent family, but his youth had been a hard one, and his cultural advantages were not of the best. He learned a great deal about human nature by sitting with pleasant fellows in the Buffalo saloons, but he seems to have made but little contact with the finer and more elusive parts of the spiritual heritage of man, and in consequence his imagination was not awakened, and he remained all his days a somewhat stodgy and pedantic fellow. There is no sign in his writings of the wide and fruitful reading of Roosevelt, and they show none of the sleek graces of Wilson. His English, apparently based upon Eighteenth Century models, was a horrible example to the young. It did not even roar; it simply heaved, panted and grunted. He made, in his day, some phrases, and a few of them are still remembered, but they are all études in ponderosity—innocuous desuetude, communism of pelf, and so on. The men he admired were all solid men like himself. He lived through the Gilded Age, the Mauve Decade and the Purple Nineties without being aware of them. His heroes were largely lawyers of the bow-wow type, and it is significant that he seems to have had little acquaintance with Mark Twain, though Mark edited a paper in Buffalo during his terms as mayor there. His favorite American author was Richard Watson Gilder!

The one man who seems to have had any genuine influence upon him was Richard Olney, first his Attorney-General and then his Secretary of State. He had such great respect for Olney's professional

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skill as a lawyer that he was not infrequently blind to the man's defects as a statesman. It was Olney who induced him to send troops to Chicago to put down the Pullman strike, and Olney who chiefly inspired the celebrated Venezuela message. Cleveland, at the start, seems to have been reluctant to intervene in Chicago, but Olney convinced him that it was both legal and necessary. In the Venezuelan matter something of the same sort appears to have occurred. It was characteristic of Cleveland that, once he had made up his mind, he stuck to his course without the slightest regard for consequences. Doubts never beset him. He banged along like a locomotive. If man or devil got upon the track, then so much the worse for man or devil. "God," he once wrote to Gilder, "has never failed to make known to me the path of duty."

Any man thus obsessed by a concept of duty is bound to seek support for it somewhere outside himself. He must rest it on something which seems to him to be higher than mere private inclination or advantage. Cleveland, never having heard of Kant's categorical imperatives and being almost as innocent of political theory, naturally turned to the Calvinism of his childhood. His father had been a Presbyterian clergyman, and he remained a communicant of the family faith to the end. But the Calvinism that he subscribed to was a variety purged of all the original horrors. He translated predestination, with its sharp cocksureness and its hordes of damned, into a sort of benign fatalism, not unmixed with a stealthy self-reliance. God, he believed, ordained the order of the world, and His decrees must ever remain inscrutable, but there was nevertheless a good deal to be said for hard work, a reasonable optimism, and a sturdy fidelity to what seemed to be the right. Duty, in its essence, might be transcendental, but its mandates were issued in plain English, and no honest man could escape them. There is no record that Cleveland ever tried to escape them. He was not averse to popularity, but he put it far below the approval of conscience. In him all the imaginary virtues of the Puritan became real.

It is not likely that we shall see his like again, at least in the present age. The Presidency is now closed to the kind of character that he had so abundantly. It is going, in these days, to more politic and pliant men. They get it by yielding prudently, by changing their minds at the right instant, by keeping silent when speech is dangerous. Frankness and courage are luxuries confined to the more comic varieties of runners-up at national conventions. We suffer from a pestilence of Hardings, Coolidges and Hoovers; even the modest intrepidity of a Roosevelt Minor is rare, and the chances are all against it lasting. Thus it is pleasant to think of Cleveland, and to speak of him from time to time. He was the last of the Romans. If pedagogy were anything save the puerile racket that it is he would loom large in the schoolbooks. As it is, he is subordinated to Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson. This is one of the things that is the matter with the United States. Alas, it seems to be a disease that will grow worse hereafter.

Dr. Nevins has done an excellent biography—the best of Cleveland, and by long odds, so far published. There is understanding in it, and discretion. It is free from irrelevancies, and ranges events in the true order of their importance. It is long but not tedious, for it is very competently written. Much of the material in it comes from MS. sources, and is thus new. There is a good bibliography at the end.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ROBERT S. ALLEN *is on the staff of the Philadelphia* Record, *and traveled with Mr. Roosevelt as its correspondent during the late campaign.*

HAMILTON BUTLER *was born in Maine and educated at Columbia. After a brief venture into the law, he joined the Consular Service in China as a student interpreter. After acquiring the language he was assigned to the consulate-general at Shanghai, and later was put in charge of that at Tientsin. After touring China as an interpreter and aide to the American Commercial Commission of 1910, he was sent to Canton and remained there during the Revolution in 1911. Altogether, he put in seven years in China. Since his return to the United States he has been engaged in newspaper and magazine work.*

JAMES M. CAIN *is a former newspaper man, now living in California.*

ROBERT C. COOK *is editor of the* Journal of Heredity.

JACOB H. HOLLANDER, PH.D. (Johns Hopkins), *is head of the department of political economy at the Johns Hopkins and one of the most distinguished of living economists. He is the author of many books, and has frequently served the American and foreign governments as an economic adviser. In 1900 he went to Puerto Rico to revise the tax laws of the island, and in 1905 he proceeded to Santo Domingo as special commissioner for President Roosevelt. In late years he has often served as mediator in strikes and other industrial disputes.*

EDWARD HUNGERFORD *is an assistant vice-president of the New York Central. He is the author of a dozen books, including "The Modern Railroad," "The Railroad Problem," "Our Railroads of Tomorrow," and a history of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.*

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, M.D. (Jefferson Medical College), *has been in practice at Winston-Salem, N. C., since 1910.*

EDGAR LEE MASTERS' *latest book is "Godbey," a dramatic poem.*

ALBERT PARRY'S *first book, "Garrets and Pretenders: A History of Bohemianism in America," will be published in February.*

HENRY F. PRINGLE *is the author of "Theodore Roosevelt," which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for biography in 1932.*

JESSE STUART *is the grandson of the mountain fighter he celebrates in the present issue. More about him will be found in Editorial Notes.*

SAMUEL W. TAIT, JR., *is on the staff of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

For obvious reasons the author of "A Nation in Arms" cannot put his name to his article. He is an officer in the Regular Army.

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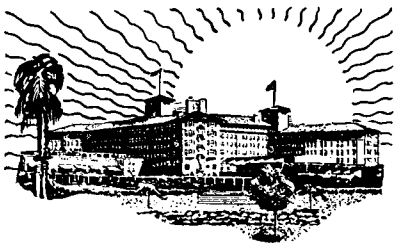

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Editorial NOTE

MR. JESSE STUART, author of "Elegy for Mitch Stuart," is the grandson of the mountain fighter he celebrates. He sends in the following account of himself:

I was born in 1907 near Riverton, Ky., and attended the country schools, but never finished more than two-thirds of a school term during any year. I had to help plant and hoe and harvest the crop. And, too, I spent many days in the weed fields and briar thickets hunting rabbits; and nights in the woods hunting coons, foxes, and possums.

At nine I began to hire out to well-to-do farmers for twenty-five cents a day. I worked from ten to twelve hours a day. My mother worked for the same money, my sister, twelve years of age, kept house, and my father farmed. At eleven I quit school entirely to help the family. From eleven to fifteen I cut corn in the Ohio River valley during the season and cut timber and made cross-ties during the Winter.

At fifteen I went to a country subscription school to give my grammar a brush. I went sixty days. Then I entered high-school. Also, I saw my first movie. The high-school, I thought, was a great place, for I had never seen anything like it. I cannot tell you the adjustments I had to make. I was like a mule in a new pasture. I finished in 1926, and tied for the best average in my class. Then I went to work in the American Rolling-Mills and spent eleven months of pure hell, forging steel. My eyebrows, eyelashes, and hair became singed. I learned to be a blacksmith there. I left with $10. I was going somewhere: I didn't know where. But I knew I was leaving the steel-mills forever.

I tried several colleges but they would

Continued on page xii

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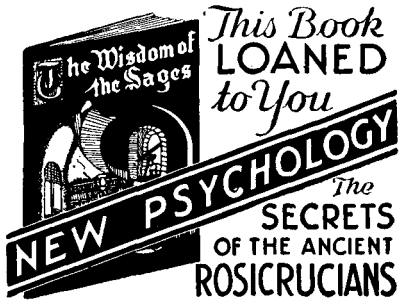

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Turn to page II to find
THE LITERARY BAZAAR
A market place for collectors

Editorial NOTE

Continued from page x

not let me enter. Finally, I ran on to Lincoln Memorial at Harrogate, Tenn. They took my $10 (I bummed my way there) and put me to work in a hay field. It was like living in paradise to do the light work around the college. I went from the hay field to digging a water line, from a water line to a sewer line, and then to cleaning out man-holes. After the first year, I worked up to a place washing dishes. I became editor of the college paper, and ran everything above two miles on the track team. I finished in three years, owing $101.

I returned to my home county and taught school two years. The last year I became principal of Greenup County High-school. During the next Summer I worked my way at Peabody College, Nashville, and then entered Vanderbilt to do a year of graduate work on $130. I lived on eleven meals a week from September 22, 1931, to February 19, 1932. The hall I was rooming in burned, and everything I had burned with it save the clothes I had on. I lost fifty sonnets, some short-stories, my clothes, my thesis, and the job which had given me eleven meals a week. From February 19 to June 2 I lived on one meal a day. I finished my graduate work but I did not rewrite the thesis.

I let Donald Davidson and Robert Penn Warren look at some verse I had done, and they told me to send it to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. At present I am living on a one-horse farm, and am farming some. I come from a hardy race of people. My mother's family are Indian and English. My father's are Scotch. They have lived in the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky all their days. My father's people, the Stuarts and the Stewarts, are, and have been, feudists, killers, boozers, country preachers, Republicans and fine soldiers.

My mother's people, the Hiltons, are and have been, country school teachers, moonshiners, rebels and Democrats. They have all been pioneers in the Big Sandy valley and the mountains of Kentucky. I am the first of my people to finish college.

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Marie Antoinette

Miss Katharine Anthony, whose lives of Queen Elizabeth and Catherine the Great have enjoyed great popularity, recently brought me the manuscript of a life of Marie Antoinette on which she has been working for nearly four years. I think it is quite her best book. It will be on sale January 15th at three dollars.

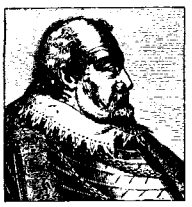
Marie Antoinette is the simplified study of an intricate subject: the portrait of an individual against the background of a period. The major emphasis is upon the French Queen who came from Austria and was always made to feel like an outsider in France. Most biographies of Marie Antoinette are more or less complete histories of the French Revolution. There was a great deal to Marie Antoinette which had nothing to do with that fascinating chapter in world politics and it is toward this Marie Antoinette that Miss Anthony directs her attention. The attempt has not, I believe, been made before. The daughter of Maria Theresa and the Queen of France during the Revolution has usually been regarded as important only because of her great connections. This book reverses the perspective and shows the great events against which her life was lived from Marie Antoinette's point of view.

For the early part of the biography, and all parts which dealt with Austria, Miss Anthony had the assistance of an excellent Austrian scholar who searched the Vienna archives. This research was productive of considerable new material; such as, for instance, Maria Theresa's interview with Prince Lubonirsky regarding the very private life of her royal son-in-law.

Miss Anthony's scholarship is above reproach, but she never permits it to dim the fascinating story she has to tell. And she writes without wasting words. In *Marie Antoinette* you will find no more padding than in Strachey's *Queen Victoria.*

The Mirror of Fools

I am also planning to publish on January 15th a new novel by Alfred Neumann, well-known German novelist. This book, *The Mirror of Fools,* is utterly different from his more recent and rather difficult stories. Unlike



Duke Heinrich of Liegnitz

The Devil and *Guerra*, it sets out simply to entertain, and it has already scored a great success in Germany where it appeared last February. I happened to be in Berlin when Propyläen-Verlag published it. Their advance sale was over 25,000 copies.

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Dr. Fabian Schramm

Hans Von Schweinichen

Marx Fugger of Augsburg

In connection with an extensive advertising campaign Ullstein (Propyläen is one of their subsidiary companies) used a rather unusual series of woodcuts of the principal characters of the novel which are reproduced here. I heartily recommend this

Barbara Kittlitz

Kaspar Heillung

tale of the hilarious adventures and mad intrigues of Duke Heinrich of Liegnitz, sixteenth century prince of the Holy Roman Empire, to anyone who likes historical fiction even if it be a little scandalous.

Verbum Sap

I write this as 1932 draws toward its close. It is clear now that *The American Mercury* will have closed the year without showing a loss, something almost unparalleled among American magazines. I think our annual subscribers have stuck to us in larger proportion, probably, than those of any other magazine and I am sure that our news-stand returns are lower than those of our chief competitors. This has been achieved without employing any solicitors or offering any premiums. True, we have lost some circulation, but the facts remain that we have twenty-two thousand paid-in-advance annual subscribers and nearly twenty-five thousand other readers pay fifty cents a copy for *The American Mercury* on the news-stands each month. I don't think any record approaching this has been made in our day by an unillustrated serious review sold at a high price and making no compromise with popular ideas.

The moral for advertisers seems to Mr. Mencken and myself to be plain. *Verbum sap.*

Clamoring for Translation

In the course of her recent annual visit to Paris, Blanche Knopf signed a contract for Jules Romains's new novel, the first two volumes of which appeared in

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France last spring. Negotiations for this huge work (it is to run to an indefinite number of volumes) were started by our London representative R. W. Postgate toward the end of May, when he wrote me as follows:

"Jules Romains, as you probably know, is a very important figure in French literature. All that he has written has been unsuitable for translation—either because it was poetry, or because it was far too Gallic in humor. Romains has a standing in France in his own way comparable to Gide or Colette. Three plays of his were running at once when I was last in Paris. But up till now he has never produced anything that was obviously clamoring for translation. In my opinion, though, it was as with Colette partly a case of people failing to see the obvious.

"This book, *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté,* is to be his life-work and will be in an unknown number of volumes. It is written in his most mature manner, with all that careful building up of atmosphere and incident, without (as yet) untranslatable improprieties, and so far as I can see is going, as Maurois said, to be one of the world's important books."

Warre B. Wells is at work, as I write, on the translation of the two volumes of *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté,* which have so far appeared in France. They are called, respectively—*Le 6 Octobre* and *Crime de Quinette.* I have not yet decided whether to issue these separately in English or together in one volume, but they will certainly appear in the course of 1933.

The Decade of Illusion

I have just sent to the printer a manuscript entitled *The Decade of Illusion*: Paris 1918-1928. The author is Maurice Sachs, a young

Picasso in a café

Frenchman married to an American and living in this country at the present time. In fact, he is quite busy filling lecture engagements under the management of the National Broadcasting Corporation. He was a friend of

Jean Cocteau
in his room, rue d'Anjou

many of the celebrities who lived in Paris during the years of which he writes—particularly of Jean Cocteau. In his book, he describes his first introduction as a child to Anatole France, his first frustrated meeting with André Gide, and gives intimate glimpses of Chanel, Paul Claudel, André Maurois, Guillaume Apollinaire, Erik Satie, Modigliani, Radiguet, Jean Cocteau, Jacques Maritain,

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Max Jacob and Picasso. He has illustrated his book with twenty-one photographs, none of which have heretofore been published, ranging in subject from Proust on his death-bed and Matisse in the Louvre to Picasso in Montparnasse and Pompeii.

A Man Named Luke

Blanche Knopf returned recently from her annual visit to London having contracted while there for but a single new author. This is the young lady who signs her books March Cost and whose first novel, *A Man Named Luke,* has attracted widespread attention since it was published by Messrs. Collins in September. In four weeks it sold over five thousand copies—a respectable figure that, these days, even in the States but a very unusually large sale in England.

A Man Named Luke, about which you will read more in these columns later on, for I do not expect to publish it until the first of April, is going, I think, to attract a great deal of attention here from discriminating readers. Have we lived before . . . do we live again . . . time . . . and the meaning of pain?—These are riddles we all ponder occasionally. Seated by his study fire one foggy November evening, in the shadow of the plane trees in Cavendish Square, Mr. Vincent, surgeon, is compelled to answer these through a circumstance we must all face one day.

How Mr. Vincent finds himself shut in the past because he had never believed in a future, and what his friends found in his chair after he vanished, the reader will learn in the pages of Miss Cost's novel; and woven through this fantasy that proved a reality, runs the story of an earthly love that found no utterance in kiss or passion and yet proved stronger than the grave.

In the first printing of Seignobos's admirable *The Evolution of the French People,* there is an unfortunate transposition of pages 378 and 379. Should you have one of these imperfect copies, will you do me the favor of advising The Plimpton Press, Norwood, Massachusetts. The Press will see that you receive a perfect copy in exchange.

Alpha Kappa

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PITY THE POOR UN-PROHIBITED ENGLISH

You Americans who sigh for a jug of old English ale or a stein of beer or a pony of good Scotch whiskey in some old English inn, step around the corner and get it! *You can't get it in England*, according to Mr. H. W. Seaman, and he ought to know. ¶ Mr. Seaman is an English newspaperman who lived many years in "dry" America. He is back in "wet" England now and he is homesick for the speakeasies and the brews of our technically thirsty land. *It is even worse in England* he cries (in the February issue of *The American* MERCURY). The inns have gone Hollywood, the decorations are fake, the atmosphere uncomfortable, the bartender unfriendly, the whiskey watered, the prices high, the beer bitter, the ale thin . . . ¶ But read Mr. Seaman's article yourself. Read it and then hurry down to the local speakeasy and while you quaff your Pilsener, thank God you live in the country of the Eighteenth Amendment.

IT'S EVEN WORSE IN ENGLAND, AN ARTICLE BY H. W. SEAMAN, IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

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